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IN this article we propose to attempt the task of surveying the career, and estimating the work, of Martin Luther. We are fully conscious of the difficulty of the task. Such consciousness is an indispensable qualification for attaining any measure of success in it. Lord Acton, in his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, spoke of 'the dogma of impartiality' now pretty generally professed by historians. But profession is one thing, practice is quite another. In history, as elsewhere, the rule of rigid and inflexible justice commends itself to our understanding. But who is so utterly unswayed by prepossession, prejudice, passion, as undeviatingly to follow it? It is by men, not by beings of a higher order, as Schiller laments, that the annals of mankind are written.

And can we say that even the most severe and self-restrained of historians have attained to the ideal set forth by the Elizabethan poet?

'He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can strike the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same,
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey.'

Yes: this *ἀραπαξία*, as the Epicureans called it, is no doubt the right ideal in history. But the very constitution of human nature forbids our complete realization of any ideal; we can but approximate to it, more or less closely.

True is this of historical judgments generally. It is especially true in judging of Martin Luther. Of all prepossessions, prejudices, passions, the theological are the most masterful. And they are not in the least eliminated by a hatred of theology. There is a fanaticism of irreligion—the literature of our own day affords only too many examples of it—which breathes a spirit of intolerance as fierce as that which sharpened the swords of the missionaries of Islâm, or fired the faggots of Spanish Inquisitors, or pointed the pikes of Cromwell's Puritans. The 'orthodox' freethinker, if we may be allowed the phrase, who, following the Voltairian tradition, regards Luther as the precursor of the crusade against the *Infâme*, is as unlikely to judge him truly as any orthodox Catholic, to whom he is a mere heresiarch, sufficiently disposed of by the Bull 'Exsurge Domine,' or any orthodox Protestant, who accounts of him as the first Saint in the Calendar of the Reformation. Now in what we are about to write we propose to set aside altogether the theological standpoint. We propose to speak of Luther and his works as facts in secular history, without trying the man and his teaching by the standards of any school of divinity. It will be for our readers to judge how far we have succeeded in this undertaking. Before we enter upon it, we should observe that its arduousness is enhanced by the vast amount of material which must be reckoned with. The Lutheran celebration in 1883 was the occasion of what we may call a deluge of Lutheran literature, much of it worth little, but little of it, perhaps, wholly valueless. To enter even upon the most cursory criticism of even the more considerable portion of it, would be impossible here. We must content ourselves with saying that we have done our best to make it subserve our present purpose.

Concerning

Concerning the standard writers on Luther, the fewest words must suffice. Köstlin's *Life* is a mine of valuable information; but he is dull in style, partisan in tone, and displeases by his pietistic twang. Kolde's volumes are excellent reading; and although he does not dissemble his personal opinions—as indeed why should he?—he writes much more like a man of the world than most German Professors. The portion of Jansen's vast undertaking which deals with Luther displays immense erudition; but it also displays too much of the spirit of the advocate, and too little of the spirit of the judge. Among English writers on Luther, the first place must be given to Dr. Beard. It is an irreparable loss that he lived to execute no more than the first volume of what would certainly have been a monumental work. Of Dr. Mozley's *Essay*, it is enough to say that nothing more scholarly and more brilliant ever came from his gifted pen. The chapters in the Bishop of London's admirable '*History of the Papacy during the Reformation*' which deal with Luther, make full proof of the wide learning, the entire candour, the statesman's mind, which are the characteristic excellences of that distinguished prelate. But the work is in the same state in which it was three years ago. In this age the mitre appears to be as fatal to historians as the grave.

Martin Luther's career extends from the year 1483 to the year 1546. Those sixty-three years are certainly among the most momentous in the world's annals. In them took place the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus—the revelation, we may say, of new heavens and a new earth. In them culminated the vast movement which we call the Renaissance—the resurrection of the art and literature of the antique world. In them was consummated the downfall of the mediæval order in religion and philosophy. Intellectual and social awakening, mental and spiritual unrest, characterise the age in a singular degree. It was a time of chaotic opposition between old and new, between self-denial and self-enjoyment, between ecclesiasticism and secularism, between religiosity and sensuousness. All men were in expectation. And Luther appeared: one of the most dramatic figures ever seen on the world's stage: the predestined leader of the great revolution which was to shatter the vast fabric of Christendom and to introduce into the world a new era.

There is hardly any event in Luther's life which has not been obscured by theological fanaticism—Catholic or Protestant. Even his parents are portrayed in very different colours, according as friendly or hostile religionists have delineated

them. On the one hand, we are told that his father was homicidal and his mother unchaste; on the other, both his parents are described as honest and God-fearing. What is certain is that he came from a race of peasants at Möhra, where his name is still borne by three families, among whose members a strong resemblance to his lineaments may be traced: a sturdy independent race they were and are, specially noted for a readiness to employ their fists, whether for aggression or defence. 'My father,' said Luther, 'was a poor miner; my mother carried wood upon her back.' But by steady, persevering industry and frugality, they made their way in the world, and Hans Luther became the proprietor of three furnaces at Mansfeld and a member of the city council. They had seven children, Martin being the eldest: a family large enough to task their resources to the uttermost. Luther, in after-life, wrote feelingly of the happiness of childhood, tried neither by the anxieties of material existence, nor by the distress of spiritual conflicts, but enjoying in gladness and freedom the bounty of Heaven. Of such happiness he could have experienced little. The children of Hans and Margaret Luther, and especially the first-born, must have shared fully in the hardships and privations of their parents. Their lives were rough and full of monotonous toil. The tone of their home was sad and severe. After the death of Hans Luther, Martin paid a touching tribute to his beneficent affection (*wohlthuende Liebe*), to the sweetness of their daily intercourse. But it is certain, from other passages in his writings, that the discipline of the house was of Spartan severity, the rod being by no means spared, but vigorously wielded, upon not unfrequent occasions, until blood flowed. Indeed, we may reasonably hold that the extreme severity of his parents did much to develop the morbid tenderness of conscience, the extreme scrupulosity, which characterised the earlier years of his monastic career. The superstitions of peasant life took firm hold upon him during his childhood,—a hold which was little, if at all, relaxed in his maturer age. Thunderstorms and other commotions of nature were always regarded by him as the work of the Prince of the Power of the Air. He never doubted the efficacy of charms and incantations. He was firmly assured of the potency of witchcraft to hurt both body and soul. In this, as in so many other respects, he was—to quote his own description of himself—'a peasant and the son of a peasant' all his life long.

There is little in what we know of Martin Luther's schoolboy days at Eisleben, Magdeburg, and Eisenach, to lead us to linger over

over them. It may be noted, indeed, as a trait of the times, that, like other poor children, he was obliged to eke out the insufficient means which his father could provide for his sustenance and school-fees, by singing for alms. And at Eisenach his melodious alto voice pleased the ears of Ursula Cotta, the wife of a leading merchant of the town, who often invited him to her table, and occasionally had him to stay in her house. It was his first introduction to a sphere of life higher than that in which he was born. In the brief biographical sketch which we owe to the pen of Melanchthon, we are told that while he was at school at Eisenach, 'having a very vigorous intellect, especially fitted for eloquence, he rapidly surpassed his schoolfellows both in the choice of words and in fluency; and in prose and verse composition he excelled the youths who were educated with him.' In 1501 he was entered at Erfurt, one of the most famous of the Universities of Germany, and especially distinguished as the first place in that country where Greek was printed in its own letters—an event which took place in the year Luther went up.

Luther rapidly mastered the philosophical teachings of his instructors at Erfurt; their 'thorny dialectic,' as Melanchthon calls it, being not uncongenial to him, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1502, his Master's in 1505. He was of course affected, to some extent, by the Humanism which flourished there side by side with the old studies; but it was to a very small extent. His tastes were not literary. Roman antiquity appealed to him rather by the virility of its tone than by the eloquence of its forms. That 'vast love of the Muses' by which so many of his contemporaries, like Horace before them, were smitten, never in the least took hold of him. 'At the University of Erfurt,' says Melanchthon, 'he read most of the remains of the ancient Latin writers,—of Cicero, Virgil, Livy, and others. These he read not like boys, merely picking out the words, but as teachers and representatives of human life. Hence he looked closely at the plans and opinions of the writers; and, having a strong accurate memory, he distinctly retained most of what he read and heard.' For the rest, he appears to have been a lively, cheerful fellow (*ein hürtige, fröhlicher Geselle*), and his musical tastes endeared him to his friends. His father desired him to follow the profession of the law, and sent him a copy of the 'Corpus Juris,' a costly book in those days. But another course in life was destined for him. On the 17th of July, 1505, he presented himself at the gate of the Augustinian convent at Erfurt, and craved admission as a postulant.

The immediate occasion of Luther's entry into religion was a violent

violent display of electrical phenomena which overtook him at the village of Stotterheim, not far from Erfurt. 'Frightened to death,' writes Kolde, 'by the fearful thunder and lightning, in which he seemed to hear the threatening voice of divine anger, he fell on his knees and cried out in mortal anguish, "Help, dear St. Anne: I will become a monk."' He thought it a monition from on high, like that which came to St. Paul on the road to Damascus; and he would not be disobedient to the heavenly calling. His father strongly disapproved; nay, we are told, was almost beside himself (*schier toll*) with anger. But the evangelical teaching as to forsaking father and mother supplied Martin with a sufficient answer to paternal remonstrances. Perhaps, looking at the religious conceptions of the time, we should not err if we called him a predestined monk. The extreme subjectivity of his disposition gave him a natural tendency to the cloister. To win the one thing needful by giving up the world, to purchase the pearl of great price by the sacrifice of everything else, to lose one's life—the life of self-will, of self-gratification—and to find it in voluntary poverty, voluntary chastity, voluntary obedience—that was, as all men then undoubtingly believed, the highest act of a rational creature. We have no detailed account of the spiritual conflicts preceding the great renunciation which Martin Luther carried out on that bright July morning; but we know that he threw himself into the new life that he had embraced with all the ardour of his intense nature. This is his testimony of himself—and there is no ground for doubting it: 'I was a monk in earnest. I lived hardly and chastely. I would not have taken one penny without the knowledge of my superiors. I prayed without ceasing day and night.' Or, as he elsewhere expresses himself, 'I was a pious monk. I so strictly followed the rule of my Order that I dare to say, "If ever any monk could have been saved through monkery, I was that monk."'

But although we know nothing of the spiritual conflicts preceding Luther's entry into religion, we know a great deal of his interior life in the cloister. It is a study of the highest psychological interest, and gives us the key to much in his subsequent career. Of the depth and earnestness of his religious convictions there can be no doubt whatever in any mind not hopelessly warped by theological prejudice. God and the Devil were real to him with a reality hard to appreciate in these days, when, for so many, the Prince of Darkness has been sublimated into a figure of speech, and the Infinite and Eternal has become 'the guess of a worm in the dark and the shadow of its desire.' 'An awe of sacred things,' Dr. Beard well
remarks,

remarks, 'and a vivid perception of their tremendous reality, more than anything else, made Martin Luther what he was.' And this awe and vivid perception begat an extreme scrupulousness, to which he was predisposed by natural character and by the stern experience of his childhood. For example, after he was ordained priest—that event took place in 1507—the protective ritual wherewith the Roman Church has fenced the highest act of her worship, the Sacrifice of the Mass, became a snare to him. He constantly tormented himself with doubts whether he might not have sinned in some minute point of the appointed observances. Staupitz, the Vicar of his congregation—a man of much wisdom and goodness and a master of the spiritual life—was his chief helper in these trials. On one occasion he said to him, 'Thou art a fool; it is not God who is angry with thee, it is thou who art angry with God.' And on another, when, during a Corpus Christi procession, he almost fainted with religious terror as the Host was carried past him, 'Ah, your thoughts are not with Christ: Christ does not terrify, but console.' 'I should almost have died from despair,' was Luther's testimony in after years, 'if Staupitz had not then been with me.'

How at last 'day broke and the sun rose,' and Luther passed out of this Valley of the Shadow of Death, he has given us no detailed account; but there is no difficulty in piecing one together from his writings. Indeed this has been done by Mozley in a few of the most striking pages of his masterly essay. 'Luther,' he writes, 'had a mind intently self-contemplative and profoundly unquiet, which, except the strongest active occupation diverted it, preyed upon itself, scrutinised its own faith, feelings, fears, and hopes, pried into the mysteries of its own nature, and provoked internal dissatisfaction and struggles.' He had 'an active, not to say fidgety, desire for a state of conscious palpable peace of mind: he was ambitious of inward satisfaction, the sensation of spiritual completeness. His devotion was based upon a direct aim at this result. He pursued it vehemently by ascetic means.' He failed. The high ideal of perfection which Christianity puts before us is not completely attainable by man. We can but approximate to it, more or less closely. 'There is none good save one, that is, God.' 'The just falleth seven times a day.' The Lives of the Saints show us that as a man grows in grace and in the knowledge of the All Perfect, so does he grow in humility and in a consciousness of his own imperfection. It is the greatest Saints, in their 'all but utter whiteness,' who are most sensitive to the smallest stain. Here is a striking difference between the mind of the
antique

antique world, in its highest and best, and the mind that was in Christ. The philosopher of ancient Rome, in his singularly beautiful treatise 'On Old Age,' proposes it as the aim of the good man to quit the world owing nothing either to gods or men. The Apostle of modern Rome, of whom his biographer tells us, 'many held for certain that he had attained perfection in every virtue,' and declared that 'his very face breathed sanctity,' protested in his last illness, 'Lord, if I recover, so far as I am concerned, I shall do more evil than ever, because I have promised so many times to change my life and have not kept my word—so that I despair of myself.' Cicero and St. Philip Neri judged by different standards. The Saint had before him the perfect law of righteousness; and he knew well that, strive as he might, he should ever fall short of it. Luther would not acquiesce in that conclusion. Earnestly religious as he undoubtedly was, as undoubtedly he was grievously wanting in the virtue which is an essential note of the saintly character—humility. His failure to obtain perfection and peace of mind by works of righteousness, led him to fall foul of works of righteousness altogether. And so he gradually made his way to that doctrine of justification by faith alone which is a special feature of his theology.

'Gradually,' we say. It is important to realize how gradually. We have his own express testimony that he did not fully apprehend this doctrine until 1519. But quite fifteen years before that, he had hit upon the notion of imputed righteousness, which is its chief foundation. If all good works are vain and valueless, how can sinful man be reconciled with a just God?—that was the question which very early presented itself to him. And the answer which ever more and more forcibly commended itself to his mind was, Merely by the imputation of the merits of Christ: an imputation, as it appeared to him, not qualified by any conditions which natural religion imposes, but absolute, and independent of the moral and spiritual state of the subject of it. This was his point of departure—though for years he was far from realizing it—from the old theology which taught that Christ came 'ex injustis justos facere'; that justification, which was another name for the state of salvation, meant not merely imputed but inherent righteousness: or, in other words, that justifying grace is a 'gratia gratum faciens.' The principle to which Luther was tending, as Mozley accurately puts it, was 'that the goodness of the person had nothing whatever to do with his being accounted good by God'; that the only thing necessary for the imputation of Christ's righteousness was what he called faith: by which he meant—

to

to quote Mozley further—'the pure abstract faculty of confidence whereby the mind assures itself of something of which it wants to be assured.' This doctrine he came ever more and more to consider the very kernel of Christianity.

We have been led to dwell thus much upon this matter, because rightly to apprehend it is absolutely necessary for understanding Luther's career. And at the risk of incurring the charge of 'damnable iteration,' we must again warn our readers against the mistake, very commonly made both by his admirers and opponents, of supposing that the peculiar dogma which we have just sketched, sprang from his head fully developed and equipped, like Pallas from the head of Zeus. Luther, although a sharp disputant, was not a consecutive and logical thinker, and was for long years unconscious that he was deviating from the old theological paths, which, it must be remembered, had not then been fenced in by the Tridentine decrees. To borrow some admirable words from Dr. Beard, 'It was on the anvil of controversy that Luther's doctrines were beaten out. For years his view of justification was more or less in a fluid condition. He is sure that we are justified by faith in Christ. He is sure that in the work of salvation God is everything, man nothing. But he is far from having worked out the idea of "faith only" with the precision which it afterwards assumed with him.'

How he came to work it out, we shall see by and by. Let us here resume the thread of his history. In 1508—the year after he was ordained priest—he quitted his convent to proceed to the University of Wittenberg, where the place of Professor of Philosophy had been given him by the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, upon the recommendation of Staupitz. We are told that in his professorial capacity he read lectures on Aristotle's 'Dialectics' and 'Physics.' But doubtless his scriptural and theological studies chiefly occupied his thoughts. In 1509 he received the appointment of Court Preacher at Wittenberg. He accepted it with reluctance—the office appeared to him so full of responsibility and danger. He soon became a power in the pulpit. His voice, we are told, was fine, sonorous, clear, striking. And the matter of his discourses seems to have attracted his hearers no less than his elocution. He departed wholly from the established type of sermon, founding himself not upon the Scholastics, but upon the Bible, and especially upon the Epistles attributed to St. Paul. We know little of the details of his life during the first three years that he spent at Wittenberg. In 1512 he was sent to Rome on business of his Order—'propter monachorum controversias,'

controversias,' Melanchthon says, with contemptuous vagueness. He stayed there four weeks. We find in his 'Table Talk' a considerable number of scattered traces of the impressions produced upon him by this expedition. But, as Dr. Beard very judiciously remarks, 'It is clearly necessary to discriminate between his mood at the time and the light which after-experience threw upon his recollections. . . . It is quite a mistake to suppose that the seed of Protestant rebellion, which undoubtedly lay hid in his heart, had yet begun to germinate.' 'Hail, holy Rome!' were the words which burst from his lips when the towers and domes of the city fell upon his sight; and he speaks—perhaps not very accurately—of having demeaned himself during the period of his stay there, 'like a mad saint.' We do not know for certain whether he was successful in his mission. At all events he returned to Wittenberg with no loss of reputation. In 1512 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, against his will, in obedience to the counsels of Staupitz, the Elector Frederick paying the obligatory fees. In 1515 he became District Visitor of his Order for Meissen and Thuringen, eleven convents being under his jurisdiction. His life at this time seems to have been particularly full. In 1516 he writes: 'I have need of almost two secretaries. All day long I do little but write letters. Seldom have I sufficient time to say my hours and to celebrate, to say nothing of my private temptations by the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

During the years 1512 to 1517 Luther's characteristic opinions were slowly maturing. This is sufficiently proved by his Lectures on the Psalms, which, according to Melanchthon, 'radiated a new light of Christian doctrine.' He began them in 1513, and was engaged upon them far into the year 1516. Kolde remarks, 'The opposition between the Law and the Gospel, between sin and grace, which he had learnt from his study of the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, appears here as the very corner-stone (*Angelpunkte*) of his theological thought. He is firmly convinced that faith alone justifies. But he has no sort of presentiment that in so holding he is, in any way, opposed to the teaching of the traditional theology.' No doubt this was so. The scholastic writers from whom Luther turned aside, during these eventful years of his spiritual and intellectual development, were, after all, mere fallible men, whose systems might have their day and cease to be, like the systems of earlier teachers. He went back, as he supposed, from Aquinas to Augustine, from the Sentences to the Scriptures, with no thought of disloyalty to the Church. We should here note, that in

1516 he came upon a portion—about a fourth part—of the ‘*Theologia Germanica*,’ which made a deep impression upon his mind. It appeared to him entirely consonant with his own theology. In truth there is little, we might almost say nothing, of dogmatic divinity in the ‘*Deutsche Theologie*.’ Its mysticism harmonizes equally well with the Lutheran view of justification, and with that subsequently laid down by the Council of Trent. But the work appealed powerfully to Luther’s strongly subjective nature, and tended largely to develop his individualistic cast of thought. Notable is it also how during these years he grows in self-confidence. Strength is, indeed, from first to last, a distinguishing note of his character: the strength of convictions, which, whether right or wrong, dominated his whole being; the strength of narrow vision and of indomitable will. But now, for the first time, he seems to realize how strong he is, and begins to display that *ὕβρις*, as the Greeks called it, that luxuriance of masterfulness, which often arises from such consciousness. At the period of which we are writing, he practically dominated Wittenberg. In a letter written early in 1517 he says, ‘Our teaching and St. Augustine’s, by God’s help, go on prosperously and reign in the University. Aristotle gradually descends to eternal ruin. The lectures on the Sentences are wonderfully disdained. Only teachers of the new biblical theology can hope for hearers.’

Such was Luther’s position at Wittenberg in 1517. ‘All,’ Dr. Beard observes, ‘seemed to open to him a brilliant future in the service of the Church. He held high office in his Order, and might expect still higher. He enjoyed the favour of his prince. His university hung upon his words. No consciousness of discord with the Church infused uncertainty into his utterance.’ All this was changed by Tetzel’s preaching of the indulgence; a matter which might have seemed, which did seem, to careless observers, slight enough, but which was the immediate occasion of the greatest ecclesiastical revolution in the Christian era.

For it appears to us clear as day that Tetzel’s preaching was the direct cause of Luther’s revolt, and of all that came of it. Janssen, in his very learned work, after devoting many pages to proving—what no well-read student can doubt—that from the first Luther was strongly attracted towards that doctrine of justification which he afterwards styled ‘*The Gospel*,’ proceeds to urge that it was not specially the abuses attending the preaching of Leo X.’s pardon which brought Luther into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities; that it was rather the doctrine itself upon which indulgences rest. This view appears to

us quite untenable. The abuses Janssen, of course, does not deny, although he dismisses them with the briefest reference. It is indeed impossible even for the most thoroughgoing partisan—and that description does not fit Janssen—to deny them. They are ‘gross as a mountain, open, palpable.’ And there is no reason whatever for doubting the truth of the statement that Luther’s attention was called to Tetzel’s performances by penitents of his own, who advanced against his authority in the confessional, documents which they had obtained from that pardoner. He thought it his duty to utter a warning note to his congregation. There is extant a sermon of his, preached on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, 1516, containing his earliest utterances on the subject that have come down to us. In this discourse he does not call in question the theological position—we shall speak of it presently—upon which indulgences rest. But he bewails their prostitution to the greed of gain by sub-commissaries, who, instead of declaring the conditions upon which alone they avail, recommend them to the multitude as all-sufficient in themselves for eternal salvation. Then he goes on to express a number of doubts and difficulties in which the whole subject is involved, and to profess his own inability to solve them. The practical conclusion which he draws is a warning against too great confidence in these pardons, against a false security in them. It is quite clear that Luther began by denouncing the abuses of indulgences, although he ended, as we all know, by rejecting them altogether.

We suppose the conception of an indulgence popular in this country, is pretty much that set forth, with inimitable irony, by Swift in his ‘Tale of a Tub’:—

‘Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, *his lordship* would return a piece of paper in this form.

‘To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death, We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c.; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, God damn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

‘Your most humble

‘man’s man,

‘Emperor PETER.

‘The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.’

Assuredly,

Assuredly, the conception satirised with this strange and bitter humour must appear so monstrous to any rational creature, that controversy about it might well seem superfluous. The bare proposition that pardon of sin can be obtained by payment of money, may well take away the breath of any one who reflects what sin means, what its pardon means; who in any degree realizes the tremendous sanctions of the moral law, the infinite evil of violating it, the essential attributes of that Being of Beings whose very nature the moral law is. But the matter is not so simple as the Protestant tradition represents it. The Roman theory of indulgences—we use the adjective advisedly, for the theory, unknown to the Greek and other Oriental Churches, is of Roman origin—rests upon a foundation which, in itself, is reasonable enough. It is based upon the august verity which is the corner-stone alike of the religion of the Buddha and of the ethical philosophy of Kant, that a wrong-doer, by his wrongful deed, subjects himself to a penalty which is its natural and inevitable consequence; that the voluntary transgression of the moral law necessarily involves the punishment of the transgressor; that a debt is contracted by sin, which must be discharged. And here theologians draw a distinction. The debt, they say, of every grievous sin is twofold. There is the eternal debt, due to Divine Justice; a debt beyond the power of man to pay, which must be satisfied before the debtor can be admitted to the fruition of the Beatific Vision. And there is the temporal debt, which must be satisfied here, or in the place of penal purification hereafter. In the Sacrament of Penance, they proceed to teach, the eternal debt is remitted to the truly contrite through the merits of Him who ‘bare our sins in His own body on the tree.’ But the temporal debt still remains, and must be satisfied either by suffering in purgatorial fires or by works of penance imposed by the confessor. It is on this doctrine of the temporal debt that the theory of indulgences has been reared. ‘In the Primitive Church there was a godly discipline,’ as the Anglican Communion Service witnesses, ‘that such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance, and punished in this world.’ As the centuries went on, secret confession to the priest took the place of open confession to the assembly of the faithful, and public penance fell into disuse. And as the old ecclesiastical discipline, by which periods of penance were graduated to various offences, disappeared, the doctrine of indulgences grew up. It was closely connected with another doctrine founded on the consolatory conception of the Church as one body—the doctrine

doctrine of the Communion of Saints. The superabundant merits of the Divine Redeemer as the Head of the spiritual organism, of His Virgin Mother, and of all His Saints, were supposed to constitute a treasure of which His earthly Vicar was the guardian and dispenser. And it was held that by means of papal indulgences these merits were communicated to the less perfect members, the little ones, of the Christian flock; more, it was taught—this was the latest development—that they might be made available, in all their fulness, for the relief of souls in purgatory. The first instance of the application, upon a large scale, of this doctrine of indulgences, was furnished by the Crusades. Whoever took the cross, Urban II. declared, gained a plenary indulgence which took the place of all penances. In time, the contribution of money towards a Crusade earned a like reward. Later, indulgences were similarly attached, by papal authority, to pilgrimages, to the building of churches, the foundation of religious houses, the construction of bridges, and other good works, the performance of which was held to be equivalent to the severe and prolonged mortifications of the old penitential system, and to satisfy the temporal debt contracted by sin. Of course penitence and sacramental confession were always specified in the formal ‘Instruction to Sub-Commissionaries, Penitentiaries, and Confessors,’ as conditions requisite for gaining the indulgence. It was further provided in this document that those of the faithful who, having no money, could give no alms, should earn their pardon by aiding the good work in respect of which it was granted, through prayer and fasting: ‘for the kingdom of heaven shall not stand more open to the rich than to the poor.’

Such was the theory of indulgences. But a system must be judged by its working in the world, not by its logical coherence as a set of abstract propositions. Nay, Dr. Beard is unquestionably well warranted when he writes, ‘It would be easy to adduce many authoritative documents in which, for popular purposes, the nature and effect of indulgences are spoken of in a way quite inconsistent with the strictness of scholastic theory.’ He continues—and we may adopt his words—‘What this doctrine became in the hands of purchasers who were more solicitous to collect money than to keep within orthodox lines, we shall see before long; but, apart from actual abuse, it is clear that from possible abuse no caution on the part of the Church authorities could save it. The distinctions involved were too fine for popular apprehension. What did the ignorant peasant who bought his “Ablassbrief” know of the difference between guilt and penalty? between punishment on this

this side the grave and on the other? What he thought he was buying was forgiveness of his past sins, and, at the same time, liberty to commit more. . . . Whatever spiritual element there had at first been in the transaction, soon faded out of it. Attrition, the mere fear of punishment, was substituted for contrition, which involves the love of God. Soon, even attrition was taken for granted; and the magic documents were sold indiscriminately to all comers.' No student of the history of Luther's times, who pursues his studies without blinkers, can doubt that these words accurately describe that colossal scandal which Erasmus designates 'the crime of false pardons.'* There can be no doubt whatever—the evidence is too abundant and too overwhelming—that the vast majority of the preachers of indulgences soon came to be of the type of the 'gentil pardonere' who lives for us in Chaucer's pages:—

'For my entente is nat but for to winne,
And no-thing for correccioun of sinne.'

To the crowds who flocked to the indulgence fairs, their message practically was, as Herr Kawerau bluntly puts it, that St. Peter for hard cash would open and guarantee heaven. Swift's parody of an indulgence letter represents, with substantial accuracy, the view taken of it by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry to whom it chiefly appealed.

So much concerning indulgences in general. As to the particular indulgence proclaimed by Leo X., which was the immediate occasion of Luther's revolt, its ostensible object, as we all know, was the provision of funds for rebuilding the basilica of St. Peter. But Leo X. was as impecunious as he was magnificent; and the well-informed shrewdly suspected that other and more pressing calls upon the Pontiff were defrayed from its proceeds. The purchasers of indulgences were, however, taught that the employment of the sums paid by them was no affair of theirs. If they obtained the Pontifical document, they had their money's worth. And indiscreet curiosity regarding the mysteries of Papal finance was reprobated as indecent and temerarious. For the preaching of Leo's pardon,

* He says in his 'Praise of Folly'—the passage may very well have been in Dr. Beard's mind when writing the words just quoted—'Quid dicam de iis qui sibi fletis scelerum condonationibus suavissime blandiuntur? Hic mihi puta negotiator aliquis, aut miles, aut iudex, abjecto ex tot rapinis unico nummulo, universam vitæ Lernam semel expurgatam putat, totque perjuria, tot libidines, tot obrietates, tot rixas, tot cædes, tot imposturas, tot perfidias, tot proditiões existimat velut ex pacto redimi, et ita redimi, ut jam liceat ad novum scelerum orbem de integro reverti.'

Germany was divided into three districts. One of them was constituted by the dioceses of Maintz, Magdeburg, and Halberstadt, together with the Mark of Brandenburg. Of this district the Archbishop of Maintz, Albert of Brandenburg, was appointed the Papal Commissary. His appointment throws a singular light upon the whole affair. The brother of the Margrave Joachim, he was from childhood destined to an ecclesiastical career, and, like Leo X., obtained in early youth some of the richest prizes of the Church. When he was barely eighteen, he was appointed Canon of Maintz, to which a canonry of Magdeburg was shortly added. At twenty he became Archbishop of Magdeburg and Administrator of the neighbouring diocese of Halberstadt. At twenty-four he was elected Archbishop of Maintz, to which dignity was annexed the Primacy of Germany and the Archchancellorship of the Empire. Among the inducements offered to the Chapter of Maintz to elect him to that see, was his undertaking to defray personally the fees payable to Rome for the *pallium*,—fees amounting to the enormous sum of twenty thousand gold gulden. This money, and a further sum of ten thousand gold gulden, of which he had need, Archbishop Albert was obliged to borrow; and he obtained it from the great banking-house of the Fuggers at Augsburg. The new indulgence appeared to him to offer an excellent means of raising funds for repaying the Fuggers and for replenishing his own purse. On the 1st of August, 1514, he petitioned the Pope to commit to him the business of the indulgence, throughout his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, for a period of eight years. And on the 15th of April, 1515, the concession sought was made to him by Leo X., on the conditions proposed by him: namely, that he should make an immediate payment of ten thousand gold gulden to the Papal Treasury, and that he should remit annually to Rome half the pecuniary proceeds of the pardons, the other half being retained by himself. It was at the same time stipulated between him and the Fuggers, that the moneys coming to him as his share of 'the holy business' (*das heylig negotium*) should, in the first instance, be applied to the liquidation of his debt to them; and it was arranged that the preachers of the indulgence should be accompanied by their clerks, furnished with duplicate keys of the chests in which the money was received. Such were the commercial aspects of this spiritual speculation. It is a curious commentary upon the cynicism of the age that no effort to conceal them was made either by the Pope or the Primate, both of whom had characters to lose. For Leo X. and Archbishop Albert, whatever their faults, are by no means bad specimens

specimens of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries of those times. Erasmus, a keen judge of men, had, as is evident from his correspondence, a sincere regard and esteem for them both.

Conspicuous among the Sub-Commissaries to whom the preaching of the pardons was entrusted, was John Tetzels, of Leipzig, a friar of the Order of St. Dominic. His character has been differently estimated by Catholic and Protestant writers from his time to our own. But whether he was grave and pious, or dissolute and unprincipled, certain it is that he was endowed with gifts specially qualifying him for success in 'the holy business.' He appears to have united in himself the most telling qualities of a cheap jack and a revivalist preacher; and had he lived in this age and country, he would probably have been at least a major in the Salvation Army. The exceeding sinfulness of sin, the exceeding pain of punishment, the need of supernatural help for deliverance from Divine Justice, were all insisted upon by him with fervid rhetoric, to the terror and amazement of his hearers; and then, by a natural and easy transition, he would fall to the commendation of his spiritual wares. 'Avail yourselves,' he would say, flourishing an indulgence letter, 'Avail yourselves of this sure safe-conduct from the Vicar of Christ. Know that all the merits of Jesus Christ are contained therein. A man will make the journey to Rome, or some other perilous journey, putting his money in the bank, and paying four or five per cent. to have it again at Rome or elsewhere. And will you not give a wretched quarter of a gulden for one of these pardons, by virtue of which you secure not money, but the reception of a divine and immortal soul into paradise?' And he would conclude with a harrowing description of the sufferings of the souls in purgatory; at that very moment, perchance, endured by the parents or children, it might be, of one of his hearers—sufferings from which they might be delivered by such a bagatelle.

Such, according to authentic documents which have come down to us, was the staple of the preaching of this prince of pardoners. It is alleged, with what truth we cannot certainly determine, that sometimes he would go much further in his sermons; that he would magnify his office in the most transcendent manner, affirming that the Indulgence Cross, with the Papal arms upon it, was as potent as the Cross of Christ Himself; that he, Tetzels, by his pardons, had saved more souls than St. Peter by his preaching; that the moment the money of the purchaser of one of them chinked in the chest, that very moment a soul flew up from purgatory to paradise; nay, that

they availed even for future and uncommitted sin.* Whether or no Tetzel in his zeal for 'the holy business' ventured upon these and the like startling statements, certain it is that they were confidently attributed to him. Certain it is, too, that during the years 1516-17 the spirit of Luther was deeply stirred by them. It was on the 31st of October, in the latter year, that he took the step which is popularly regarded as the beginning of the Protestant Reformation by affixing to the door of the University Church at Wittenberg his famous ninety-five theses.

It is indubitable that neither Luther, nor anyone else, at the time, attached any special importance to this act of his. What he desired was a full discussion of the subject of papal pardons—regarding which theologians widely differed—principally for the sake of clearing his own mind. And academical disputations were a recognised means of attaining such an end. The 31st of October was the Vigil of All Saints, which was the Feast of the Dedication of the Castle Church at Wittenberg,—a day on which crowds resorted thither, in quest of the copious indulgences to be gained by visiting its abundant relics; a very fit and proper day, Luther may well have thought, for raising the whole question of the nature and value of these pardons. It is absolutely clear that he did not put forward his theses as a body of propositions which he was prepared to maintain at all hazards. Indeed, if carefully examined, they will be found to be by no means consistent with one another. They were stated, as the preamble to them declares, 'for love and desire of eliciting the truth,' and were expressed in terms, as their author subsequently wrote to Leo X., which were 'somewhat obscure and enigmatical.' On the same day that these theses were published, Luther wrote to Archbishop Albert recounting the stories current concerning Tetzel's preaching, and begging that prelate, in the most earnest terms, for the love of the souls entrusted to him, to attend to the matter. Together with this letter he sent to the Primate a copy of his theses, 'in order that his Illustrious Sublimity may see how undefined and uncertain a thing is that doctrine of indulgence, of which the preachers dream

* Jortin, in his 'Life of Erasmus' (vol. i. p. 117), quotes from Seckendorff the following story, which, whether true or not, is certainly amusing: 'A gentleman of Leipzig went to Tetzel, and asked if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand for a certain crime which he would not specify and which he intended to commit. Tetzel said Yes, provided they could agree upon the price. The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this the gentleman, knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipzig, well loaded with cash, waylaid him, robbed him and cudgelled him, and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.'

as absolutely fixed and sure.' The Archbishop returned no answer to this communication. But there is extant a letter from him to the Council charged with the administration of the dioceses of Maintz and Halberstadt, who had reported to him the action of 'the audacious friar of Wittenberg.' In this document he states, among other things, that he has sent all the papers to Rome; mentions the complaints which had reached him thence of the lavish expenditure incurred by Tetzel and Tetzel's subordinates in the performance of their duties; orders them to lessen it; and blames the Sub-Commissaries for unseemly speech and behaviour, both in preaching and in the inns they frequented, to the detriment of 'the holy business.' 'The Archbishop,' Dr. Beard observes, 'tacitly admits that there is some ground for Luther's complaints, but he does not, on that account, intend to put an end to a lucrative traffic.'

It appears to us that no one can carefully examine those ninety-five theses of Luther's without being struck by their moderation. Earlier theologians had attacked the whole theory of indulgences in much sharper and bitterer tones. Moreover, the theses contain no fundamental propositions of a theological system; no dogmatic determinations opposed to the dominant divinity. True it is that the theory upon which indulgences were based, was difficult to reconcile with the doctrine as to faith which Luther had excogitated, and which he was gradually growing to regard as the very essence of Christianity. But it is certain, if anything is certain, that he had no presentiment of the work he was beginning when he nailed that paper to the door of the Church at Wittenberg. Nor, on the other hand, had the ecclesiastical authorities any presentiment of it. They were of those whose eyes the god of this world had blinded. And their blindness to the signs of the times, and the blundering which came of it, served the cause of Luther's revolution quite as much as the daring and doggedness of its author. It is not our intention here to pursue the twice-told tale of his transformation—as a recent Roman Catholic writer has expressed it—'from a harmless necessary reformer into a needless and noxious rebel.' We may, however, observe, borrowing a phrase from Cardinal Newman's 'Apologia,' that there were three distinct and separate blows which broke him.

The first was the scandal of the indulgences upon which we have been dwelling, and which the ecclesiastical authorities did nothing to abate. In truth, indulgences had become a recognised expedient of Papal finance. And Leo X., in whose veins flowed the mercantile blood of the Medici, was not the man to attenuate an abundant source of Pontifical revenue, even if his pecuniary

necessities

necessities had permitted him to do so. He was liberal enough in matters of theology, and would listen with pleasure to disputants arguing for and against the soul's immortality. But Luther's attack upon his pardons touched him nearly. A year passed away, filled with brisk controversy between Luther and his opponents, the chief practical effect of which was gradually to mature and clarify his theological ideas, and to lead him, ever more and more decidedly, to express himself in a manner distasteful to the ecclesiastical authorities. In a letter written early in 1518 to Trutwetter, his old master at Erfurt, he uses these remarkable and significant words: 'I absolutely believe that it is impossible to reform the Church unless the canons, the decretals, the scholastic theology, philosophy, and logic, as they are now treated, are utterly rooted up, and new studies put in their place.' He adds, with an unusual touch of self-knowledge, 'I may seem to you no logician, nor perhaps am I; but one thing I know—that in the defence of this opinion I fear no man's logic.' The whole business was supremely distasteful to Leo X., whose counsellors were almost all of Cardinal Soderini's opinion, that 'the true danger to the Holy See was not in Germany but in Italy, where the Pope needed money to defend himself.'* 'Heresy,' the Cardinal further observed, 'had always been put down by force, and not by attempts at reformation.' Leo saw no way out of the difficulty but this time-honoured way of repression. In the autumn of 1518 instructions were sent to Cardinal Cajetan, the Papal Nuncio in Germany, to get hold of Luther, keep him safely, and bring him to Rome. The instructions could not be executed. An Imperial safe-conduct protected Luther during his audiences of the Cardinal at Augsburg. They lasted just a week and led to nothing. Then Luther departed secretly from the city, having lodged with the legate an appeal, not merely from him to the Pope, but from the Pope badly informed to the Pope better informed ('a sanctissimo Domino Leone X. male informato ad melius informandum'). It was just a year after the publication of his theses that he reached Wittenberg. The Elector Frederick turned a deaf ear to Cajetan's admonitions and entreaties either to deliver him to the Papal authorities or to expel him from the Electoral dominions. Luther now replaced

* A curious commentary upon these words of the Roman Cardinal in the sixteenth century was supplied by the First Napoleon in the nineteenth. In his speech to the Corps Législatif on June 16, 1811, he expressed himself as follows: 'Si la moitié de l'Europe s'est séparée de l'Eglise de Rome, on peut l'attribuer spécialement à la contradiction qui n'a cessé d'exister entre les vérités et les principes de la religion qui sont pour tout l'univers, et des prétentions et des intérêts qui ne regardaient qu'un très petit coin de l'Italie.'

the appeal he had lodged with Cajetan to the Pope better informed, by one to a future General Council.

There can be no question that the inaction of the Papal authorities with regard to the abuses of indulgences, bred in Luther's mind an ever-deepening distrust of the whole ecclesiastical system with which those abuses were bound up. But further. Indomitably courageous as he undoubtedly was, he had no taste for martyrdom;* and the designs of the Court of Rome against his liberty—it might be his life—filled him with not unnatural indignation. The only reply which the ecclesiastical authorities had to make to his testimony against scandals, was an endeavour to seize his person. 'I saw,' he says, 'the thunder-bolt launched against me. I was the sheep that muddled the wolf's water. Tetzel escaped, and I was to let myself be taken!' The development of his anti-papal opinions went on apace under this stimulus. Still, an open breach with Rome does not, as yet, present itself to his mind. In February 1519, we find him, as the result of his conference with Miltitz, agreeing to submit the impugned articles of his teaching to some learned bishop; to recant any errors that might be brought home to him; and no further to impugn the honour of the Roman Church. Nay, he further engaged to put forth a pamphlet in the German language, declaratory of his orthodoxy, and to write a loyal letter to the Sovereign Pontiff. That engagement he at once proceeded to fulfil, with characteristic impetuosity. The pamphlet, which he called 'An Instruction' (*Unterricht*) on certain articles alleged against him by his opponents, is a curious document. In it he professes his belief in the Intercession of Saints; in Purgatory; in Indulgences, as a release from satisfaction for sin, though a less thing than good works; in good works, not as making men holy, but as capable of being performed by one who is holy; in the supremacy of the Roman Church, as honoured by God above others; in the duty of maintaining ecclesiastical unity, and of obeying the commands of the Pope. His Letter to Leo X. is conceived in the same spirit.

We see no reason to question the sincerity of Luther in thus writing, although, unquestionably, in his private correspondence at the time, he uses very different language. His mind was in a fluctuating state. It was teeming with half-formed

* He possessed the shrewdness as well as the courage of a German peasant. Mozley remarks that he was 'resolutely cautious.' 'With a boldness equal to facing the blindest hazard, he never moved without a definite pledge of security. He obstinately insisted on safe-conducts. . . . He proved the saying that fear mixes largely with true courage, and that the better part of valour is discretion.' (Vol. i. p. 367.)

ideas, which might shape themselves in one way or in another, as events determined. He did not see where he was going. He did not discern the consequences of his own principles. He desired reform. He did not contemplate revolution. It might well have been expected by those who read his 'Instruction' and his 'Letter to the Pope,' that his revolt was at an end. And so, perhaps, it might have been but for the 'ardor civium prava jubentium.' The truest foes of the Roman Church (it is an old story—and a new!) have ever been her insolent and aggressive friends, 'who have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have stated truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they were close upon snapping; and who, at length, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task'—often a hopeless task—'of putting out the flame.' Bishop Creighton is well warranted when he observes that it was 'the stubborn conservatism of the old-fashioned theologians [which] gave force to Luther's revolt.' Prominent among them was John Maier, commonly known as Eck, from the Bavarian village which was the place of his nativity; a born disputant, whose wide reading, prodigious memory, vast command of words, logical mind, loud voice, and supreme self-confidence, eminently qualified him to triumph in those academical tournaments which were then the fashion. In that famous disputation at Leipzig (June 1519), he succeeded in fixing upon Luther Hussite views regarding the Apostolic See, and in extorting from him the declaration that General Councils can err and have erred. He obtained a dialectical triumph. But Luther obtained, not only a clearer insight into his own views, but a vast advertisement. 'The net result of the disputation,' writes Bishop Creighton, 'was that Eck's reputation was staked upon crushing Luther; that two parties began to form in Germany; and that the time for conciliation was passed. Luther was more and more resolved to appeal to public opinion. Eck was convinced that he had unmasked a dangerous heretic.'

Luther returned from the Leipzig disputation to Wittenberg, and there pursued his academical and pastoral duties with his wonted energy. In his correspondence at this period we may follow the workings of his mind regarding the Seven Sacraments and the Priesthood of all Christians—questions upon which he was soon to declare himself in a sense opposed to that of the Roman Church. But he seems curiously unconscious of the course in which he is drifting. It is rather from the practical than the dogmatic side that he contemplates the matters which chiefly occupy his thoughts. No doubt the more
logical

logical and systematizing intellect of Melancthon, who had gone to Wittenberg as Professor of Greek in 1518, soon began to exercise over him a considerable influence. 'The little Greek,' he writes, 'beats even me in theology. I am not ashamed to give up my opinion when it differs from this grammarian's.' It was not until February 1520, when Hutten's republication of Laurentius Valla's book on the Donation of Constantine fell into his hands, that the view of the Pope as anti-Christ, which dominated his later teaching, really took hold of him. The discovery that the document then usually relied on as the basis of the Pontiff's temporal principedom is an impudent forgery, was a second blow to him; perhaps a more crushing blow than the toleration by the ecclesiastical authorities of the abuses of indulgences. He had no more doubted the genuineness of the Donation of Constantine than he had doubted the genuineness of St. Matthew's Gospel. 'It is like a revelation to him,' writes Dr. Beard, 'that the power which is exercised with such utter disregard of righteousness, should be founded on a lie.'

In the spring of 1520 a third blow fell upon him. The 'Epitome' of Prierias, published a year before, came into his hands and broke the last tie which bound him to Rome. It was a statement of propositions, asserting the extremest views of the Papal prerogatives, which that Roman theologian—an old opponent of his, who held the dignified office of Master of the Sacred Palace—proposed to establish in a larger work. And in the mind in which he then was, as Dr. Beard observes, it 'angered him in the highest degree: he thought that the book had been written with the express purpose of destroying the authority of Councils and therefore of invalidating his own appeal.' He immediately republished it with a commentary of his own, in which he roundly declares, 'If Rome thus believes and teaches, with the knowledge of Popes and Cardinals, which I hope is not the case, . . . I freely declare that the true anti-Christ is sitting in the temple of God, and is reigning at Rome, that empurpled Babylon, and that the Roman Curia is the synagogue of Satan.' And in his Epilogue he uses language of extreme fierceness: 'If we strike thieves with the gallows, robbers with the sword, heretics with fire, why do we not much more attack in arms these Masters of perdition, these Cardinals, these Popes, and all this sink of the Roman Sodom which has without end corrupted the Church of God, and wash our hands in their blood?'

Dr. Beard is well warranted in calling this 'the turning-point of the Reformation.' Luther, in one of his letters, says, 'I am certainly of a quick hand and a ready memory, so that what I write

write rather flows from me than is deliberately set down.' But what he wrote in his haste he maintained at his leisure. His doggedness was as great as his daring. 'That vehement genius, that Achilles of men who knows not what it is to yield,' Erasmus called him. And in truth he seems now to have made up his mind that nothing remained for him but complete rebellion. Eck was at Rome calling attention to the numerous passages in his writings which savoured, and more than savoured, of heresy, and was moving heaven and earth to secure his formal and complete condemnation by the Apostolic See. Of this Luther was well aware. And he resolved to be beforehand with his adversary. In June 1520 he writes to Spalatin that he intends to address to the newly-elected Emperor, Charles V., and to the German nobility, a letter appealing against the tyranny and worthlessness of the Curia. 'The secret of anti-Christ must be made manifest; it is self urged thereto; it can no longer remain hidden.' Next month the promised letter appeared. And Kolde truly remarks that it is no mere occasional document, but the outcome of anxious, earnest toil and of a well-devised plan. It was one secret of Luther's marvellous influence that even in his most passionate moments he had himself in hand. He was the master, not the slave, of his fiercest impulses. His tone throughout this letter, certainly one of his finest productions, is that of a prophet upon whose lips is the burden of Germany. 'The time for silence is gone; the time for speech is come,' are the words with which he begins his Dedication to Nicholas von Amsdorff. And, in fiery tones of denunciation, warning, encouragement, he points the Emperor, the princes, the nobility, to the way in which Germany may throw off the Roman yoke and reform herself. Three walls, he declares, have been built up by Rome against reform; walls which, like those of Jericho, shall fall before the divinely-inspired trumpet blast. The first of these is the essential distinction between the clergy and laity; whereas, according to the Gospel, all Christian men are priests. The second is the claim of the Church alone to interpret Holy Writ: whereas such interpretation is the personal prerogative of each individual Christian. The third is the claim of the Pope to be the only summoner of a General Council; whereas in the Primitive Church most General Councils were not summoned by the Pope at all. In this trenchant document he lays the axe to the root of the hierarchical conception whereon the Roman Church is based, and practically asserts what the Germans call '*die Kirchenhoheit des Staates*'—the subordination of religion to the civil power.

All

All the main lines of Luther's most distinctive subsequent teaching are clearly indicated in this pamphlet. The immediate effect of it was enormous. It quickly reached every sort and condition of the German people. Meanwhile Eck had procured at Rome the issue of the Bull, 'Exsurge Domine,' and had been constituted Papal Protonothary for its publication in Germany. It expressly condemned forty-one propositions extracted from Luther's works prior to his 'Appeal to the Christian Nobility'—which of course was not before the authors of the Bull—and ordered him to recant within sixty days, under pain of excommunication. Rumours of it had reached Luther in July; but it was not until the end of September that definite tidings arrived at Wittenberg of its issue, and of Eck's commission to execute it. Luther at first affected to treat it as a forgery; but soon its authenticity was placed beyond doubt. Then, encouraged by popular support on all sides, he proceeded to take even more decisive steps. In October 1520 he published his treatise 'On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church,' in which he attacks the Roman doctrine of the Sacraments, reducing them to three—Baptism, Penance, and the Eucharist—and denies the Sacrifice of the Mass. In the same month appeared his book 'On the Freedom of a Christian Man,' wherein is developed, to the fullest extent, the individualism which was really his underlying idea. The ecclesiastical authorities were now engaged in burning Luther's books, as commanded in the Bull, not without tumultuous expressions of popular dissatisfaction. Luther determined to retaliate in kind. On the 10th of December, before the Elster Gate of Wittenberg, he solemnly committed to the flames the Bull, together with the book of Papal Decretals, and a few treatises of Eck's. It was a highly dramatic performance, and greatly impressed—as no doubt Luther had intended—the imagination of the German people. The shout of the students who looked on—almost all enthusiastic disciples of his—found an echo throughout Europe. The Pope, Carlyle finely says, 'should not have provoked that shout. It was the shout of the awakening of nations.'

Meanwhile the Papal legate, Aleander, was not idle. He urged the Emperor to deal with Luther as a convicted heretic. Charles himself probably inclined to that course; but, in the existing temper of the German people and of some of the German princes, it would have been difficult to follow. At last it was settled—much to Aleander's disgust—that the affair should be referred to the Diet about to meet at Worms. There are few more dramatic scenes in history than the appearance of Luther there. It was on the morning of the 16th of April, 1521, that, protected

protected by the Imperial safe-conduct, he entered the city—his journey thither had been like a triumphant progress—clad in the habit of his Order, and seated in an open carriage, the herald Deutschland riding before him. Many attached to the Court of the Saxon Elector had ridden out to meet him. The watchman on the tower of the Cathedral blew a loud blast as the cavalcade approached; and thousands rushed to see the man whose fame had gone abroad throughout Germany. It seemed the entry of a conqueror; not the submission of a convicted heretic. Confidence not unnaturally flowed into Luther's heart. 'God will be with me,' he said, as he alighted from the carriage at the lodging prepared for him. In due course he appeared before the Diet; and it is worth while to try to picture the scene:—Charles presiding over the august assembly, clad in all the majesty of the Cæsars; the Papal legates by his side; six electoral princes grouped around him; a vast concourse of the nobility and dignified clergy ranged below; and there, confronting this pageant of state with his 'demoniac eyes' (as Cardinal Aleander called them) and 'rude plebeian face, with its huge craglike brow and bones,' 'the solitary monk that shook the world'; persisting day after day in his refusal to recant, and at last, when the Diet broke up, confounded by his 'stubborn hardihood,' bursting into the impassioned outbreak, 'Here stand I: I can do no other: God help me, Amen.'* They had pressed him for a clear and definite answer. And they got one—that unless convinced by proofs of Scripture or evident reason, recant he could not and would not, since to act against conscience was unsafe and dishonourable. They had asked him again: Did he really believe that a General Council could err? He replied that the Council of Constance had, in many particulars, decreed against plain and clear texts of Holy Scripture. It was enough. An Imperial edict solemnly proscribed him as a heretic, forbade all men to house, shelter, or nourish him, and commanded them to lay hands upon him and deliver him up to the Imperial officers. It also ordered his writings to be burnt.

Luther departed from Worms, protected by his safe-conduct, and then disappeared for a while—carried off by a friendly ambuscade to the Castle of Wartburg. There he abode in safety, while the bonfires of his writings made in various places

* The authenticity of this utterance was unquestioned till 1869. The first seven words of it—'Hier stehe ich: ich kann nicht anders'—are now rejected by certain critics—by Jansen among others—as an unhistorical embellishment of the Lutheran legend. The question is fully and fairly discussed by Oncken, 'Luthers Fortleben in Staat und Volk,' pp. 26-29.

but served to increase the demand for them. Archbishop Albert of Mainz wrote to the Pope in July 1521: 'Since the Bull of your Holiness and the edict of the Emperor, the number of Lutherans is increased. There are very few laymen to be found who simply and honestly side with the clergy; while a great number of the priests favour Luther, and a majority are ashamed to support the Roman Church.' The edict of Worms remained unexecuted. Its execution was impossible in the existing condition of Germany. In March 1522 Luther left his hiding-place and returned to Wittenberg, whence he openly promoted, and, as far as he could, regulated, the religious revolution now in full progress. He increased daily in audacity and power. He was profuse alike in libels and apologies. He attacked the Sovereign Pontiff with the utmost scurrility and defied the whole authority of the Church. He drew into his quarrel with it princes who saw and seized the opportunity for their own aggrandizement, and for whom liberty of conscience meant liberty to pillage ecclesiastical property. In 1523 the legates of the new Pope Adrian to the Diet of Nürnberg demanded the execution of the edict of Worms. The Diet concluded 'to carry it out' 'as well as they were able and as far as possible.' In other words, as Bishop Creighton observes, 'the Diet affirmed the edict, but admitted that it was impossible to act upon it.'

There is a great similarity in the history of revolutions. The ferment of the new doctrines, of which they are the outward expression, ever works to issues little anticipated by their authors. It was rather satisfaction in his denunciation of abuses than sympathy with his opinions, which won for Luther the support of the better educated. To the lower orders of the people he appeared as an apostle of liberty, which, as might have been expected, soon displayed itself as lawlessness. 'The discontent of the German peasantry with their hard lot,' writes Bishop Creighton, 'found a justification and a basis for action in the teaching of the Lutheran preachers. Men who were urged to judge the lives and doings of their spiritual rulers, naturally applied the same principles to judge their temporal rulers, and found the oppressors of their bodies at least as culpable as the oppressors of their souls.' It is impossible to withhold a meed of sympathy from the insurgent peasants, whose original demands, as contained in their Twelve Articles, were not, upon the whole, unreasonable. Luther, himself 'a peasant and the son of a peasant,' plainly told the rulers of Germany in 1523, 'People cannot and will not any longer endure your tyranny and exactions.' And when the peasants first took up arms, while counselling

counselling to them moderation, he denounced the oppressions of the princes and lords as the one cause of their uprising. No doubt their excesses disgusted and alarmed him. But the extreme violence of his invectives against them—even after the rebellion was practically crushed—is curious. ‘Dear lords, smite, stab, destroy,’ he most needlessly urges the triumphant nobles. He continues, ‘Whoever dies fighting for authority is a martyr before God. . . . I pray every one to depart from the peasants as from the Devil himself. . . . If any man think this too hard, let him remember that rebellion is irreparable.’ It is odd language from one who, whatever else he was or was not, was certainly an arch-rebel.

The issue of the Peasants’ War was unquestionably disastrous to Luther’s popularity with the multitude. Such hold as he had possessed over the educated classes was largely shattered by his controversy with Erasmus. There had never been much real sympathy between him and the great Humanist. They had, indeed, common enemies in the obscurantist clergy and the defenders of decadent scholasticism. And that was all they had in common. The letters of Erasmus from 1519 to 1524 contain a vivid picture of his doubts and difficulties in those ‘most brisk and giddy-paced times.’ He dreaded equally the triumph of Luther and the triumph of Luther’s adversaries, as likely to be equally prejudicial to the cause of good learning. At last, in 1524, unwillingly, and in obedience to the call of duty, he gave the world his book ‘*De Libero Arbitrio*,’ where he refutes, in language the more cogent from its scholarly courtesy and philosophic calm, the Lutheran theory of the servitude of the will, which, as his clear eyes discerned, was absolutely destructive of the ethical basis of life. Luther’s reply was equally arrogant, scurrilous, and ineffective. Michelet, correctly enough, describes him as ‘writhing under the blows of Erasmus,’ and ‘plunging deeply,’ in his efforts to parry them, ‘into fatalism and immorality.’ It was a discreditable spectacle; and did much to alienate from him such of the more thoughtful and candid minds throughout Europe as still inclined to regard him favourably. A third and more crushing blow to his authority was given by his marriage. Like old January, he had conceived a violent desire

‘that he
Mighte ones knowen of that blisful lif,
That is betwix an husbond and his wif.’

He gratified his desire just at the time when its gratification must cause most consternation to his friends, most jubilation to his foes. To both friends and foes, his marriage was an inexplicable

cable event. And inexplicable it still remains, unless, indeed, we are content with Nisard's somewhat flippant explanation: 'Pour se distraire des horreurs des guerres des paysans, il aimait une religieuse et l'épousait.' Certain it is that this proceeding lowered him not only in the estimation of the world at large, but, as Mozley observes, 'in his own estimation. No theory could make the marriage of a monk and a nun not ignominious. No theory could make it necessary for him to marry at all.'

We may say that from the year 1525 Luther's personal authority largely suffered an eclipse. The movement initiated by him became much more secular than religious. Its control passed into the hands of the princes, whose despotism had been vastly strengthened by the suppression of the peasants' insurrection. In 1526 the Diet of Speyer provisionally settled the religious difficulty by determining that 'each State should, as regards the edict of Worms, so live, rule, and bear itself, as it thought it could answer therefor to God and the Emperor.' This decree of the Diet of Speyer may be taken as setting the seal to Luther's revolution. It recognised—we may say sanctioned—the division of Germany into Catholic and Protestant States, though the term Protestant was not invented until three years later. It practically affirmed* the principle '*Cujus regio ejus religio*,' finally and formally adopted at the Peace of Westphalia. Twenty years more of life remained to Luther; but they contain no incident worth noting here. His organization of the new religious communion which he established in the territories where his doctrines were received, his disputations with, his anathemas upon, other religious innovators whose views differed from his own, his not specially interesting daily life as a German bourgeois (*als Hausvater und Privatmann*), his morbid superstitions and grotesque hallucinations, are described at greater or less length by his various biographers. To their pages we must refer those of our readers who desire knowledge of these things. For ourselves we shall close this article by briefly touching upon the chief causes which contributed to the success of the revolution associated with his name, and point to the most important of its practical results.

Now, unquestionably, as we have already insisted, the Lutheran Revolution was primarily a revolt against abuses

* Janssen has a long discussion on the '*Reichsabschied zu Speyer*,' his conclusion being that it '*bildet keineswegs eine positive Rechtsgrundlage wohl aber der Ausgangspunkt neuer Landeskirchen*' (vol. iii. p. 52). There can be no doubt that this decree was largely due to Clement VII.'s quarrel with the Emperor Charles and partisanship of Francis I.

which had become intolerable. The evidence on this matter is so various, so abundant, so conclusive, as to be absolutely overwhelming. Let it suffice here to cite only one witness—a most illustrious, a most unwilling witness—whose testimony is beyond cavil. Pope Adrian, a man of inflexible integrity and profound piety, discerned the deep-seated corruptions of the Church with the clearness of spiritual illumination, and confessed them with the fearlessness of a minister of the God of Truth. His letter to the Diet of Nürnberg is one of the most remarkable documents that ever emanated from a Roman Pontiff. He deplores the abominations which have long defiled the Apostolic See,—‘abuses in matters spiritual; excesses in ecclesiastical prerogatives; the prostitution of the holiest things to the basest uses.’ He does not deny that the Roman Curia is the very source and fount of all this evil, and that its reformation is the first and most imperative of duties. But purity of intention, singleness of purpose, fidelity to the ideal of his high office, were not sufficient for these things. Gifts which Adrian did not possess, were requisite for the herculean task which lay before him. He failed, and died, before, perhaps, he had realized his failure; taken away from the evil to come. From the thirteenth century the need of reformation in the head and members, so earnestly desired by Adrian, had been deeply felt. The literature of the time teems with evidence of this fact. The indignation of saints, the invective of schismatics, the irony of satirists, all tell the same tale. But every effort to purify the Church failed before the dogged opposition of the Roman Curia. That opposition was natural enough. Many, perhaps most, of the places in the Papal Court had been bought by officials who had a vested interest in the abuses on which they lived; and the Papacy was, in some sort, enforced to maintain the system on which the Curia grew fat. Religion was converted into merchandise. ‘Christ,’ said Erasmus, ‘drove out of the Temple those who bought and sold; but those who buy and sell have driven Christ out of the Church.’ The exactions of Rome were a byword throughout Europe; and nowhere had they been more excessive than in Germany, whence, the Emperor Maximilian declared, the Papal Court drew a revenue a hundredfold greater than his own.

Of all these exactions, those connected with the preaching of Papal pardons were, perhaps, the most impudent. ‘The Roman Curia must be lost to all sense of shame,’ Erasmus wrote to Colet in 1518; ‘for what can be more shameless than these repeated indulgences?’ Professor Brewer does not hesitate to call them ‘a project devised between the temporal and

and spiritual rulers of Europe for collecting subsidies from the poor and labouring classes.' No doubt this is an accurate account of them, viewed from their mercantile side. Equally beyond doubt is it that among the crowds who bought them and trusted in them, the great verities of Christianity had been overlaid by a multitude of superstitions, at best childish, but too often criminous. There is ever in man—it springs from the essential ground of human nature—a tendency to substitute external for internal religion; the washing of cups and platters for the weightier matters of the law. Seldom, perhaps, has that tendency been carried so far as in the age when Luther arose. And nowhere was it more singularly exemplified than in the Mendicant Orders. There is no more curious, no sadder story in ecclesiastical annals, than that of their swift decline from the high ideals with which they began. It is hardly too much to say that in two centuries the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic had lost well-nigh all trace of their spiritual parentage; and, from men so far erected above themselves as to be little lower than the angels, had very generally sunk into animals marred by a disfiguring touch of superstition. The monastic orders—properly so called—no doubt maintained on the whole a higher tone; but they were out of touch with that great spiritual and intellectual movement of the age, which troubled their cloistered ease and opulent ignorance. As a body, they regarded with unconcealed aversion the newly-awakened interest both in the sacred and profane literature of antiquity. Grammatical and religious research, Hebrew and Greek, commentaries on Cicero or St. Jerome, the exposition of St. Paul's Epistles and the interpretation of Homer and Virgil, were alike suspect to them. Among the parish priests the corruption of life was unquestionably great. At Augsburg, during the discussion raised concerning the marriage of the clergy, the Catholic members of the Diet—Janssen notes—'did not deny the frightful fact of wide-spread sacerdotal concubinage.' Meanwhile, in the very centre of the Christian world, there reigned a culture largely Pagan, which looked with indifference upon the spiritual and moral degradation of Christendom, and found its chief practical interest in the tortuous and bloodstained politics of Italy.

'Not swaying to this faction, or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure;'

sings Tennyson. But this is precisely what the Popes of that period did. The Pontiffs who filled the Apostolic Chair from
Sixtus IV.

Sixtus IV. to Clement VII.—to speak of them only—no doubt varied much in their character and conduct. But with the single exception of Adrian VI., the whiteness of whose Pontificate serves chiefly to illuminate the surrounding darkness, they were, to a large extent, dead to the momentous responsibilities and oblivious of the august traditions of their great office. The humanistic parasites who surrounded them, looked on with cynical amusement at the curious spectacle which they presented. Perhaps that cynicism never found more perfect expression than in the epigram—surely one of the most pungent ever written—wherewith Sannazarro celebrated his patron Leo X., dead without the last Sacraments.

'Sacra sub extrema si forte requiritis hora
Cur Leo non potuit sumere—vendiderat.' *

One chief reason then of Luther's success is to be found in the religious and moral conditions of the age into which he was born. 'No one can deny,' said Erasmus, writing in 1522, 'that Luther had a most excellent part to play, and that he had the applause of people in general when he began to act in the almost forgotten interest of Christ. . . . The world was asphyxiated with scholastic opinions, with human constitutions: nothing was heard of but indulgences, compositions, and the power of the Roman Pontiff. . . . And among the rulers of the Church there were those who seek not the things which are of Jesus Christ, but who, like Demas, love this present world.' But the intellectual conditions of the time also served the cause of Luther's Revolution. In the early sixteenth century the ideal of life and society which had dominated the Middle Ages—the mediæval *Weltanschauung* the Germans call it—had lost its hold. The renewed acquaintance with classical antiquity had brought before the European intellect other conceptions; the invention and spread of printing had widely diffused them; learning had lost its distinctively ecclesiastical character and had been largely secularized. We are not in the least disposed to question the greatness of the scholastic philosophy in its palmy days. No one capable of understanding it, as taught by its chief exponents, and especially by Aquinas, will undervalue it. But now its acuteness and intellectual grasp had become a mere instrument for dry formalism. The old vigorous reasoning of the great masters had been supplanted by a barren logic and—in Melanchthon's

* Without the Church's Sacraments Pope Leo died, I'm told;
What wonder? How could he enjoy what he himself had sold?

phrase—'a garrulous dialectic,' devoted to the forms of thought and of propositions symbolizing thought, to the relations of judgments to one another, to the component parts of various ideas and words. The sharpest and best minds devoted themselves to subtle sterile analyses, to hairsplitting definitions, to endless divisions and idlest distinctions, to an incredible casuistry of all possibilities. 'Omne studium vestrum est in elenchis vanisque cavillationibus,' complained Æneas Sylvius to the University of Vienna. Nisard, in his epigrammatic way, has characterised the philosophy dominant at the opening sixteenth century as 'an amalgam of the corrupted tradition of Aristotle with the not less corrupted tradition of Christianity.' Erasmus, more than anyone else, represents the revolt of the intellect against this philosophy, for which he substituted the fruitful culture of antiquity, Christian and pre-Christian. There can be no question that Erasmus, and the movement of which Erasmus is the chief representative, served the cause of Luther, who, in a memorable letter, sought the support of the great Humanist; but his overtures were coldly received. Erasmus from the first distrusted him, and feared that his hot temper would bring about 'a universal revolution' fatal to the progress of good letters. The event justified this fear. We shall have to touch upon that hereafter. Here we should note the fulness of intellectual life, the literary activity in the great German towns, in the second decade of the sixteenth century. The Reuchlin controversy is a signal token of it, and, as Bishop Creighton remarks, that controversy was 'a foretaste of what was to come.' This judicious writer, further, very felicitously observes, 'The real importance of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" lay in its success in popularising the conception of a "stupid party" which was opposed to the party of progress.' Cardinal Aleander, himself a distinguished scholar, has left striking testimony of the change that had come over the Teutonic mind in the years of which we are speaking. When he visited Germany in 1511, he found the nation devoted to the Church above all other nations. When he returned as legate in 1521, its tone and temper had entirely altered. The Humanists, who formerly had exhibited the greatest respect for him, showed themselves his bitterest enemies now that he had undertaken the cause of the Church against Luther.

Unquestionably this change of tone was due, to some extent, to the growth of a spirit of nationality throughout Europe. In other countries that spirit had displayed itself in the consolidation of the existing thrones. In Germany it found no sufficient outlet

in the political sphere; and it assumed the form of hatred against Rome. Its best known representative is Ulrich von Hutten, whose '*Vadiscus seu Trias Romana*,' a sweeping indictment of Papal abuses, was published in April 1520. It is significant that when Charles V.—Spaniard as he was—was elected to the Imperial throne, Luther hoped to find in the new Cæsar an anti-Roman champion. It was his aspiration that God would inspire the youthful Kaiser to hold out a helping hand to the suffering German nation—'*seine Hand zu reichen der elenden deutsche Nation*.' And there can be no doubt that the national tone assumed by him in his '*Address to the German Nobility*' contributed largely to the signal success of that memorable manifesto.

In the intolerable religious abuses of the time, in the intellectual awakening which characterised it, and in the growth of a spirit of nationality we may, then, discern causes which vastly aided the Lutheran Revolution. Another cause, and assuredly a not less potent one, is to be found in the character and endowments of the man himself. It is notable that his great qualities and his great defects served him equally well; as will be evident if we clear away the atmosphere of legend, friendly and hostile, which has surrounded him and shrouded from us the real person. Bayle observes, 'In the falsehoods which have been published concerning Martin Luther, no regard has been had either to probability or to the rules of the art of slandering.' This is so. But his eulogists have sinned equally in another direction. He has himself given us the true key to his character in his well-known boast that he was 'a peasant and the son of a peasant.' Yes; that is true. Luther was first and before all things a peasant: a German peasant—*Germanissimus*, we may say. From first to last his tone and temper are those of a peasant. He has the mind of a peasant, full of ardent and tumultuous passions, utterly undisciplined, coarse and material in its view of all things, human and divine. He has the virtues of a peasant: doggedness of purpose, indefatigable energy, bulldog courage. He has the vices of a peasant: extravagance and excess, blind trust and incurable suspicion, boastful self-confidence, and the narrowmindedness of intense subjectivity and most restricted intellectual vision. His speech is ever that of a peasant. His mind was quite uncritical. Grace of culture was utterly unknown to him. But he wielded with supreme dominion the High Dutch dialect spoken by his countrymen, and made of it the German language. '*Ein hochgewaltiger Meister der deutsche Sprache*,' he has been called; and with good reason.

'His.

'His expression (*Ausdruck*),' Janssen observes, 'is rich and pithy (*hernig*); his exposition full of movement and life; his similes, with all their simplicity, seize and fire the imagination; he drew from the richest sources of the tongue of the people; in popular eloquence few have come near him.' His words are instinct with life. They burn with purpose and power. 'He flashes out illumination from him,' Carlyle well says: 'his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter.' And this marvellous power of expression doubtless came from the intensity and directness of his insight. 'Those demoniac eyes of his,' which so impressed Cardinal Aleander, were true symbols of his mental vision. He saw only one side of any question; nay, only a small part of even one side. But he saw it as no one else. And he made his hearers, his readers, see it as he saw it, and believe in his belief. There are few things more notable about him than his extraordinary personal ascendancy over his followers: even those of them who, like Melancthon, were greatly his superiors in intellectual cultivation. It was an ascendancy, as Nisard notes, which kept well-nigh all of them under his yoke until his death: '*soumis quoique frémissants*.'

But further. The multitude are swayed much more by passion than by reasoning, which few of them can follow or understand. Candour and conscientiousness in controversy they are quite incapable of appreciating. And no less candid and conscientious controversialist than Luther ever lived. Caricature and calumny, rancorous invective and reckless misrepresentation, were his ordinary polemical weapons. Of all the stimulants to popular passion, abuse is the most potent. To Luther must be conceded the distinction of being *facile princeps* in the art of vituperation. No writer with whom we are acquainted comes within measurable distance of him in power of fierce flagellation and fetid foulness. A really astonishing amalgam of unmeasured violence and unrestrained vulgarity does duty with him for argument. To call names, the vilest and most virulent, is merely his method of signifying disagreement. To give one example merely, the following are some of the expressions which he applies to Aristotle in the early part of his career, when he had by no means fully stirred up the gift that was within him:—Arch-liar; devil; false and godless hypocrite; arch-carper, urging so many pros and cons that no one knows what he is driving at; Proteus; three-headed Cerberus; three-bodied Geryon; sycophant; vicious swindler; damned, proud, knavish heathen; destroyer of

pious doctrines; poisonous and deadly enemy of Christ; hangman of souls.* No doubt this touch—and more than touch—of earth in Luther, contributed largely to his vast popularity when he first came forward as an Apostle of Revolution. Of course it disgusted and alienated the more cultured minds which were inclined to sympathise with his protest against corruptions and abuse. ‘Common sense teaches me,’ wrote Erasmus, in the ‘Hyperaspistes,’ ‘that a man whose delight is in indecent and ribald language, and who can never have enough of it, is no fitting champion of the Divine Cause. His arrogance, to which we know no parallel, must be tinged with madness: and his buffoonery is surely at variance with the Apostolic spirit.’

The censure conveyed in these grave and dignified words is amply merited. But there can be no question that the sense of a mission was strong in Luther. His sincerity, from first to last, seems open to no doubt. Equally indubitable, as it appears to us, is the ever increasing moral and spiritual deterioration of his character after he had plunged into overt rebellion. It is the common history of revolutionary leaders. The liberty they profess to vindicate, soon turns into licence. True liberty dwells only in servitude to law, which is a function of reason. When passion usurps the place of reason, the man who claims to be a law unto himself—and this is what Luther practically did—has an animal for his subject. Assuredly, animalism is largely written on Luther’s life and teaching after the consummation of his revolt. In 1522 he made the discovery that the command ‘Increase and multiply’ is of universal application; that every individual man is bound to marry under an obligation as stringent as that which binds him not to commit murder or adultery. This is the chief theme of his famous sermon ‘De Matrimonio,’ wherein is contained his practical teaching regarding the relations of the sexes; a teaching which, as Döllinger observes, even the natural conscience of a Pagan would have rejected with horror.

It is in Luther’s personal character, we should here observe, that we find the true key to his most distinctive doctrines.

* These expressions are all taken from Luther’s earlier works, published between 1516 and 1520. They really mean no more than that he regarded Aristotle as the backbone of the old scholastic philosophy, based upon free will, which he was rejecting. In his later years, when, in conjunction with Melancthon, he was endeavouring to build up a new scholasticism of his own, he found himself obliged to resort to the Stagirite as the supreme master of method, and acknowledged him to be ‘homo acutissimus’ and a clever dialectician.

His dogma of justification by faith alone, is an expression of his rejection of asceticism and self-discipline. And that acute critic, M. Nisard, well observes, with regard to his doctrine of the servitude of the will, 'Quel intérêt pouvait prendre au libre arbitre Luther, si souvent esclave de sa propre fougue, qu'il confondait avec la grâce?' Again, the indomitable self-confidence of the man comes out in the unhesitating fervour with which he anathematizes everyone whose private judgment differs from his own. 'He who does not receive my doctrine is sure to be damned,' he announced upon one occasion. Doubtless, he believed it. He did not admit the possibility that anyone could honestly arrive at any other interpretation than his of any passage of Holy Writ. The very novelty of his views intoxicated him. Sometimes, indeed, the intoxication wears off, and we find him a prey to that melancholy and despondency of which Janssen makes so much—too much, perhaps. Certain it is, however, as Mozley happily expresses it, that 'while he drives the chariot of the Reformation with fury, *post equitem sedet atra cura*—he has a lingering gloom at heart.' 'Melancholy is the nurse of madness.' And there are pages of his which it is difficult to suppose could have been written by any perfectly sane person. His hatred of Rome became a kind of obsession. On the subject of the Papacy—it is not too much to say—he is a monomaniac. To the end his mouth is full of cursing and bitterness against the Pope. The verse '*Pestis eram vivus, moriens tua mors ero, Papa,*' is among his last recorded utterances.

Such was Martin Luther; and such were his qualifications for the part he played upon the world's stage. Of the greatness, the Titanic greatness of the man, there can be no question. The greatness of the Revolution wrought by him is manifest to all men. It is strictly accurate to ascribe to him the Protestant Reformation and all that came of it. The Continental Reformers, however much their private judgment may have differed from his, were clearly his spiritual offspring. The Anglican Reformation differed from the Continental in this, that in its inception it was rather political than religious. Henry VIII. rebelled not against Roman dogma, but against Papal supremacy. But after his death, the direction of the ecclesiastical movement initiated by him passed into the hands of Cranmer, a disciple of Luther; and to Cranmer are due the changes in a Protestant sense made in the Communion and Ordination Offices of the Church of England. The doctrine to this day distinctive of many varieties of what we may call 'orthodox'

'orthodox' Protestantism, as opposed to its rationalistic developments, is Luther's doctrine of justification by faith alone. For Luther faith meant the personal appropriation by the individual of the redeeming work of Christ; a fiduciary trust in Him; a laying hold of Him which effects an imputation of His righteousness. This is what he called 'The Gospel.' The term is still used in that sense in popular Protestantism, which accounts of 'saving faith' precisely as he did. Now it is certain that this doctrine, however we may feel towards it, was Luther's own particular and original deduction from the Pauline Epistles. Not a trace of it is to be found in any theologian from the second to the sixteenth century.* It is as unknown to the earliest Fathers as to the latest Schoolmen. For them, one and all, faith means assent to propositions revealed by Christianity; belief in truths taught by the Catholic Church. So much is indubitable as mere matter of historical fact, apart from religious controversy, with which we are not now concerned. And it is sufficient to warrant us in regarding that 'orthodox' or Evangelical Protestantism, which is still a considerable power in the world, as Luther's creation. Nor is it only in the distinctly religious domain that Luther's teaching has been so influential and so far-reaching. The French Revolutionists, like the Anabaptists before them, merely applied in the sphere of politics the principles which Luther had laid down in the sphere of theology. They are debtors to Luther for that doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual which is the very foundation of Rousseau's 'Contrat Social' and of 'The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen,' formulated by Rousseau's disciples.

But more. It is beyond question—to speak *ex humano die*—that Luther's Revolution was the salvation of the Papal Church. A Roman Catholic historian has called the Council of Trent his greatest work. The Reformation wrought there was, indeed, too long delayed. In spite of Clement VII.'s repeated promises of a General Council, none was summoned during his disastrous Pontificate. At length the fears and forebodings of the Roman Curia were obliged to give way to

* Luther no doubt imagined that he had discovered some warrant for this dogma in the writings of St. Augustine. But as Cardinal Newman has shown in his 'Lectures on Justification'—published in 1838—the Lutheran teaching is quite irreconcilable with the Augustinian. 'The opposite characteristics of the two systems of doctrine of which Luther and St. Austin are the respective expounders,' have been drawn out by him, with singular conclusiveness, at pp. 58–60 (3rd ed.) of this masterly work—'a little gem,' Dollinger used to call it.

the exigencies of the times, and the solemn sessions of the Tridentine Fathers began. It cannot be maintained that the august assembly was as œcumenical in its composition as in its claims. No candid historian will deny the vast gain to the Christian world from its labours. As little will he deny that the predominance of the Italian element in it obscured its representative character and thwarted and marred its reforming work. But Luther's Revolution served the cause of Roman Catholicism in another way. It imposed upon Roman Catholics the necessity of giving a rational account of the faith that was in them. It sent them back to a study of the sources of their doctrines, long buried under a mass of sophisms and superstitions. It quickened into new life both their theology and their philosophy. Nor is this all. In religion, as elsewhere, perpetual combat is the law and the condition of vitality. Nisard remarks: '*Les croyances disputées sont les seules qui sont profondes, outre que les mêmes combats qui renouvellent les esprits renouvellent les caractères.*' These words are true to the letter, and Germany offers an admirable illustration of them. The struggle for existence imposed there upon Romanism by contiguous Protestantism, has had the most salutary effect upon it. At the present time German Catholics form, so to speak, the backbone of the Roman Communion. They take a large share in, they exercise a wholesome influence on, not only the political but the intellectual and moral life of their country. In the domain of history—and especially of mediæval history—they hold a unique place. Their theological faculties are really learned. Even in scientific Biblical criticism, so little cultivated, as a rule, by the spiritual subjects of the Pope, some of them have attained a well-earned reputation. In philosophy they have not only successfully defended the chief positions of the scholastics, but have solidly built thereon. It is a marvellous contrast to the sterility and decadence exhibited by Roman Catholicism in countries where the Lutheran Revolution never entered, or where it was repressed by the fires of inquisitors and the swords of dragoons.

The great question remains: What has been the effect of Luther's work upon that 'progress in the direction of organized and assured freedom' which we agree with Lord Acton in regarding as 'the characteristic fact of modern history'; 'the one ethical result that rests on the converging and combined conditions of advancing civilization.' Of course, if we consider only its immediate fruits, the Lutheran Revolution can by no means be said to have advanced that progress. Nothing can be further removed

removed from the truth than to regard Luther as a champion of liberty, a prophet of toleration, an apostle of freedom of conscience. He sought to confine Protestantism to his own protest. The endeavour was absurd and futile. But there was nothing of the critic in Luther. His view of the Sacred Scriptures, though valuable, and even necessary, at the time, was absolutely unscientific, and has been generally abandoned. To the *Ecclesia docens* he opposed the Bible as above criticism, homogeneous, self-explanatory, and final. And when he said 'the Bible,' he meant his own interpretation of the Bible. 'He refuses,' Cardinal Aleander wrote to the Pope, 'all judgment except the words of the Sacred Scriptures, which he will have interpreted his own way; and laughs at anyone who interprets them differently.' Nay, in the fulness of his imperious dogmatism, he went further. As the Emperor Sigismund would be 'super grammaticam,' so would he be 'super Bibliam.' He rejects the Epistle of St. James because it contradicts his doctrine of justification. He introduces the word 'only' into his translation of a well-known verse of the Epistle to the Romans, in order to support that doctrine. And his answer to those who objected to these proceedings is, 'Papist and Ass are all one: *sic volo, sic jubeo: stet pro ratione voluntas.*' But Protestants, as well as Papists, demurred to the conclusiveness of this argument. We need not dwell upon the virulent controversies which arose, not only between the Lutheran and rival sects, but even in the Lutheran sect itself. Delivered from the control of ecclesiastical authority, everyone with a turn for theological speculation claimed not only to abound in his own sense, or nonsense, but to impose his brand-new dogmas upon the rest of mankind. Nothing remained but to constitute the civil power the judge in controversies of faith. The civil power was only too delighted to accept the office, and to possess itself of ecclesiastical prerogatives, as it had possessed itself of ecclesiastical property. An immediate consequence of the Lutheran Revolution in the districts of Germany where it triumphed was to

'induce a time

When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute.'

The prince took the place of the bishop, nay, of the Pope, as supreme arbiter of religious doctrine, and, bettering Luther's instruction, imposed his own *sic volo, sic jubeo*, as the standard of orthodoxy. Dr. Beard observes, 'We need not wonder that the

the toleration provided for by the Convention of Passau was the maimed and ineffectual form expressed in the maxim "*Cujus regio, ejus religio.*" We certainly may wonder that so clear-sighted a critic as Dr. Beard could regard the state of things expressed by that maxim as 'toleration' at all. Its effect was to place the religion of the subject absolutely at the disposal of the ruler. And the history of Germany, at the period of which we are writing, teems with examples of the rigour wherewith this princely prerogative was exercised. To give only one. The Rhenish Palatinate, Roman until 1540, was forced to become Lutheran in that year, Lutheranism being the religion of the new Elector, Otto Henry. A quarter of a century afterwards, his successor, Frederick, imposed Calvinism upon it, ejecting and exiling the Lutheran pastors, and remorselessly persecuting all who held by their teaching. On Frederick's death the country was forcibly reconverted to Lutheranism by the next Elector, who held that variety of Protestantism. In short, not to continue further the details of its theological career, in a century it passed through ten phases of religious belief. If any fact of history is certain, it is this: that Luther's so-called 'evangelical freedom' was the absolute destruction of all freedom of conscience.

One immediate result, then, of the Lutheran Revolution was to rivet the spiritual slavery of the German people. Another was to fit them for that slavery by undermining such moral ideals as the indulgence-mongers had left among them. Hallam, in a well-known chapter, accuses Luther of Antinomianism, and declares that 'his wild paradoxes menace the foundations of religion and morality.' Archdeacon Hare's vindication of him from these charges is more passionate than persuasive. It is true that Luther himself was no Antinomian; nay, more, that he hated Antinomianism as bringing discredit upon his favourite doctrine. Equally true is it, that there are numerous passages in his writings—some of the most significant of them occur in his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians'—which inevitably tend to Antinomianism. Dr. Beard is constrained to confess, 'If the tree is to be known by its fruits, the doctrine of justification by faith alone must be admitted to be peculiarly susceptible of moral perversion.' As a matter of historical fact, it was so perverted. But further: liberty of volition—of course a limited and conditioned liberty—is the very cornerstone of any rational system of morals. '*Voluntas est qua peccatur et qua bene vivitur,*' says St. Augustine in a pregnant dictum, which sums the matter up. To deny freewill

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is to make an end of ethics. And, in truth, Luther's necessarianism and fatalism reduced the moral law to a mere regulation of police. There is much evidence to show that one immediate consequence of his Revolution was a frightful increase of wickedness and vice. Luther's own testimony to the fact is copious and would be conclusive, if we could be quite sure that it is not vitiated by his habitual exaggeration. He does not hesitate to say that the last state of the regions which had received his teaching was worse than the first; and he owns that his doctrine of justification, as popularly apprehended, or misapprehended, was largely responsible for this result. As his life draws to a close, so does his view of the moral effect of his work grow darker and darker. And here, no doubt, is one reason of the ever-increasing melancholy which characterises his later years.

Again, the immediate influence of Lutheranism upon intellectual cultivation was such as to realize the worst fears of Erasmus. His testimony, '*Ubiunque regnat Lutheranismus, ibi literarum est interitus*,' is unquestionably true. Yet it is also true that the great moral and intellectual regenerators of Germany—Kant and Schiller, Lessing and Goethe—may properly be considered an outcome of Luther. Of course the very primary postulate of Kant and Schiller's ethical doctrine is that liberty of the will which Luther rejected. And Lessing and Goethe were apostles of that liberal culture which Luther lacked and despised. Their work, and the work of the other great teachers of the *Aufklärung*, was the destruction of the Protestant scholasticism which Luther and his associates established upon the ruins of the decadent and outworn scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and which was no less hostile than it was to human progress. But it is impossible to conceive of the *Aufklärung* as occurring in any but a Protestant country; to imagine a Roman Catholic Kant, a Roman Catholic Schiller, a Roman Catholic Lessing, a Roman Catholic Goethe. There is a secret logic which rules human destinies; and, in virtue of it, doctrines often produce consequences most alien from the intentions, nay, from the thoughts, of their originators. Lessing has pointed to the true explanation of those ultimate results of Luther's Revolution at which Luther would have stood aghast. 'Luther delivered,' he says, 'from the yoke of tradition.' It is perfectly true, as he goes on to indicate, that Luther substituted for it the yoke of the letter: the yoke—to quote the words of Kant—of 'the Biblical Theologian [who], in order to humble the pride of the sciences, and to spare himself trouble with
them,

them, will venture upon assaults on astronomy or some other of them—geology for example—and try to arrest the forward endeavours of the human intellect: like those tribes who, lacking means or spirit to defend themselves against dreaded attacks, lay waste all around them.' But the principles in virtue of which Luther broke the yoke of indulgence-mongers, are equally fatal—although Luther did not perceive it—to the yoke of Bibliolaters. And so we may, with Goethe, confess a debt to him in respect of that freedom from the fetters of spiritual narrowness—'von den Fesseln geistiger Borniertheit'—characteristic of this new age, which is of all liberties the most precious, which is the true foundation and the real safeguard of all.

- ART. II.—1. *Margaret Winthrop (wife of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts)*. By Alice Morse Earle. London and New York, 1896.
2. *Eliza Pinckney (wife of Chief Justice Pinckney)*. By Harriott Horry-Ravenel. London and New York, 1896.
3. *Mercy Otis Warren (sister of James Otis)*. By Alice Brown. London and New York, 1896.
4. *Dorothy Payne Madison (wife of James Madison)*. By Maude Wilder Goodwin. London and New York, 1896.
5. *Martha Washington (wife of George Washington)*. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. New York, 1897.

THE story of the colonization of America and of the War of Independence is one with which English readers are familiar. Yet hackneyed though it is, the books which we have named at the head of this article show that it is still capable of fresh treatment. In each of the volumes devoted to 'Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times,' and especially in 'Margaret Winthrop' and 'Eliza Pinckney,' we have pictures of American life, not as it was lived by explorers, statesmen, or soldiers, but as it was lived by women. The background to each portrait is rather social and domestic than political and public. English Puritans of sturdy build and determined character, who left the Old World for the New at the bidding of their consciences, cared little for hardships as compared with freedom and adventure. But for a woman like Margaret Winthrop the change from an agricultural county in England to Massachusetts,—a narrow strip of country hemmed in between the ocean and the forest,—meant far more and cost a greater effort. The biography of Eliza Pinckney, again, presents a picture of woman's life in a typical slave state in the eighteenth century, and shows how a South Carolinian gentlewoman worked and lived among her negroes in the same benevolent, beneficent spirit in which the best of her English contemporaries played the part of Lady Bountiful to their manorial dependents.

The five volumes cover the period from 1631 to 1849, from the date of Margaret Winthrop's landing in Massachusetts to that of the death of Dolly Madison. But the two biographies to which we shall confine our attention are those which best illustrate the distinctive feature of the series. They are the most feminine, and the least political in plan and detail. They not only span the period from colonization to independence, but they also bring out in the clearest fashion, by contrast or comparison, the different characteristics of the two great groups

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of colonies, and thus exemplify the force of that patriotic ardour which could alone have fused such opposite elements into one national whole.

In 1618, John Winthrop, eldest son of Adam Winthrop, of Groton Manor, near Sudbury in Suffolk, was thirty years of age, a widower, a justice of the peace for the county, and a prosperous London lawyer, having chambers in Temple Lane, 'near the Cloyster.' He was, in the best sense of the word, a typical Puritan. The materials out of which his character were built were of the massive kind that produces dignity, stability, and simplicity. He had little of the brilliance of intellect, or the quick-witted activity of mind, which distinguished the generation of men that was now passing away. He shows none of the geniality, the expansiveness, the rich sympathy, the effervescence of the Elizabethan temperament. But he was a man of solid worth, cautious of speech, just in all his dealings, temperate and frugal to austerity in his life. His grave and weighty endowments at once commanded respect and ensured sobriety of judgment. Self-restrained and self-reliant, he had that firmness and fortitude of mind which withstood difficulty and peril, like a rock against a tempestuous sea. Men of this stamp were needed to found a New England. The more brilliant Elizabethans were bold explorers of Eldorados, and daring freebooters on the Spanish Main; but they had not the tenacity of purpose which could alone create permanent colonies. Some higher object than greed of lucre, some more sustaining motive than the spirit of adventure, were needed before men could grapple with nature in that death-struggle in which the early colonists were compelled to engage.

Underneath this massive strength of character, there ran, as with most strong men, a deep vein of tenderness. John Winthrop proved himself to be a loving husband and a kind father. Though his love-letters are couched in Scriptural phraseology, he was also an ardent wooer. The following passage carries us back in its language to the days when the Puritan was a 'man of one book, and that book the Bible.' Yet in thought and feeling, beneath the borrowed phrases, there burns the steady flame of real passion, which, alike in love or war, made the language of the Scripture no figures of speech; but words from the heart:—

'And now, my sweet Love, lett me a while solace my selfe in the remembrance of our love, of w^{ch} this springe tyme of acquaintance can putt forth as yet no more but the leaves and blossomes, whilst the fruit lyes wrapped up in the tender budd of hope; a little more patience will disclose this good fruit, & bringe it to some maturitie: let

let it be o^r care & labour to preserve these hopefull budds from the beasts of the field, and from frosts & other injuries of the ayre, least o^r fruit fall off ere it be ripe, or lose ought in the beautye & pleasantnesse of it . . . O^r trees are planted in a fruitfull soyle: the ground, & patterne of o^r love, is no other but that between Christe and his dear spouse, of whom she speakes as she finds him, My welbelov'd is mine & I am his; Love was their banqueting-house, love was their wine, love was their ensigne; (Cant; 2) love was his invitinges, love was hir fayntinges; love was his apples, love was hir comforts; love was his embracings, love was hir refreshinge: love made him see hir, love made hir seeke him; (Jer; 2. 2. Ezek; 16) love made him wedd her, love made hir follow him; love made him hir saviour, love makes hir his servant (Jo; 3. 16. Deut; 10. 12).

'Love bred o^r fellowship, let love continue it, & love shall increase it, until death dissolve it. The prime fruit of the spirit is love; (Gal; 5. 22) true the of Spirit & true love; abound wth the spirit & abounde wth love; continue in the spirit & continue in love; Christ in his love so fill o^r hearts wth holy hunger and true appetite, to eate & drinke wth him & of him in this his sweet Love feast w^{ch} we are now preparing unto, that when o^r love feast shall come, Christ Jesus himselfe may come in unto us, & suppe wth us, and we wth him; so shall we be merrie indeed.'

The woman, to whom this letter was written in 1618, was Margaret Tindal, then twenty-seven years of age, the daughter of Sir John Tindal, one of the Masters in Chancery, who, two years before, had been shot dead with a 'dagge' by a disappointed litigant. In 1618 she married as his third wife John Winthrop. The marriage was discouraged by her relations; but she remained firm, and was rewarded in the complete happiness of their wedded life. She proved a true mother to her four stepchildren, as well as to her own sons and daughter.

No portrait of Margaret Winthrop exists. But to her husband's eyes, at any rate, she was a woman of great personal attraction. Years after they were married, he speaks of his longing to see again that 'sweet face—that lovely countenance I have so much delighted in and beheld with so great content.' Her character, on the other hand, stands out clearly enough in her letters and her actions. We see her in religious matters seeing eye to eye with her husband, intent upon her household duties, careful of his creature comforts, sending him to his London chambers the simple products of her country farm, obedient to his wishes even in matters of dress, and, for his sake, giving up 'the ornaments which for Virgins and Knights Daughters, &c., may be comely and tollerable w^{ch} yet in soe great a change as thine is may well admitt a change also.' Yet though thus submissive to her husband's wishes, Margaret Winthrop

Winthrop was a woman of high mettle and undaunted courage. Her fearlessness in greater matters was all the more admirable, because, in smaller things, she was not above a woman's tremors. Her husband's work compelled him to live in London, while she remained in Suffolk, counting the days for his return at the end of the law terms. The separation was irksome to both, and John Winthrop proposed to take a house on the Surrey side of the river.

'I must,' writes his wife, 'aledge one thinge, that I feare in your cominge to and fro, lest if you should be ventrus upon the water, if your passage be by water w^{ch} I know not, it may be dangerous for you in the winter time, the wether beinge colde and the waters perilous. And so I shoulde be in continuall feare of you lest you should take any hurt. The Lord,' she continues, 'in mercy upholde us and strenkthen us by his holy spirit. I cannot but with greefe beare y^{or} longe absence, but I hope that this will be the last time we shall be so long asunder, w^{ch} doeth sumwhat stay and comfort me.'

Yet this woman, thus submissive to her husband's wishes and timorous for his safety in crossing the Thames, did not shrink from encouraging him, at the bidding of his conscience, to face the perils of the voyage to America, or from herself following him to their home in the New World. Well might Winthrop speak of her in his Journal as 'a helpe and encouragement to her husband in his duties, wherein soe many wives are so great a hindrance to their's.'

To a man like Winthrop the times, in spite of his domestic happiness, were evil.

'This Land,' he says, 'growes weary of her Inhabitants. . . . All artes & Trades are carried in that deceitfull and unrighteous course, as it is almost impossible for a good & righteous man to mainetayne his charge and liue comfortable in any of them. The fountaines of Learning & Religion are corrupted.'

His thoughts began to turn with longing towards the New World. In October 1629 the offer came to him from the Massachusetts Bay Company to go out as Governor. He did not hesitate. His mind was made up at once. In March 1630 he had taken leave of his wife, and embarked on board the 'Arbella,' bound for New England. With him sailed his two youngest sons.

In the autumn of the previous year he had written to his wife, preparing her for their separation. Margaret Winthrop's answer shows the mettle of which she was made.

'I knowe not how to expresse my love to thee or my desires of thy wished welfare, but my hart is well knowne to thee, which will make

make relation of my affections though they be smalle in appearance; my thoughts are more on our great change and alteration of our course heare, which I beseech the Lord to bless us in & my good Husband cheare up thy hart in the expectacion of God's goodnesse to us, and let nothing dismay and discourage thee; if the Lord be with us who can be against us; my greife is the feare of staying behind thee, but I must leave all to the good Providence of God.'

A few days were spent together, and then husband and wife were parted, he to face the dangers of the voyage, she to endure the harder trial of waiting in suspense.

On board the 'Arbella' riding at Cowes, Winthrop, on March 28th, 1630, writes a last letter after the parting was over.

'And now,' he says, 'my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee even to Him, who loves thee better than any husband can; who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle: who can and (if it be for his glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living!—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. . . .

'Mondays and Fridays at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus.'

Seventy-six days later Winthrop landed in New England. He found the colony in a deplorable state. The winter had been severe and prolonged. Ill-fed, badly lodged, and scantily clothed, many of the colonists had died. The survivors were 'weak and sick,' and their provisions were well-nigh exhausted. Winthrop's first care was to send back the 'Lyon' for fresh supplies; his next, to house and shelter the new settlers, while yet the summer lasted. Winter was soon upon them. Pierced to the bone by the fierce east winds, and chilled to the marrow by frosts and snow, the colonists died by the score. Hemmed in between the ocean and the gloomy forests, they kept starvation at bay by gathering clams and mussels from the frozen shore, or collecting ground-nuts and acorns. When they were almost at death's door, and the Governor had scraped his
last

last handful of meal from his only remaining barrel, a vessel dropped her anchor in the Bay. It was the 'Lyon,' laden with provisions from home, and bringing news of the birth of Winthrop's daughter Ann.

Throughout this gloomy period Winthrop's resolution never faltered, though 'my much business hath made me too ofte forgett mundayes and frydayes.' Writing to his wife, who was coming out to join him, he says :—

'It is enough that we shall have heaven though we should passe through hell to it. We heer enjoye God and Jesus Christ. Is not this enough? What would we have more? I thanke God, I like so well to be heer, as I do not repent my cominge; and if I were to come againe I would not have altered my course, though I had foreseen all these Afflictions. I never fared better in my life, never slept better, never had more content of minde, w^{ch} comes meerly of the Lord's good hande, for we have not the like meanes of these comforts heer w^{ch} we had in England.'

A list of the stores which Margaret Winthrop was to bring with her might be compiled from the different letters written by her husband. From the contents of such a list may be gathered the wants of the infant colony. 'Ill diet at sea' had bred a fatal disease among the new settlers, and against this danger he specially warns his wife. For the voyage itself, fresh provisions were to be laid in. She was to provide herself with cooking utensils, not forgetting

'a case to boyle a pudding in; store of linnen for use at sea; some drinkinge vessells & peuter & other vessels; & for phisick you shall need no other but a pound of Doctor Wright's Electuariu lenitivu, & his direction to use it, a gallon of scirvy grasse to drinke a little 5 or 6 morninges together, wth some saltpeter dissolved in it, & a little grated or sliced nutmege.'

Among other stores are mentioned 'linnen, woollen, beddinge, brasse, peuter, leather bottells, drinkinge hornes, &c.' Axes of 'severall sorts of the Braintree Smithe, or some other prime workman, whatever they coste,' 'some Augers great and smale,' 'candles, sope, and store of beife suett.' To his eldest son, who was expected in the same ship, he sends further instructions as to meal, peas, oatmeal, Suffolk cheese, sugar, fruit, figs, pepper, saltpetre, conserve of red roses, mithridate, pitch, tallow, and wine vinegar. Oiled calf skins,

'the strongest welf leather shoes and stockings for children, and hats of all sizes. If you could bring two or three hundred sheepskins and lambekins, with the wool on, dyed red, it would be a good commodity here; and the coarsest wolen cloth (so it be not flocks) and of sad colours, and some red.'

It is worthy of remark, that, with the exception of some 'sacke to bestowe among the saylors,' no mention is made of spirituous liquors of any kind.

In August 1831 Margaret Winthrop sailed in the ship 'Lyon.' With her went her little daughter Ann, who died at sea. After a voyage which lasted ten weeks, the 'Lyon' reached New England on November 2, and Winthrop describes the honours with which the Governor's wife was received on landing with her husband. A love of pomp and ceremony is one of those human failings in his character which make it more attractive. 'The ship gave them six or seven pieces,' as they left the side. On shore, 'the captains, with their companions in arms, entertained them with guard, and divers vollies of shot and three drakes,' while the people flocked in from the country with stores of provisions—'fat hogs, kid, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, &c., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England.'

The welcome was warm and kindly. But from the homely beauties of the rich meadows of Suffolk, then the best farmed county in England, the change to the wild forest lands of the New World must have been startling. Margaret Winthrop was not, however, the woman to shrink from hardship, or lament the loss of comforts which she had deliberately abandoned. Her new home at Boston was a wooden structure, containing six rooms, besides offices and garrets, plain without and within, and barely furnished. It stood till the war of American Independence, when it was destroyed by the British soldiers for firewood. Its whole contents, at Winthrop's death, including the wearing apparel, arms, and armour, were valued at only 103*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* The inventory is not without interest.

On the ground floor were the hall,—the living room of the house,—the parlour and the study. The hall contained a table and cover, a cupboard, six chairs, a round white box, and a pair of snuffers. In the parlour were a standing bed with a down mattress, bolster, pillows, and coverlet, two trundle bedsteads, and two chests. In the study, filled with carpenter's tools, were probably ranged the thirty-nine theological books which Winthrop bequeathed to Harvard College. To a notable housewife, such as Margaret Winthrop had been in her own country, the contents of the kitchen were even more meagre. Here there were '1 table, 2 chairs, and 2 stooles,' some old pewter, a pestle and mortar, four 'brasse potts,' three 'posnets' or porringers, a kettle of copper, another of brass, and a third of some metal not described; a skellet, a brass pan, and two pewter candlesticks. Two pair of trammels, an iron bar, and three spits

spits complete the list of utensils. The rooms above, the Hall chamber, the Porch chamber, and the Parlour chamber, were even more scantily furnished. The supply of linen was small. More than a fourth of the whole value of the contents of the house consisted of clothes. Among the latter three pairs of gloves are valued at *3l. 7s. 6d.*

Yet Margaret Winthrop never seems to have regretted the loss of the luxuries of her English home. She had 'passed the seas to inhabit and continue in New England,' and she made herself happy there. In the midst of a year of distress, when crops had failed owing to cold and wet summer, she wrote to her son in England:—

'When I thinke of the troublesome times and manyfolde destractions that are in our native Countrie, I thinke we doe not pryse oure happinesse heare as we have cause, that we should be in peace when so many troubles are in most places of the world.'

The duties of a housekeeper, and those which belonged to her husband's office, occupied her mind. The question of domestic service was already one which caused grave anxieties to the mistress of a house. It does not appear that Winthrop had in his family any 'Moores' or negroes; but he received in 1634 a licence to 'entertain an Indian as a household servant.' Margaret Winthrop seems to have been more fortunate in her domestic arrangements than some of her neighbours. Living as she did in a town, she had less difficulty in procuring English servants than those householders who inhabited country districts. Mary Dudley, for instance, who lived 'farre from ye Baye,' at Cambridge and Ipswich, was led a sad life by her maids.

'I thought it convenient,' she writes to her mother, 'to acquaint you and my father what a great affliction I have met withal by my maide servant, and how I am like through God his mercie to be freed from it: at her first coming she carried herself dutifully as became a servant; but since through mine and my husband's forbearance towards her for small faults she hath got such a head, and is growen soe insolent that her carriage towards vs, especially myselfe, is vnsufferable. If I bid her doe a thing shee will bid me to doe it myselfe, and she says how she can give content as well as any servant but shee will not, and sayes if I love not quietnes I was never soe fitted in my life for shee would make me have enough of it. If I should write to you of all the reviling speeches and filthie language shee hath vsed towards me I should but grieve you.'

Apart from the difficulties and hardships which naturally fell to the lot of early emigrants, the life had many compensations. There was, as yet, little of the joyless gloom which, in the

second generation, hung so heavily over New England. Puritans though they were, the people were not morose, witch-haunted fanatics. Society was congenial, for in tastes, interests, and religion, the new settlers were united. Many graduates of Oxford or Cambridge lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Margaret Winthrop; many others were old friends and neighbours from the Eastern Counties; the majority were people of substance and well connected in the Old World. Life, moreover, was stirring and picturesque, and it centred round Margaret Winthrop's home. French Catholics, such as the Sieurs d'Aulnay and La Tour, intrigued against each other in Winthrop's Hall chamber. Sojourners, like Sir Harry Vane or Hugh Peter, came and went. Daring adventurers, such as Captain Underhill or Captain Cromwell, relieved the sombreness of Puritanism by a dash of the wild and reckless buccaneer.

Training-days on the Common, and still more the annual installation of magistrates at Boston, were scenes which glowed with some of the sunny richness of Elizabethan times. The processions through the street, and across the market-place, to the meeting-house, on these festive occasions, were not without their pomp and ceremony, while in appearance the crowd of onlookers was far more varied and picturesque than any gathering in the Old World. The train-bands of colonial soldiers, whose burnished armour, pikes, and muskets shimmered in the sun, made a brave show, as they marched to the sound of drum and clarion. Behind them came the group of magistrates, large of build, and square of countenance, wearing that demeanour of natural authority, which in the New World inspired the respect of men who had placed the ocean between them and their kings, princes, and all degrees of artificial nobility. If the dark clothes of English emigrants gave to the crowd a prevailing tint of sombre hue, yet the black cloaks, starched bands, and steeple-crowned hats of the elders, were varied with other and brighter figures. Here, for example, stood apart a group of Indians in all their savage finery, their red and yellow ochre, their feathers, their bows and arrows, their curiously embroidered deerskin robes, surpassing in impassive gravity the most sour-visaged Puritan. There, again, rollicked a party of bearded, sun-blackened seamen, half traders, half buccaneers, puffing clouds of smoke from under their broad brimmed hats of palm-leaf, and drinking from their pocket flasks huge draughts of *aqua vitæ*, though both tobacco and brandy were forbidden to the townsfolk.

Such were some of the aspects which the New World presented

presented to Margaret Winthrop. More important by far was the religious life of New England. At first the congregations were held in the open air under a tree; then they gathered, it is probable, in Governor Winthrop's house; finally, a mud-walled meeting-house was built. Here were held the week-day lectures; here also, at the Sabbath services, John Wilson as pastor, and John Cotton as teacher, accompanied by much doleful singing, ministered to the spiritual wants of the community. Already those religious differences had sprung up, which afterwards bore such bitter fruit in the colony; Roger Williams was preaching against theocratic government; Anne Hutchinson was busy with her revelations and prophesyings; and Samuel Gorton taught that there were no such places as heaven or hell. Such troubles scarcely disturbed the serene faith of Margaret Winthrop. Yet the close of her life was in other ways full of anxiety. Her husband's estate had suffered by his devotion to the business of the State, and he was reduced to poverty. But he was not destined to leave his wife a widow, and penniless. On June 14th, 1647, when he was entering on his eleventh term as Governor, Margaret Winthrop died. In his 'Journal' Winthrop thus records his loss:—

'In this sickness the governour's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age; a woman of singular virtue, modesty and piety, and specially beloved and honoured of the country.'

Winthrop only survived his wife two years; but, we regret to add, he lived long enough to marry a fourth time.

The next volume in the series, 'Eliza Pinckney,' carries us over a whole century and lands us in South Carolina, the most typical of the slave states. The change is one not merely of climate, soil, and products; it is social, political, religious, moral, and industrial. We leave behind the democratic, commercial group of Northern States, self-governing republics in all but the name, with their elective, representative, self-taxing assemblies, their independent congregations, their condensed population, their small plots of land, townships, town meetings, and village politics. We enter the colonial monarchies of the Southern States, with their ecclesiastical hierarchies, their oligarchical society, their huge landed estates, tilled by slaves, their isolated life, and their feudal administration of local government and justice. It is as a representative of this planter aristocracy that the portrait of Mrs. Pinckney is painted. And a charming picture, we may add, is that which her descendant has drawn and set against a background of the occupations,

occupations, customs, manners, and habits of thought of women of South Carolina in the eighteenth century.

In 1738 Eliza Lucas, then a girl of fifteen, the daughter of Colonel George Lucas, an officer in the English army, who afterwards became Governor of Antigua, settled with her mother and younger sister in South Carolina. English by birth, and educated in England, she threw herself with surprising energy into the life by which she was surrounded in her new home. Her father had barely had time to purchase land and settle plantations, before he was recalled to the West Indies. Mrs. Lucas was an invalid, and to the elder daughter fell the charge of all domestic affairs. At an age when most girls are still at school, she had on her shoulders the care of three plantations. Writing in 1740 to a friend in England, she thus describes her life:—

‘Wee are 17 mile by land, and 6 by water from Charles Town where wee have about 6 agreeable families around us with whom wee live in great harmony. I have a little library well furnished (for my Papa has left mee most of his books) in wth I spend part of my time. My Musick and the Garden w^{ch} I am very fond of take up the rest that is not employed in business of w^{ch} my father has left me a pretty good share, and indeed ’twas unavoidable as my Mama’s bad state of health prevents her going thro’ any fatigue.

‘I have the business of 3 plantations to transact, w^{ch} requires much writing and more business and fatigue of other sorts than you can imagine, but least you should imagine it too burthensome to a girl at my early time of life, give mee leave to assure you I think myself happy that I can be useful to so good a father.’

The management of a plantation was in itself no light task. Miss Lucas began her day at five o’clock in the morning. Her first visitor was the plantation nurse to ask for advice and medicine; then came the housekeeper and the division of daily work to two hundred men and maids. Letters had to be written to the overseers crowded with minute details of planting operations, sheep-shearing, bacon-curing, soap-boiling, wood-cutting, salting of beef, or loading of vessels. Under the eye of the mistress the maids were set to their wool-carding, spinning, weaving, cutting and making of clothes. When once the machine was set in order for the day, it probably ran with smoothness. But Miss Lucas was not content to work by routine. She was full of schemes. Now she tries an experiment of sending eggs packed in salt to the West Indies. At another time she cultivates plots of ginger, cotton, lucerne, or cassada, to see whether such crops were suited for the highlands of South Carolina. Her experiments in indigo proved a source

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of wealth to the colony. After many disappointments, she succeeded, for the first time, in establishing her crop, and mastering the secret of its preparation. Just before the Revolution, the annual value of the export of indigo was 1,107,660*l*.—no slight boon for a girl to have bestowed upon the province. 'When,' asks her biographer, with pardonable pride, 'will any "New Woman" do more for her country?'

In the midst of this busy life, Miss Lucas made time to gratify other tastes. Devoted to music, she regularly set aside certain hours in the day to its study, and writes to ask her father's permission to send to England for 'Cantatas, Welden's Anthems, Knolly's rules for tuning.' She loved reading, and did not disdain novels. Her friend, Colonel Pinckney, kept her supplied with books, though one of her neighbours thought she would 'spoil her marriage and make herself look old long before she was so,' by her love of literature.

'I send herewith,' she writes, 'Col' Pinckney's books, and shall be much obliged to him for Virgil's works, notwithstanding this same old Gentlewoman, (who I think too has a great friendship for me) has a great spite at my books, and had like to have thrown a vol^m of my Plutarcks lives into the fire the other day, she is sadly afraid, she says, I shall read myself mad.'

Besides her interest in farming, her passion for music, her taste for literature, she had a genuine love of nature. She devotes a page of foolscap to a description of a nest of mocking-birds. She spent hours in her garden, where she tried to acclimatise new varieties of plants. She delighted in trees, and speaks of them in stilted style indeed, yet with genuine enthusiasm:—

'Being a sort of enthusiast in my Veneration for fine trees, I look upon the destroyers of Pyrford Avenue as sacriligious Enemies to posterity, and upon an old oak with the reverencial Esteem of a Druid. It staggered my philosophy to bear with patience the Cutting down one remarkable fine tree, w^h was directed by an old man by mistake, and I could not help being very angry with the old fellow tho' he had never offended me before.'

Nor was Miss Lucas in the least unfeminine. She is unaffected in her delight when a box comes out from England, containing materials for new clothes, books, and apples. The arrival of such boxes was looked forward to with something more than curiosity when almost all the luxuries, and many of the necessaries, of life came from the mother country. Carriages, bedsteads, furniture, and baskets were made in England. Even the materials for the fashionable fad of japanning tea-caddies were

were imported. 'Meddicines' also came from home, and Miss Lucas, who suffered from headaches, had to wait six months before Dr. Mead's prescription could be made up. At her own home she was an admirable specimen of the squire's wife. It was part of her daily life to visit the sick on her plantations. Fond of children, she not only taught her little sister, but held a school for a 'parcel of little negroes.' Eager to be useful to those around her, she studied a law-book in order to make wills for her poor and uneducated neighbours, 'who have a little land, a few slaves and cattle to give their children, that never think of making "a will" till they come upon a sick bed, and find it too expensive to send to town for a lawyer.' She knows, she says, that she has

'done no harm, for I con'd my lesson very perfect; but the most comfortable remembrance of all is that the Law makes great allowance for Last Wills and Testaments, presuming the Testator could not have Council learned in the Law. But after all, what can I do if a poor Creature lies a-dying, and their family takes it into their head that I can serve them? I can't refuse; butt when they are well, and able to employ a Lawyer, I always shall.'

Society in South Carolina had much of the charm and many of the faults that characterise the society of a territorial aristocracy. It brought plenty of gaiety into the active life of Miss Lucas. Balls at Charles Town, when the fleet came in, were great events. Miss Lucas tells her father that she had danced a minuet with his

'old acquaintance, Capt. Brodrick. A Mr. Small (a very talkative man) desires his best respects, and says many obliging things of you, for w^{ch} I think myself obliged to him, and therefore punished myself to hear a great deal of flashy nonsense from him for an hour together.'

Then there was 'vizeting' among her country neighbours. For the most part visits were paid by water. Rowed in long canoes by six or eight negroes, who sang in perfect tune as they swung their paddles, she landed at one of the private wharves which were indispensable to a country house. If she drove, she went with her mother in a coach drawn by six horses, the gentlemen perhaps riding by the side on their spirited Chickasaws. The homes of the planter aristocracy were built on the English model, baronial mansions, with large rooms wainscoted in long narrow panels, with high carved mantels and deep window-seats. Hospitality was generous. Lavish dinners, where wine and food were alike plentiful, served with fine silver, damask, and Indian china, were followed by the scraping of fiddles, and
a dance

a dance in which, either indoors or out, in the ballroom, the servants' hall, or on the lawn, the whole household, white and black, took part. Grave minuets, or cheerful country-dances, were danced with gentlemen in powdered hair, square cut coats, long waistcoats, breeches, and buckled shoes, by Miss Lucas and her girl friends, dressed in their best attire of brocade or lute-string, with huge hoops, and towering 'heads,' and high-heeled shoes.

One other feature in the character of this South Carolinian gentlewoman remains to be noticed. She was unaffectedly religious. In the pleasant fashion of an elder sister she warns her brother against the sneers of Voltaire or the jibes of the Encyclopedists. Her simple piety stands out in her 'private devotions,' or in her 'Resolutions,' from which we can only quote the last few words:—

'All these resolutions by God's assistance I will keep to my life's end. So help me, O my God! Amen.

'*Mem^{oria}*. Read over this daily to assist my memory as to every particular contained in this paper.'

Miss Lucas was now twenty-three years of age. Her father had already proposed to her two eligible suitors. As to the first, she knew him too slightly. As to the other, he was too old; 'the riches of Chili and Peru, if he had them, could not purchase a sufficient Esteem for him to make him my husband.' She therefore begged to make her own choice. It was not long in coming. In 1744 she married Colonel Charles Pinckney, a childless widower, twenty years her senior, whose first wife had been her dearest friend. He was a man holding a very distinguished position in the colony, an eminent lawyer, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and a wealthy planter. Their marriage, which proved a very happy one, is thus announced to a girl friend:—

'I am sure you will pardon me, my dear Cosen, tho I have not acknowledg^d the receipt of your letter by Mr. Symons, and thanked you for the barberrys (which were very good), when you consider that I have had so weighty a matter upon my hands as that of matrimony. I see you smile and wonder, that difficult girl (that's y^e phrase) ever married, that filled her own head, and was always preaching up to you the great Importance of a matter of w^{ch} the generality of people make so light. Nay, you did not scruple telling me that I should never get a man to answer my plan, and must therefore dye an old maid. But you are mistaken. I am married, and the gentleman I have made choice of comes up to my plan in every title.'

As a married woman Mrs. Pinckney continued to live the same active life as before, though her anxieties were increased by the birth of three children, two sons and a daughter. In 1752 her husband accepted the position of Commissioner of the Colony in London. A voyage of twenty-five days from Charles Town brought them to England. It is curious to read that their first step was to hire a house at Richmond for inoculation against the small-pox. This important precaution taken, she desired, as a loyal subject, to see what there was of *Royalty*. A long and interesting account is given of her visit with her husband and children to the widowed Princess of Wales at Kew. Carrying a present with them for their little girl to give, they sent in a card thus inscribed:—

‘Miss Harriott Pinckney, daughter of Charles Pinckney, Esq’, one of His Majesty’s Council of South Carolina, pays her duty to Her Highness and humbly begs leave to present her with an Indigo bird, a Nonpareil, and a yellow bird, w^{ch} she has brought from Carolina for her Highness.’

The little girl and her present, the father and mother and their two boys, were received by the Princess with the greatest cordiality, saw the whole family, and apparently had an interview which lasted considerably more than two hours. The Princess and her daughters asked a number of questions, some of which were of a domestic character, such as whether Mrs. Pinckney suckled her own children. Others related to the Colony, its constitution, its foundation, its manufactures; others to the Indians, their colour and manners; others to the homes of South Carolinians, their food, their wine, their mode of eating and dressing turtle. Among other observations which Mrs. Pinckney makes are these two. She notes the heartlessness of Londoners, and comments on the very disagreeable habit of perpetual card-playing.

The Pinckneys remained in England till March 1758, when troubles on the frontier, arising out of the Seven Years’ War, made her husband’s return necessary. They left behind them their two boys to be educated in England. Hardly had they landed in South Carolina than Mr. Pinckney was struck down by fever and died. After the first agony of grief was over, his widow devoted herself to the education of her daughter and the care of her estates. She had also to choose a school for her sons. Charter House is mentioned but only to be dismissed. Harrow, she thinks, ‘can hardly be called a publick school, and as Doct^r Thackeray is dead I don’t think of that.’ Finally Westminster is decided upon, and there both boys eventually went,

went, Thomas, the youngest, becoming Captain of the Town Boys.

In 1768 Mrs. Pinckney's daughter married, and she was now a lonely woman. Already the shadows of the coming Revolution were beginning to gather. But South Carolina was firmly bound to the Mother Country, not only by commerce, but by the tie of personal loyalty. Few of the natives of the province even dreamed of cutting themselves adrift from England, however strongly they might sympathise with their brethren at Boston. Up to 1775, few signs of the approaching storm appear in Mrs. Pinckney's letters. With her sons it was otherwise.

In 1769 the eldest, Charles Pinckney, returned to South Carolina, after taking his degree at Oxford and being called to the Bar. Years of absence in England had not weakened the attachment which he and his brother Thomas felt for their native country. A picture had been painted of him, before he left the Old World, which represents him in the attitude of declaiming against the Stamp Act, while his brother was nicknamed by his English companions 'The Little Rebel.' How deeply the latter felt the threatening aspect of affairs, is proved by the fact that he had studied the art of war at the Military Academy of Caen, and, as the following extract from a letter to Mr. Ladson shows, had prepared himself in other ways for the outbreak of hostilities.

'At this period,' writes Thomas Pinckney, 'American politics occupied much of the public mind in London, and the young Americans attended a meeting of their countrymen convened by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Ralph Izard, &c., for the purpose of framing petitions to the Legislature and the King, deprecating the Acts of Parliament, then passing, to coerce our Country. But the petitions not having the desired effect, and foreseeing that an appeal must probably be made to arms, we endeavoured to qualify ourselves for the event and hired a sergeant of the Royal Guards to drill us at your Father's lodgings. From him we obtained the knowledge in military service we could derive from a person of his rank.'

It is not our purpose to follow the course of the struggle which ended in American independence. In the Northern States matters advanced far more rapidly than in the South, as was only to be expected from the social, religious, industrial, and political differences between the two great groups of colonies. In the one case, separation was probably inevitable; in the other, it might have been at least postponed. The life
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of Mercy Otis, who in 1754 had married James Warren, illustrates the rapid growth of the desire for independence in Massachusetts, which was the hot-bed of revolutionary feeling. Mrs. Warren was from the first in the thick of the fray. As the wife of James Warren, the sister of James Otis, the intimate friend of John and Samuel Adams, the personal enemy of Governor Hutchinson, and a bitter political satirist, she herself played no inconsiderable part in the movement. She was, however, a woman without a spark of humour, whose mind was always on stilts, never stooping to chronicle small beer, rarely addressing even her husband except in academic style and with measured decorum. She begins one of her letters with the statement that she will for once ignore politics, having so much to tell her husband of domestic interests. She then describes a walk with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Otis.

‘We moved,’ she says, ‘from field to field and from orchard to orchard with many reflections on the tumultuous joy of the Great and the gay and restless anxieties of political life. Nothing was wanting to compleat the felicity of this Hour of Rural Enjoyment but the company of Strephon & Collin Whose observations might have improved the understanding while their presence would have gladdened the Hearts of their favourite Nymphs.’

From such a woman it would be vain to expect those homely touches, which not only heighten tragedy by the force of contrast, but help us to realise how ordinary women pursued the even tenor of their ways under the gathering blackness of the Revolutionary storm. For these we must return to the letters of Mrs. Pinckney, the main interest of whose life was still centred on the careers of her sons, the health of her daughter, the growth of her grandchild, the engrossing cares of household duties, or the simple pleasures of society. Here we find in abundance those petty details which, by their juxtaposition with graver subjects, bring out into fuller relief the tragic forces at work in America. Interwoven with tender messages, domestic anxieties, or local gossip, runs a crimson web of allusions to political events, which, though at first slender, gradually widens till the whole texture is red with the horrors of war. Between Mercy Warren and Eliza Pinckney there was little in common. Character, tastes, early associations, interests, circumstances, were all unlike. Yet, under the pressure of the national struggle, the two women see eye to eye, and feel, heart with heart, the same patriotic devotion to the cause of American Independence.

Mrs. Pinckney,

Mrs. Pinckney, at the beginning of the momentous year 1775, was living at Charles Town. It is not altogether uncharacteristic of the woman, that one of the first hints of the gravity of the situation comes through her difficulty in performing a shopping commission for her daughter in the country. In February 1775 the decree of the Continental Congress had come into operation, and no British goods were imported.

'Jones sent me word,' writes Mrs. Pinckney, 'that the stores had been searched and he could not get a bit of fine washing Pavillion gauze [mosquito net] anywhere. I afterwards sent old Mary, with directions not to miss a store, and to let them know it was Cash. After two or three days' search she got me some coarse stuff for w^{ch} I paid ready money.'

At the close of the same letter is an allusion which brings before us the first *visible* sign of resistance. 'I send,' she says, '16 Cake knots for my dear Boy, to whom remember me tenderly. Mrs. Prioleau, 'tis thought, will dye of a pleurisy.' Mrs. Prioleau did die, and, as mourning goods were all imported, she was followed to the grave by her relatives and friends clad in many-coloured garments.

Her next letter describes a picnic, at which Thomas Pinckney contrived some ingenious glasses out of white paper. Then follows another letter, full of a mother's pride in the exceedingly becoming appearance of her son's wig and gown, accompanied by a passing allusion to the solemn day appointed by the Congress of the Province for fasting and prayer for guidance.

'I am just,' she says, 'come from Church where I heard from Mr. Smith a very good patriotic Xtian like sermon, attended to by the audience with great seriousness; there was a prayer suited to the occasion. The Assembly came in a body, with the Speaker at their head and the mace carried before him.'

Men in South Carolina had perhaps made up their minds that war was inevitable. General Moultrie, for instance, in his 'Memoirs' describes this service as an 'affecting scene.' 'Every one,' he says, 'knew the occasion, and all joined in fervent prayer to the Lord to support and defend us in our great struggle in the cause of Liberty and our Country.' But Mrs. Pinckney was still hopeful. A few days later in the year 1775, she writes to her daughter to tell her of the death of an old friend in England and of the latest political news:—

'A packet came in on Sunday night, it rained all day yesterday and I did not know it to inform you by Sam. Poor Lady Charles
Montagu

Montagu is dead, She died at Exeter. I can't tell you much Publick news, but what I have heard is as follows, That y^e American affairs wear at home a more hopeful aspect. The King has promised to receive the petition, Jamaica has petitioned, the rest of the Islands are about to do it, as well as the London Merchants, The Tradespeople clamour extremely; Mr. Fox is not so violent as he used to be against us. Capt. Turner is also arrived and says there is a prospect of the acts being repeal^d.

'Pray God^d grant it may prove true!'

In April 1775 the battle of Lexington began the war, and, two months later, Mrs. Pinckney's two sons had gone into camp with the First Regiment of South Carolina troops. Nowhere perhaps in America was the rending asunder of friendships or the division of families more widely felt than in South Carolina. The Loyalists were strong in numbers, and, when the struggle came, it assumed the form of civil war, with Colonel Tarleton and General Marion as the leaders of the two parties. For the first three years after the outbreak of hostilities, life in the Province was little affected by the contest. But in 1779 the storm burst upon them in all its fury. Mrs. Pinckney lost nearly everything that she had, and was reduced to poverty. She never complained.

'Don't grieve for me my child,' she writes to her son, 'as I assure you I do not for myself. While I have such children dare I think my lot hard? God forbid! I pray the Almighty disposer of events to preserve them and my grandchildren to me, and for all the rest I hope I shall be able to say not only contentedly but chearfully, God's Sacred will be done!'

In 1780 Charles Town capitulated to the British on condition that the citizens, under a general parole, were to be left unmolested in their homes and property. The terms were not kept in the spirit, even if, by a technical interpretation of the language, they were adhered to in the letter. Domiciliary visits were made in search of 'rebels' still in arms; the roads were patrolled by troops who intercepted all who were not furnished with official permits; houses were plundered or burnt; slaves were carried off, not to be freed, but to be sold in the West Indies; no property was safe against the exigencies of public service. So the war dragged on. But in 1782 the people knew that its end was near, and in December of that year the British troops took to their ships, leaving Charles Town to be occupied by the 'Ragged Continentals.'

Mrs. Pinckney survived by ten years the restoration of peace.
Happy

Happy in her children, her only sorrow, as she writes in 1786, was the loss of friends.

‘Outliving those we love is what gives the principal gloom to long protracted life. There was never anything very tremendous to me in the prospect of old age, the loss of friends excepted, but this loss I have keenly felt. This is all the terror that the Spectre with the Scythe and Hourglass ever exhibited to my view, Nor since the arrival of this formidable period have I had anything else to deplore from it. I regret no pleasures that I can’t enjoy, and I enjoy some that I could not have had at an early season. I now see my children grown up, and, blessed be God! see them such as I hoped. What is there in youthful enjoyment preferable to this?’

Mrs. Pinckney died in May 1793, happy in the knowledge that her two sons had done good service to the United States. Her letters reveal a charming character, and we are grateful to her biographer for giving us the pleasure of making her acquaintance. It is when we read her biography, which is chiefly based on her own letters, that we most regret, for the sake of our descendants, the decay of letter-writing. Novels in abundance the present generation will leave behind them; but we are inclined to think that, a hundred years hence, English men and women would sacrifice them all for a bundle of the simple letters, never intended for the public eye, which our ancestresses used to write in the leisured eighteenth century.

- ART. III.—1. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Asia Minor, &c.* Edited by Major-General Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., K.C.B. London, 1895.
2. *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant.* By D. G. Hogarth, M.A. London, 1896.
3. *St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen.* By Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D. London, 1896.
4. *The Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia.* By Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. I., Oxford, 1895; Vol. I. Pt. II., Oxford, 1897.

THE present is not a time to tempt travellers into distant parts of Asia Minor, in the footsteps of Sir Charles Wilson, Professor Ramsay, and Mr. Hogarth. We even hesitate to recall the ancient glories of that land, lest we should seem to aggravate its present misery, than which, says Dante, there is *nessun maggior dolore*. But much short of those distant scenes there is a wide tract along the western coast of Asia Minor which not only presents no danger, but is in fact the very part of Asia Minor which best repays a visit. It is a low-lying district, in character quite distinct from the high plateau which occupies the interior of the country. Its rivers and harbours, its innumerable bays, its great natural wealth had from early times attracted crowds of Greek settlers, who, while Greece proper was still lagging behind, thrived in commerce, held their own in war, and acquired an imperishable fame by their poetic gifts. It was there subsequently that the inhabitants learned to accept the widely-different civilization of Rome, and there that Christianity planted one of her earliest outposts. From first to last it has been a land open to new movements, whether good or bad. The good it has fostered richly and benignantly; the bad it has fought against, but not always successfully.

It is in regard to this western fringe, as it has been called, of Asia Minor that we wish to know more; and now that Professor Ramsay has given us in his recent books those masterly sketches of the attitude of the Roman Government and of the people in general towards the spread of Christianity, we may hope that he will next return to his first researches in this country, and fill in amply what was then but an outline of the early relations between Asia Minor and the Peloponnesus, not in legend and tradition only, but most strikingly in the artistic remains. In this last direction he made an excellent beginning. But not a little of what was then vague and speculative has since been confirmed, as, for instance, by the excavations at Troy in
1893,

1893, which indicate with sufficient clearness that the Troy besieged by Agamemnon had been, as a town, twin sister to Mycenæ. Apparently it is not here a question of a common degree of civilization extending to two different races. The result points rather to an identity of race between the Trojans and the Achæans, as some of the Trojan genealogies expressly show, not to mention the existence of the tomb of Hector in Bœotia and the recognition of him there as a national hero.

On this early and very important period in the history of Asia Minor no one is more qualified to speak with authority than Professor Ramsay. He knows the whole ground. His acute critical faculty will serve him in good stead. His happy gift of discovering leading principles will have abundant scope. But the difficulties are enormous; and by the time that he has carried his history from the earliest obtainable date down to about B.C. 600, he will deserve our best congratulations.

Towards the end of the seventh century B.C., the history of Asia Minor begins to become fascinating in the highest degree. Melody was in the air, new forms of song and verse burst into being, and in that sweet company the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture took up their own particular parable. How intense and how manifold had been the artistic activity of those times may be gathered in some measure from the poetic remains. What we possess of Archilochus, Sappho, Alcæus, Hipponax, to take only the best known names, are mere fragments, just enough to show the splendid qualities and the great extent of what is lost. It is different with the formative arts. Not many years ago the early school of painting in Asia Minor was unknown except in literary tradition, and that of a very slight kind. Now, however, thanks to the discovery from time to time of painted terra-cotta sarcophagi at Clazomenæ, we are beginning to realize the characteristics of that school, and to be reminded that there is no fable at all, as was once supposed, in the statements of Pliny, that an Asia Minor painter, Bupalchus, had painted a picture of a battle (or destruction) of the Magnesians, and sold it for its weight in gold to Candaules, the king of Lydia,—a contemporary of Romulus, adds Pliny. These painted sarcophagi, with their many figures and the singular effect which they often present of response and intervals in the composition, convey the impression of an indebtedness to melody. The same groups, the same figures are repeated or inverted as in a dance, till we begin to wonder out of how few elements an apparently elaborate design has been composed. The scenes of battle recall the incident of Helena embroidering the incidents of the Trojan war as they

transpired under her eyes; and this is particularly the case when we come across an actual picture of one of these historical inroads of the Cimmerians, Homer's 'children of the mist,' which took place at various times between the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. These barbarians, accurately represented in costume and armour, sweep across the field on horseback, hewing down their enemies with enormous swords, accompanied by dogs of war.

With an increase such as may reasonably be expected of materials for study in this direction, it may in time be found possible to form some definite conception of how far this early pictorial art of Asia Minor had influenced the first of the great fresco-painters in Greece proper. When that happens, it will hardly be reasonable any longer to treat it as merely a branch of Greek painting. It will then be time to recognise its separate existence, and to bear in mind that in later ages also the greatest of the panel-painters—Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Apelles, Protogenes—were all natives of the coast of Asia Minor and practised their art there. Meantime, there is no question as to the charm which these early Ionian paintings possess. Extraordinary skill and facility in drawing, fearlessness in composition, afford ample proof that the artists had left far behind those early efforts which interest us more from an historical point of view than from beauty in themselves. Here we have actual beauty, notwithstanding the archaic strain which still lingers over the whole.

In architecture, for all that has been written, we are still almost as far as ever from learning the origin of the Ionic column. We speculate often enough as to where this or that element of it may have come from, whence the capital with its graceful volutes, which seem to mock the idea of strength or burden; but we get little nearer to the spirit which ultimately fused the various elements of the capital into one. Hardly less attractive and almost as obscure in its origin is the Ionic base. A bulging mass at the foot of a column is, no doubt, a source of greater stability when the column stands by itself. The effect is then impressive and convincing. But in a long colonnade this impression is lost. We are more struck in that case with the strength and stability of the Doric column, rising as it does without any base at all. Altogether, when we compare the Doric with the Ionic, the result on our minds is that the Doric fulfils its functions best when it is employed in a long row to support a great horizontal mass; while the Ionic, being more complete in itself, appears to lose something of its proper force when set in a row with others to support a roof. Nor is
it

it in any way improbable that the Ionic column, with its exquisite charms of capital and base, had been evolved in Asia Minor as a thing by itself, to serve in the first instance as an isolated pillar on a tomb; or otherwise, to fulfil a decorative rather than an architectural function, like the pillar between the two lions above the gate of Mycenæ. We do not say that the Mycenæ pillar, with its kindred on the contemporary engraved gems, contains any special element of the future Ionic. All we mean is, that they are instances of a column employed for decorative purposes. Comparing the two rampant lions of Mycenæ with those discovered by Prof. Ramsay on the front of tombs in Phrygia, we are inclined to believe that the origin of this motive is to be sought in the decoration of tombs, and that the primary element in it is the column, representing a pillar placed on a tomb.

But be this speculation well founded or the reverse, there can be no doubt that the more our materials of study increase, the more does it appear that, towards the end of the seventh and during the sixth century B.C., the architects and sculptors of Ionia, like the poets among whom they lived, were possessed of an extraordinary gift of spontaneously enriching and beautifying whatever they touched. It would help us perhaps to understand this condition of artistic temperament and genius, could we find in the future historian of Asia Minor a true account of what was being done at the same time in those other fields in which the spirit of a great age manifests itself. As a rule, it is safest to make works of art speak for themselves; to trace the growth of art from evidence within itself, and not to risk mistakes by approaching the study with prejudices drawn from contemporary realms of action or of thought. But in this instance, and at all events until we have a greater extent of artistic material at our disposal, it would, we think, be a convenience if we could see in one comprehensive view the various fields of activity in which the Ionians of the sixth century B.C. and the end of the seventh distinguished themselves, their distant enterprises by sea, their wealth and luxury, their rulers, their religion, their political organization, their wars, and, above all, their music and poetry. The artistic remains would in their turn contribute to the general result, showing us in early as in later times a people gifted with an exuberance of artistic talent, a fertile imagination and a desire for novelty, or perhaps rather for experiment.

Meantime a step of the first importance was taken some years ago, when Sir Charles Wilson was instructed to combine with his other duties in Asia Minor the preparation of an authorita-

tive map. How anxiously the publication of that map has been looked forward to by scholars, we are in a position to testify. Every one knew the experience and the singular combination of gifts which Sir Charles had brought to bear on this work. An eager student of antiquity; a soldier to whom the mountains and valleys, roads and passes, were part of the history of the country; a traveller familiar with the people of the present day, their language and customs, he was without equal for the task. In his many journeyings he would acquire stores of local knowledge, and we regard it as a piece of good fortune that he has placed that rich and varied knowledge at the service of the new 'Murray's Handbook to Asia Minor.' As editor of the Handbook, he has further earned the gratitude of students and travellers by the assistance which he has obtained from many quarters, particularly from Professor Ramsay and Mr. Hogarth, in places where they were peculiarly fitted to speak at first hand.

If, as we believe, the art of Asia Minor is bound to come more and more to the front, it was a wise forethought to give special consideration in the new Handbook to the rock-cut bas-reliefs of Phrygia, and to secure for this part of the work the assistance of Professor Ramsay, himself the discoverer of a number of those monuments, and Mr. Hogarth, to whom the more Northern group of so-called 'Hittite' sculptures at Bogaz Keui and its neighbourhood are all personally known. With the help of the illustrations, which are particularly welcome in any case, travellers may yet be able to discover more of these sculptures in the still unexplored regions. What is even more desirable, as we gather from remarks of Messrs. Hogarth and Ramsay, is that experts trained in the niceties of Assyrian and Persian art, with others qualified in architecture, should be induced to visit these regions and determine a number of points which may be said to lie at the root of the chronology of these monuments. This is most of all the case in regard to the 'Hittite' sculptures, with which Mr. Hogarth deals. He says very justly:—

'Until, therefore, a special examination has been made on the spot by a trained expert, doubt must rest on several important points. . . . In the second place, there is no evidence as to the general nature of these sculptured galleries. Were they shrines, or approaches to cunningly concealed tombs? or neither one nor the other, but simply sheltered rock-faces, whereon kings of the neighbouring city carved commemorative reliefs? In the third place, we know very little indeed of the cult or the civilization of the people whose art is represented here. We are not certain even what people it was; and

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are still ignorant of the meaning of the "Hittite" symbols, which so often accompany the figures at *Yasili Kaya*, and probably indicate their character or names.

This cautious attitude commends itself when, with the sculptured scene before us, we are told that the interpretation most generally approved 'sees here a symbolical meeting of the Great Goddess of Asia, attended by her mystic Son-spouse, by her lions and female votaries, with the Great God of the South—Sandon or Baal-Tars—attended by lesser gods, priests, eunuchs, *hieroduli*, and the like.' It may be so, but we cordially agree with Mr. Hogarth that this 'interpretation rests only on a brilliant guess, not on comparative evidence.' On some matters of detail, however, we do not think him right. For instance, the supposed god of the South, who stands facing the great goddess of Asia, does not appear to us to be standing on the necks of the two men apparently below, who wear Phrygian caps and are described as 'subjects or perhaps vanquished foes.' These two figures seem rather to be in the act of adoration, and to be represented simply as on a nearer plane of the sculpture, and not in the least as supporting the god on their bent necks. In Assyrian reliefs we constantly see a lower line of figures sculptured on a nearer plane, whereas there is, we believe, no analogy for the shocking idea of a god standing on the necks of upright human beings.

At the farther side of each of these two central figures—be they god and goddess or king and queen—we see projecting in front the forepart of a bull with a high-pointed tiara on its head. To judge from the engraving, we regard these foreparts of bulls as ensigns or standards attesting the dignity of the two figures. If this is a correct view, then the two figures are more probably a king and a queen than a god and a goddess. A queen standing on the back of a panther or lion would be consistent with the Assyrian idea of royalty; and there is no question of a considerable indebtedness to Assyrian art in these reliefs. Mr. Hogarth frankly acknowledges this; and, indeed, the engraving of a priest leading a goat and three sheep to sacrifice, which he gives, is the most convincing proof that could be desired. This does not of course affect the validity of Professor Ramsay's opinion that a number of scenes in these reliefs belong to a 'religion which can be traced over the greater part of Asia Minor,' the religion of the great Earth-mother and her son-spouse.

We have mentioned these disputable matters with the view of showing how urgent it is that a trained expert should visit and examine these sculptures. Till this is done, there will be no limit

limit to speculation. At present we are told that 'the latest date of the "Hittite" work is roughly the eighth century B.C.' It may be that this statement is correct; but we cannot as yet persuade ourselves that the sculpture at Ivriz is not considerably later than that date. All the more need, therefore, of the trained expert. Only let him not be specially an expert in 'Hittite' writing. It is too much the case that experts in these unknown tongues appear to have extraordinary notions of the boundlessness of time, reminding us often of the pedigree on the margin of which some one had written 'about this time the world was created.' They think nothing of a thousand years,—a millennium, as they call it, with a happy indifference as to the general signification of the word in this country. In its technical sense it has long been employed in Germany, and is indeed useful in its way, as were our antiquated friends the 'decade,' the 'lustrum,' &c. What we want now is the more slowly moving student of art who has no wings, but is strictly pedestrian in his habits. And indeed it is a matter of no small regret that the best of our Assyriologists and Egyptologists are absorbed in questions of language, legend, or history, leaving to almost total neglect the critical examination of works of art. M. Perrot, in his '*Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*,' has sketched in broad masterly lines the more conspicuous features of the art both of Assyria and Egypt. But an immense deal has yet to be done before anything like confidence can be felt in the dates which are now so liberally offered us.

Professor Ramsay has a different task on the whole when dealing with the Phrygian monuments of Ayaz In and the neighbourhood. He is on firmer ground for one thing, because of the frequent points of resemblance which arise between these Phrygian rock-cut tombs and the archaic sculpture of Greece. He has thus effective means of controlling his dates up to a certain extent; above all he is in a region where in matters of art the stereotyped conceptions of the East had for the most part yielded to the vivifying influence of the Ionians on the west coast. But the task, if it has its attractions, has also its difficulties. For instance, it was an agreeable surprise some years ago when Professor Ramsay came upon a cluster of rock-cut tombs in Phrygia, each having two rampant lions sculptured in relief over the entrance. Here at last appeared to be the source of the famous lion-gate at Mycenæ. The legend that Pelops from Phrygia had taken possession of the Peloponnesus, the statement of Herodotus that the tombs of the Phrygians who had followed Pelops were to be seen in the Peloponnesus, the

more

more advanced stage of the sculpture at Mycenæ,—these all seemed to conspire to make the origin of the Mycenæ lions a certainty. The converse, that the lion-gate of Mycenæ had influenced the sculptors of the Phrygian tombs, was out of the question. So far so good. But one of the lion tombs explored by Ramsay gives cause for hesitation. It had fallen in, and been in parts destroyed. What remained he gives illustrations of in the Handbook, pp. 138–139, including the head and shoulders of an immense lion sculptured in high relief, as to which he says, ‘Though the detail, especially the rendering of the hair and the marking of the muscles, is conventional in style, and though the injuries to the tip of the nose and to the teeth somewhat detract from the effect, yet this head is among the most remarkable works of primitive sculpture, full of life and vigour.’ Nothing apparently could be more just than these remarks. Yet on another face of this same tomb was a group of two warriors sculptured in a style which is purely Ionian, and cannot be earlier than the end of the seventh century B.C. So much is plain enough from the engraving; and as the engraving was executed under the supervision of Professor Ramsay, we may count on its scrupulous fidelity. The helmets of the two warriors, the attitude of combat with spear and shield, are identical with what we see on the painted sarcophagi of Clazomenæ; and if there are small differences of detail as in the treatment of the beards, these differences point to a date even later than the sarcophagi. Professor Ramsay explains the two warriors as ‘pointing their spears at a hideous grotesque figure in the centre,’ through whose breast was the entrance to the tomb. But that is most unlikely. The men are aiming at each other. The Gorgon-like figure is rather one of those beings who, like Eris (strife), were supposed to look on, invisible to the combatants. We are told that one of the early painters of Asia Minor, Calliphon of Samos, had introduced an Eris of most hideous aspect into his picture of the ‘Battle at the Ships,’ which was preserved in Ephesus. The scene on the lion-tomb may therefore very well be identified as a combat such as that of Ajax and Hector, with Eris looking on.

How then are we to reconcile these two faces of one and the same tomb? On the one a group of combatants not earlier in date than about 600 B.C., the other sculptured with immense lions in a style which with its striking conventionalisms appears to be considerably more primitive than the lions of Mycenæ. Either the lions are archaistic,—that is, imitations of the very archaic manner,—or, if they are truly archaic, then the two faces of the tomb were sculptured at widely different periods.

periods. These are the alternatives. Our inclination is towards the different epochs. As regards the group of two lions rampant, we are told that this 'device may be, and probably is, much older than the ninth century B.C.; it was employed in Phrygia at all times, and examples of it can be seen in the country dating from all periods down at least to the third century A.D.' But there is no question that the lions on pp. 137-8 represent a very archaic ideal, and exhibit in the details a series of primitive conventionalisms.

Speaking of the writing which occurs not unfrequently on the Phrygian monuments, Professor Ramsay says that it 'is Greek, i.e. derived from a Greek alphabet. As Greek kings of Æolic Cyme were in communication with the kings of Lydia and Phrygia during the eighth century B.C., it is natural and probable that the Phrygians adopted the Cymæan method of writing at that time instead of the Hittite hieroglyphics which they had previously used.' To this period it may perhaps be safe also to date the beginning of artistic intercommunication between the Ionian Greeks and the Phrygians, the former appropriating to their own use and modifying to their own taste those heraldic groups of lions, those fabulous but singularly decorative winged sphinxes and gryphons which the Phrygians before had selected from the art of Assyria, with a discrimination which showed that their artistic sense, so far as it went, was allied to that of the Ionian Greeks. The Phrygians, we may be sure, obtained in return from the Ionian Greeks much more than their alphabet. But these are questions which must stand over until the monuments of Phrygia shall have been brought fully to the knowledge of students by means of accurate photographic copies, and until the art of Ionia shall have been traced definitely farther back than the end of the seventh century B.C.

For the moment we know of only two Greek bas-reliefs on the rocks of Phrygia which can with certainty be traced as far back as the sixth century. One is the warrior-relief discussed above. The other was first observed by Professor Ramsay, near Sondurlu, in 1883, and is now figured in his last volume ('Cities and Bishoprics,' i. pt. 2, p. 361). In that very imperfect sketch we see only a chariot preceded and followed by a horseman. No element of style is recognisable. For that we have to turn to a photograph of Ramsay's which was published with his consent, along with a tolerably artistic drawing by Dr. Weber, of Smyrna ('Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique,' 1893, pl. 4 and p. 43). A glance is enough to show anyone acquainted with the sixth century sculpture of

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Asia Minor that the *Sondurlu* reliefs range admirably in style, as in subject, with a frieze in the British Museum from *Xanthus*, in *Lycia*, and, like it, must belong to the first half of the sixth century B.C. With this date Professor Ramsay seems disposed to agree, though evidently he has no clear conviction in the matter, since he ends by saying that 'the fifth century is the latest to which this work can be assigned,' after having on a previous page remarked on these reliefs as 'a work in which the animal figures are decidedly superior in style to the only human figure that permits a judgment.' That is the character of early art, which attains a mastery over the human figure last of all.' So far as we know, this remark does not apply to any period of ancient art after the seventh century B.C.

In a country where for so many centuries the facts of history have consisted mainly of conquest and change of rule, now civilized, now barbarous, but always momentous and calculated to strike the imagination, the traveller expects to find many memorials of the past. He has only to read the brief historical sketches prefixed to the Handbook by Sir Charles Wilson, Mr. Hogarth, and Professor Ramsay, to see how endlessly varied are the associations of this strangely-fated land. Unfortunately the monuments of classical sway have suffered doubly: first from earthquakes, occurring at times when the people were impotent to repair or reconstruct, and only too ready to employ the fallen masonry and sculpture to their own immediate wants; and secondly from the explorers of the past fifty years, who, while rendering excellent service in excavating the ruins of famous sites, have carried off to the museums of Europe an incomparable series of sculptures. We are far from blaming them. It would have meant speedy destruction to have left the sculptures on the spot; and, after all, works of artistic genius exist for the greatest good. We cannot even wish that there had existed in Asia Minor an ideal state of things such as now operates in Greece, as at Olympia and Delphi, where the sculptures and architectural remains are carefully preserved and protected. That is a source of fascination for a very limited number of fortunate travellers; but whether it is for the greatest good is very open to doubt.

The Turkish Government now proposes to claim for itself every object of antiquity found in Asia Minor, and has enforced its claim rigorously against England for a number of years. But the law seems to be in abeyance to some extent as regards Germany and Austria; and we are glad of it. For who could have hoped ever to see in a remote, almost inaccessible mountainous

tainous region of Lycia the fine series of bas-reliefs now within easy reach in Vienna? Pergamon is more in the track of civilization, no great journey from Smyrna. But supposing that the long array of sculptures which are now visited by multitudes in Berlin had been re-erected as far as they would go at Pergamon, how few could have afforded to go there? What the secret may be of this extensive exportation of sculpture and inscriptions, it would be useless to enquire. We can only hope that our turn may come next. Up to now there has been no great cause of envy: for, after all, the sculptures of Pergamon, imposing as they are and highly interesting as showing the last great effort of Greek art before its final extinction, are yet far from being works of the first order. There is abundance of technical knowledge, accurate modelling, and picturesque effect; but no one would dream of recommending them as models for an art student to draw from. The Lycian bas-reliefs in Vienna are on far higher level. They retain much of the purity of line and form, the elevation of sentiment, which characterised Greek art towards the end of the fifth century B.C.; but they have suffered severely from the effects of time in an exposed situation.

The most recent of the German excavations has been the temple at Magnesia on the Mæander, from the ruins of which a sculptured frieze, representing in a very florid debased style a battle of Greeks and Amazons, had been transported long ago to the Louvre. From that time the ruins lay in a vast unattractive heap. In the Handbook, p. 101, we are told that the remainder of this frieze has been found and removed to Constantinople, and that the 'whole area has been cleared out during the excavations.' It is true that the area of the temple has been cleared sufficiently to enable an architect to make a plan of it with some difficulty; but we can testify to the bewilderment which the present aspect of the ruins produces, and this is likely to go from bad to worse. A quarry of finely-dressed marble blocks, conveniently situated, is irresistible when a new mosque is to be built in Smyrna. The end justifies the means, until an outcry is made by the Greek part of the population: then the quarrying stops for a little, perhaps, only to begin again when the clamour has been forgotten.

As will be seen from the Handbook, the German excavations have extended to a considerable distance round the temple, and have cleared a number of very interesting buildings, all, however, of a comparatively late period. It is remarked that 'no trace has been found of the monument of Themistocles, which was apparently in the older town.' That would indeed be a

prize.

prize. But since this was written a coin of Magnesia has been found on which is figured Themistocles—identified by the name beside him—standing beside an altar, from behind which we see projecting the forepart of a bull which he has slain. From the slain bull he has obtained the blood which he is in the act of pouring on the altar. Themistocles is represented nude, and obviously is treated as a heroized figure, as would properly have been the case on his monument. So that we have here another of those instances in which coins struck in comparatively late classical times have reproduced famous works of sculpture and architecture. Apparently it had been that monument in Magnesia which had been the source of the legend that Themistocles had taken his own life by drinking bull's blood.

The Austrian sphere of influence, to use a common phrase, has for several years been Lycia, and in general the south-west corner of Asia Minor where half a century ago Sir Charles Fellows obtained for the British Museum not only those singularly charming statues of Nereids which, with the extensive series of bas-reliefs from the same building, rank almost next in beauty to the sculptures of the Parthenon, but also a number of archaic sculptures of the very first importance. Much, however, remained for Professor Benndorf and his Austrian colleagues, to whom indeed the archaeological world is deeply indebted for the thoroughness with which they have explored this region, and the copiousness of learning and illustration with which they have published the results. When the history of art in Asia Minor comes to be written, that will form an interesting chapter, showing, as in the friezes of Giölbashi, how the pictorial instinct, with facility in handling multitudes of figures, remained a characteristic of Ionian artists down into the time when the sculpture of Greece proper had acquired an unapproachable ascendancy. Nevertheless for Ionian sculpture in its early and pure condition it is still to the discoveries of Sir Charles Fellows that we have to turn.

Having apparently exhausted the district of Lycia, Professor Benndorf has lately turned his steps northward to Ephesus, where again English exploration had preceded him. He was aware that the site of the famous temple of Diana, with some land adjoining it, had been acquired by the British Government for purposes of excavation, and is still British property. There remained, however, certain small fields close to the temple, the owners of which had persistently refused the terms offered by Mr. Wood. Having secured these fields and a firman from Constantinople, Professor Benndorf proceeded to dig, as he

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was quite within his rights in doing, though, being well aware of the facts, he might have been expected to give some notice of his intention to those whom his proceedings so much concerned. It is a matter of regret that things took this turn, but it is a matter of deeper regret that his excavations on these particular spots proved unsuccessful.

At Ephesus there is a wide untouched area for excavation. To that Professor Benndorf has transferred his energies, and has been rewarded by finding the agora not far from the great theatre. Early last spring he had already uncovered enough of it to give some notion of what the business part of the town had been like in Roman times. It reminded one of Pompeii. What fortune he has had since then, we do not know; but if, as we earnestly hope, he has found the whole of this district similarly well preserved, it will at last be possible to realize something of the ancient life, and to imagine Demetrius the silversmith summoning the craftsmen, 'with the workmen of like occupation,' the city full of confusion, the mob seizing Gaius and Aristarchus, and rushing 'with one accord into the theatre' close by.

Demetrius and his silver shrines of Diana, which were no small gain, have been a thorny question for some time. Professor Ramsay, both in his 'Church in the Roman Empire' and in his 'St. Paul the Traveller,' assumes that the shrines which he has seen of the Asiatic goddess Cybele in stone and in terra-cotta are sufficient indication of the existence of corresponding silver shrines of Diana. But it would perhaps have better suited his argument to have quoted those silver shrines of the Syrian deity, Jupiter Dolichenus, which have been found in Italy, Germany, England, and we believe also in Asia Minor. No doubt he would then have to abandon the view that the shrines of Diana had been offered as dedications in her temple, because the silver shrines of Jupiter Dolichenus bear inscriptions which show that they were expressly made for the tomb. There is no reason, however, why those of Diana may not have been made for the same purpose. Indeed the probability is that in a large town like Ephesus, the necessities of burial would have been far more lucrative than free-will offerings to the temple. Certainly there is small metallic value in the shrines we have mentioned. The profit would arise chiefly from the labour expended on them; but that may well have been very considerable, because being made of thin plates of silver, and produced by being beaten into a mould, the same mould would serve for the making of any number of them; the only extra expense would be an additional mould for the inscription,
and

and even that could be avoided by adding the inscription in a graffito, as is done on some of the silver shrines which have survived. The design invariably consists of a shrine within which we see the god, sometimes represented as standing on the back of a bull, at other times simply as Jupiter with the eagle at his feet and the thunderbolt in his hand, or in more complicated grouping, as in one of the examples in the British Museum, which was found near Frankfort in Germany.

Among many thousands of Greek tombstones by far the most common form is that of a shrine. The suggestion was obvious: the visible temple was the portal to the invisible world. The silver shrines of which we have been speaking have served the same purpose. We do not of course say that others of a more elaborate and more costly kind may not have been made by Demetrius and the craftsmen for presentation to the temple by votaries or pilgrims, but we cannot help feeling that Professor Ramsay is a little over-confident in the summary statement which he makes ('St. Paul the Traveller,' p. 278):—

'A certain Demetrius was a leading man in the associated trades which made in various materials, terra-cotta, marble, and silver, small shrines (*naoi*) for votaries to dedicate in the temple, representing the goddess Artemis sitting in a niche or *naiskos*, with her lions beside her. Vast numbers of these shrines were offered to the goddess by her innumerable votaries. The rich bought and offered them in more expensive materials and more artistic form; the poor in simple rude terra-cotta. The temple and the sacred precinct were crowded with dedications; and the priests often cleared away the old and especially the worthless offerings, to make room for new gifts. The richer tradesmen made shrines in the more expensive material, and silver was evidently a favourite metal among the wealthy. Demetrius, then, must have had a good deal of capital sunk in his business.'

It is well known that a Greek inscription from Ephesus, dated about fifty years later than the time of St. Paul, sets forth the bequest of a wealthy citizen named Salutaris, in which he provides for the dedication of a considerable number of silver images to the temple, among which it is noticeable that very few represent the goddess herself, and none are in the form of shrines. That similar bequests and gifts had been common also in the time of St. Paul is not only probable in itself, but may be regarded as a certainty, if Demetrius and his craftsmen belonged to the order of silversmiths who were capable of producing ambitious works of art, like those provided for by Salutaris.

We cannot leave Ephesus without a word on the obligations of

of our own Government to resume and complete the excavation of the site so far as it belongs to them. In 1874, when a halt was made, the whole area of the temple itself had been cleared in a way; the expense had been enormous, owing to the great depth of alluvial soil which had to be removed before the ruins were reached, and the liberality of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which had been beyond praise for a number of years, had apparently run its course. There was every reason to be satisfied with the fact that the famous temple of Diana, sought for often and on many different sites, had at last been found. An architectural tradition had been verified, that a certain number of the columns on the two fronts had been sculptured. Among the foundations were discovered architectural and sculptured remains from the older temple, which had been burnt by Herostratus to immortalize his name. And altogether there was a fair show of reasons to rest and be thankful.

Of late years, however, a steady effort has been made in the British Museum to put together these remains in as nearly as possible their original position. Those of the archaic burnt temple are interesting historically, because on the base of one of the columns is inscribed a dedication by Croesus, the rich king of Lydia, confirming the statement of Herodotus that most of the columns of the temple existing in his time—that is, the temple which was subsequently burnt—had been the gift of Croesus. Architecturally these remains are inestimable, not only from the archaic charm which pervades them, but more than that, because they show us what an Ionic column was like in the middle of the sixth century B.C., when that order had not yet settled down into a formal type. The capital which has been restored is unique; nor did the architect confine himself to this one type. There was at least another in which large handsome rosettes were substituted for the volutes. The lowermost drum of the column was sculptured round with figures in relief. The cornice also is unique in this respect, that the spaces between the lions' heads which carried the rain from the roof are elaborately sculptured with figures in the finest archaic manner.

As a rule, to find one Ionic column from a temple is to find all; but in this instance there is no telling how many varieties there may not have been. All the more urgent is it that the foundations, and indeed the whole site, should now be thoroughly explored. Other problems might find their solution at the same time. The sculptures of the later temple, as now put together in the British Museum, seem to cry aloud for missing fragments. And in any case the present condition of the site is enough to make

make every Englishman blush who sees it. It is impossible to trace the plan of the temple. Huge blocks lie everywhere in confusion, as Wood left them, and since then a rank vegetation has asserted its sway. Occasionally the cheery landlord of the hotel makes a clearance of the worst of the weeds in return for the dignity of being official custodian and the right to cultivate a patch of land belonging to the British Government.

Wood's manner of proceeding was this: having ascertained the area of the temple, he set himself to clear away the twenty feet or more of alluvial soil that cumbered it, not removing this soil to a safe distance, but throwing it up in great spoil-banks far too close to the temple. He was hampered for want of appliances, and probably could not do otherwise, though well aware all the time that much of the temple must have been thrown outwards, if it fell by an earthquake, as is believed, and that it would be necessary some day to move these spoil-banks farther away. Quite possibly there may be nothing of any value under these banks of earth. The recent experiences of Professor Benndorf would seem to suggest so. Still, there can be no sense of satisfaction that we have done our duty until a reasonably wide area round the temple has been cleared. We know that nothing would please the Austrians better than to do this for us; but what could be more discreditable to us than to stand looking on impotently while that was being done?

We live in an age of excavations. From Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, we never know what day may bring us a fresh surprise. It was Schliemann who set the ball rolling when he returned from Mycenæ with gold objects enough to occupy a large room in the Museum at Athens. Previously he had found Priam's chest at Troy, but there was too little in it to attract attention. There were scholars, no doubt, who agreed with him about the palace of Priam and the plan of the Homeric house; but that has all passed into oblivion since 1893, when the veritable Homeric Troy was found by Dr. Dörpfeld in the second stratum below the surface, instead of in the sixth, where lay Schliemann's city. We have said that the new era dates from Schliemann's success at Mycenæ, though, strictly speaking, we ought to have gone back a year or two further to the German exploration of Olympia, which must ever rank as one of the greatest services to the memory of ancient Greece, and a model of how such work should be done. But at Olympia the results appealed most to the limited class of students of ancient art. The gold of Mycenæ, on the contrary, glittered in the eyes of everyone. The crude shapes into which it was fashioned—deeply interesting as they are in the early history of art—were easily

easily comprehended by the multitude and never forgotten. Add to this the romance of a man with little education, but with boundless enthusiasm and a deep purse, startling the learned world, and in a moment throwing its machinery out of gear. From that time the phrase became familiar that 'the spade is the final arbiter.' But what the spade does to-day it it may undo to-morrow.

One obvious effect on scholarship which the excavations at Mycenæ, Troy, and other places of the same antiquity have produced, has been a wide-spread devotion to what may be called the stage-properties of the Homeric poems. In this there might have been more unanimity certainly. Helbig had apparently settled most of the questions of Homeric warfare, costume, and daily life, to the general satisfaction. After a time comes Reichel, who claims to have shown that in regard to armour Helbig was quite wrong on some of the most important points. Nevertheless, much has been gained by this critical attitude towards Homeric details, just as much is gained by careful attention to historical facts in the modern mounting of plays. The evil of carrying things of this kind too far is that they tend to detract from the emotion which should naturally flow from the exhibition of noble actions and generous passions, which, being common to all ages and all countries, lose some of their effect when too strictly localized.

Unfortunately the search for Homeric antiquities, which has engrossed so much attention in Greece, the Greek islands, and even in Egypt, has made very little way in Asia Minor. Islands lying close to the coast, like Rhodes and Calymnus, have yielded them in large numbers; while Cyprus, which is at least within sight of the southern coast, has of late been extraordinarily productive in this respect. So that there seems every reason to expect similar results all along the western fringe of Asia Minor. Troy, as we have said, has already contributed something of the kind desired, and there are many other sites of cities famous in remote antiquity which ought to be tried, in view of the surpassing interest which would attach to this fact, if it could be amply proved, that the same civilization now so familiar to us from the remains of Mycenæ and Greece generally, had been wide-spread along the coasts of Asia Minor also.

The Turkish law, which claims for the Museum at Constantinople everything found in excavations, is not more rigid in its terms than the law of Greece, where various nationalities—French, German, English, and American—have for years been competing for the privilege of exploring tempting sites. The trouble in Turkey is the officialism which attends the administration

tration of the law. To obtain a firman from Constantinople to make even a very slight excavation has been known to give an incredible amount of trouble. Worry and vexation are inevitable, except perhaps for those who have lived long in Turkey and know the ways of officials, as did the late Dr. Humann, who for many years conducted the German excavations at Pergamon, Magnesia on the Mæander, and finally at Prienè. Then there is the feeling that Constantinople is a long way off, that things sent there can only be seen by a very limited number of those who are most interested in them, and that the existence of the Museum may not long survive its founder and zealous director, Hamdy Bey. The old Turkish law claimed only duplicates; but as nothing strictly in the nature of a duplicate was found except very rarely, and as the true Turk was bound to detest graven images, it was seldom that any difficulty occurred. It was quite an exception when, on one occasion, an old Caimacam insisted that duplicates meant the half of what was discovered. The work had come to an end, a ship was ready to convey the sculptures to Europe, and altogether it was an awkward moment for the explorer. By friendly intervention, however, the matter was arranged as follows: the sculptures were to be separated into two heaps, the one obviously larger than the other. The Caimacam would then appear upon the scene with his officials, and, when the explorer claimed the larger heap, would denounce him in unmeasured terms; the next day the explorer might ship off both heaps.

A modification of the Turkish law such as obtains in Cyprus, would, we believe, satisfy everyone and lead to an active exploration of Asia Minor. According to the law there, the Government claims one-third of the antiquities discovered, another third belongs to the owner of the soil, the remaining third to the excavator, who, however, usually acquires the owner's rights before he begins, and thus becomes entitled to two-thirds. A Government inspector, whom the excavator has to pay, watches the proceedings and takes notes of the finds. One result is that the Museum of Nicosia, the chief town of the island, now contains a very fair representation of the various classes of antiquities which have been found since the English occupation, including indeed several objects of unique interest. Districts which of late years have been systematically excavated by officials of the British Museum, and have yielded results of the greatest importance to archæology, would have been in time completely ransacked by illicit diggers, who, since the field watchmen were abolished, have many chances

of escaping detection. There are many of that class in Cyprus. In the towns they easily find buyers for anything of value. If they are caught, a few weeks in prison is nothing to them. It is no disgrace in the eyes of anyone. They are well fed, and the prisons are models of cleanliness and order. But the other side of the picture is this: many objects in gold or silver go to the melting-pot, the more readily if from their conspicuousness they might lead to detection. In no case can the vendor be trusted as to the exact spot or the circumstances in which he found what he offers for sale; and thus the historical value of the things disappears. How much of this sort of clandestine digging goes on in Asia Minor, we cannot say. That it exists is a matter of common knowledge; that it is likely to increase is highly probable. It would therefore be wiser of the Turkish Government, and more to its own interest, to modify the law, as has been done in Cyprus.

It will have been seen that our sympathies are strongly in favour of exploring farther the early Greek settlements along the western fringe of Asia Minor. We want to know what sort of a population was there when the Greeks arrived, whether this population also had originally been of the same stock as the Hellenes, left behind at a period of migration towards the west, and subsequently joined by their kinsmen returning from Greece, as has been at times supposed. Next, we desire to see a large increase of material to illustrate the artistic genius of this ethnic combination, which, as we know from existing specimens and from tradition, must have been very remarkable and extremely influential on the art of Greece proper. Our expectations are from what may yet be discovered underground.

But there are other forms of exploration in Asia Minor which appeal irresistibly to those in whom the historical sense predominates. To them much remains above ground, as may be seen in the works of Professor Ramsay. To take one instance. It is an easy journey by rail from Smyrna to Laodicea, and thence on horseback across the Lycus valley about six miles to Hierapolis, which, seated on a high abrupt platform away from the route of trade and conquest, has escaped devastation. While Laodicea, like many another city in the neighbourhood, has become a wilderness, Hierapolis retains much of the imposing aspect which belonged originally to its great theatre and splendid public buildings. Apparently there have been no inhabitants there since classical and early Christian times. No mean and squalid houses teeming with modern life disfigure the scene. There is nothing to blame but neglect and the ordinary effects of time.

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The secret of the prosperity of Hierapolis was its warm springs, which still flow abundant as ever, rising in a deep beautiful basin in the centre of the town, and escaping by many streamlets, which unite into a great white cascade over the cliff, forming a spectacle of singular beauty. Twigs carried along in the streamlets become encrusted with lime till they look like corals. Everything the water touches becomes white. As it is to-day, so must it have been in antiquity, when the magnificent bath-houses, theatre, &c., were erected for the rich who came to be cured. But the town was not merely a health resort; it had long been a religious centre, conspicuous for the worship and ceremonial of the Phrygian deities, and in this respect retaining a firm hold on the people side by side with the spread of Christianity. Nor did the Christians keep themselves apart from their pagan neighbours. They seem rather to have sought among the customs and usages of the country such points of resemblance as they could find to their new belief. One of the attractions of Hierapolis was a chasm, 'just wide enough to admit a man, reaching deep into the earth, from which issued a mephitic vapour—the breath of the realm of death. . . . Strabo had seen the place and had experimented on sparrows, and he assures us that the vapour killed living things exposed to it.' By the fourth century this mysterious chasm had disappeared, probably, as Professor Ramsay suggests on good grounds, from having been filled up by the Christians.

Among the saints whose lives are given in the 'Acta Sanctorum' is a Bishop of Hierapolis, Abercius by name, who is said to have lived in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Indignant at the sacrifices which were still being paid to pagan deities, Abercius had in his sleep a vision of a beautiful youth, who handed him a rod with which to chastise the authors of error. His interpretation of the vision was to proceed to the temple of Apollo, throw down the image of the god, and so with the other images in the city. The people were furious and on the point of laying violent hands on Abercius, when there rushed in on the crowd three youths possessed of dæmons, who implored him by the true God whom he preached to release them. After praying to Christ, he did so, and the tumult of the people was turned to joy. Many were converted and baptized. Then followed other miracles and a fame which reached to Rome, whither Abercius was summoned to cure Lucilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, she being possessed of an evil spirit. Abercius exorcised the dæmon from her, who thereupon ordered him to carry off a stone altar from Rome to Hierapolis. This was to be his tombstone. After travelling:

in Syria and Mesopotamia, he returned to Hierapolis, died at the age of seventy-two, and had inscribed on his tombstone an epitaph in verse which the writer of his life, Symeon Metaphrastes, quotes in full.

This extraordinary story remained practically buried in the 'Acta Sanctorum' till 1881, when Professor Ramsay found a tombstone of one Alexandros, on which occurs several verses, unmistakably copied from the epitaph of Abercius as given in the 'Acta.' At the time he had not even heard the name of Abercius, as he is particular to tell us, and did not therefore see the importance of his find. That was left to the Abbé Duchesne, one of the foremost authorities on the antiquities of Asia Minor, whose services Ramsay very justly acknowledges. The stone bore also the date 216 A.D. The curious thing was that it was found not at Hierapolis, but farther in the interior, on the site of a town called Hieropolis. In itself that did not necessarily matter much, because verses from the famous epitaph might easily have travelled from one town to the other; but subsequently Ramsay, being now acquainted with the text of the epitaph, had the singular good fortune to find two pieces of the original, also in Hieropolis, so that the writer of the 'Life of Abercius' would seem to have confounded the names of these two towns, transferring him to the better known Hierapolis. Such was the fame of this happy discovery that on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee some years ago the Sultan presented him with the larger of the two fragments which still remained *in situ*, while Professor Ramsay, on his part, gave up for the same purpose the fragment which he himself possessed. If that is not religious tolerance, we wonder what is.

Since then an extensive literature has grown up concerning the epitaph of Abercius, or Avircius Marcellus, as he was properly called—not always friendly to the Christian view. We have been told by German writers, who support their argument with much learning and acumen, that the phrases which seem so unmistakably Christian, such as that Abercius was a 'disciple of the Good Shepherd, who feeds his sheep on mountains and plains, and has great eyes which see everywhere,' are simply phrases which in Asia Minor had been regularly applied to certain of the pagan deities. When Abercius says that on his travels he was everywhere fed on a great fish which a Good Virgin drew from a stream, we are asked to believe that he does not refer to the fish as a Christian symbol, nor to the Virgin of the Church, but to a personification (Nestis), whose name has been forced into a broken

broken part of the stone. And again when Abercius tells us that in Rome he saw people wearing brilliant seals, we are reminded that in Greek the word for 'people' may also mean a 'stone,' and that the stone in question was no other than the sacred stone which Heliogabalus caused to be brought to Rome with so much ceremony, and that the reliefs engraved on it were the 'seals' of the epitaph. There is much else of the same kind, but that will be enough to show that the German writers make no allowance for what was inevitable among the early Christians of Asia Minor, viz. that they should employ in their new religion a phraseology which had been almost a second nature to them, and that under circumstances of oppression they might frequently use ambiguous terms, as it is well known they did elsewhere. The rigidity of their method compels the German scholars to overlook the imaginative side of the question altogether. When St. Paul prides himself on being 'a citizen of no mean city,' he uses the language of his time. When Abercius makes the same boast, he may equally have used only the current phraseology of his day, and been purely a Pagan, entirely uninfluenced by the distinction which St. Paul's utterance had conferred on the phrase. He certainly speaks of Paul as a companion in his journeyings, meaning, as is supposed, the writings of St. Paul. But leaving that out of account, we must clearly rely on the general tone of the epitaph, and ask ourselves whether it is conceivable that phraseology so consistently Christian from first to last can be on any show of fairness deprived of this character on the ground that certain of the statements may be made out to be ambiguous. It would then follow as a necessary consequence that the writer of the Life of St. Abercius, and many others before him, had founded upon the epitaph of a pagan priest, the story of a Saint.

Professor Ramsay, in his most recent volume on the 'Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia' (1897), replies to his critics on this question of the concealment of Christianity under formulæ which might pass as pagan in the Christian epitaphs of the second century. He calls it a 'practical compromise of interests' (p. 503). . . . It was necessary to keep up the established forms of worship of the emperors. . . . The courtesies of society and ordinary life as well as of municipal administration had a non-Christian form. . . . In the course of the following centuries the forms of politeness became Christianised, but the process was only beginning in the third century.' We agree that these observations convey an effective answer to his critics, but whether they will be regarded as entirely satisfactory by

by those who expect something more than politeness and courtesy from the early Christians is another matter. A people brought up under a paganism which included an intense nature-worship, must, one would think, have taken a long period of time to apprehend and understand the full meaning of the Christian doctrines which they had accepted. Vague and indefinite in their grasp of the new order of thought that was just dawning upon them, they would express themselves—we speak of the mass of the people to whom these epitaphs belong—in the religious language in which they had been brought up. In such circumstances the politeness and courtesy of which Professor Ramsay speaks would have done them no discredit.

Less open to debate and hardly less interesting was a Greek inscription found by two French travellers in 1886 on the road between Aidin (Tralles) and Magnesia on the Mæander. At the time when this part of Asia Minor was under the rule of the Persian king Darius, son of Hystaspis, it happened that one of his officers, Gadates by name, had interfered with the privileges of certain gardeners attached to the temple of Apollo, had imposed taxes on them, and had forced them to till profane soil. On hearing this, Darius wrote a letter to Gadates, threatening him with the royal ire unless he changed his policy, which was contrary to the sentiments of the ancestors of Darius, and their respect for the god who had delivered to the Persians apparently some oracle. The Greek inscription to which we refer gives us a translation of this letter; but it is unfortunately fragmentary, breaking off just where Darius had begun to state the reason of the Persian gratitude towards Apollo. It is not a contemporary document, but a later copy which had been set up to vindicate the privileges conferred on those servants of the temple by Darius. Both form and substance show the great autocrat.

We do not say that the traveller in Asia Minor may expect to find every day inscriptions like these, which appeal to almost universal sentiments; but if he is fairly equipped for his task, he can hardly fail to add something substantial to our better knowledge of the country. There is no lack of encouragement if we consider how much success attended the late M. Waddington, and numbers of other travellers, French, English, American, and German. There is even an obligation on English scholars to remember that among the pioneers in this work the foremost names are those of their countrymen of the past generation, Chandler, Arundell, Leake, Beaufort, and, above all, W. J. Hamilton (1842), whom Ramsay calls the
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'Prince of Travellers in Asia Minor,' yielding to him a title which now more properly belongs to himself. It is not expected of every young traveller that he should write so charming a book as Mr. Hogarth's 'Wandering Scholar,' yet, short of the wide generalisations and vivid style of Mr. Hogarth, there is a promising field in Asia Minor for one who should so far follow his example as to break away from the present pernicious habit of rushing into print with every newly-found inscription, and should confine his attention to those that bear on questions of importance and interest. Mr. Hogarth may have gone to an extreme in the opposite direction. But it cannot be denied that we are at present simply deluged in almost every archaeological journal with inscriptions which are of no more value than the vast majority of the tombstones in our own country. We are far from despising the simple records of human lives. But there is a place for them in the Berlin *Corpus*. Why not send them there direct? We say this not in the interest of readers. They are free to skip as they choose. Our advice is to travelling students. Let them brace themselves rather to those larger problems of the ancient glory of Asia Minor which it has been the object of this article to indicate.

ART. IV.—*The Author.* Seven vols. London, 1890–97.

EVERY profession by which money is earned has a public as well as a private aspect. As a man is a good or a bad lawyer, or a good or a bad physician, he does or does not benefit his kind. But there is this special feature in the writing business, that it is entirely volunteered. Without physic and without law we cannot do, for we certainly should if we could. But though man as a fact never has done without writers or reciters, and though we feel, therefore, that they represent a necessity of his nature, yet no one asks a particular person to take upon himself that very self-assumed and assuming office; and he who does so must do it at his own risk. The others supply a want, the pinch of which would be felt at once in their absence, and for this reason they are always paid, or do not work. But the author, though, looking at man in the mass, he turns out to be necessary, or at least always has been, is absolutely a self-intruder. He thrusts in his wares. Even round a savage camp-fire men could do without the evening tale. The man who began telling it was obeying an impulse of his nature, and found that he supplied a want. But it was the impulse of the individual which created the demand in sluggish minds. Therefore the man who volunteered this thing had a real fitness in himself: it was the fitness which had to be listened to and obeyed. Tangible rewards were after-thoughts and precarious.

By setting these remarks on the threshold, we may indicate the direction of a paper which suggests no radical change, but would rather ponder over what present themselves to us as facts. Some few years ago, writers awoke to the belief that they had not received a fair share in the net profit of their wares. More particularly they desired to make a declaration of their right to know the amount of expense incurred in the publication of their volumes. In this they have nothing but our sympathy, and part of their work is yet to do. Why then write a word? why introduce a note even faintly discordant? Because reformers cannot always control the after-results of reforms; because ways of looking at things begin, which formed perhaps no part of the design of the first movers; and because whatever is fallacious in these new ways of regarding things deserves attention. Are we proposing remedies for evils? It cannot be said that we are, unless a suggestion or two crops up in the course of argument; but we may at least ask one or two questions, and we are told, on the good authority of Aristotle, that

that in philosophy it is more than half the battle to ask the right questions. All then that we are permitted to hope is that our questions may turn out to be not very far from the right ones.

It is clear that our remarks are concerned with what, in a hundred different circles, and with a hundred different connotations, is spoken of as Literature. May we be allowed to begin by asking the simple question, What is Literature? Now this is the sort of question that a little child asks at a luncheon table to which he has been incautiously admitted. Such a question is apt to produce a silence, under pretence of its being better not to answer a child; a silence really begotten of the difficulty of producing a passable answer readily. But we shall be bold enough to improvise a definition lest the child should think us ignorant. It is not a definition of which we are proud, or which we shall defend against all comers; but it may serve to prevent fighting the air. Let us dogmatically say, then, that Literature is the verbal expression of any state of consciousness which is capable of such expression, in such shape that, though the matter may grow archaic, the form will preserve its interest, as a matter of study, in subsequent generations. There is absolutely no limit to the subject; all conceivable things may fall within the province of Literature; but the matter must be so laid out as to secure an interest which is to some extent independent of time and place. Some unpromising subjects have turned out well in the right hands. Roast pig and a Chinese boy are not, *a priori*, subjects to propose to an editor. But to say more on Charles Lamb would be to waste time. Some of the domestic incidents of 'Tristram Shandy' are singularly unpromising subjects; but, limiting them to those who care for these things, who shall deny their imperishability?

'All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.'

Or again, are there not some of the subjects of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which are unpromising beforehand? Nevertheless, from time to time at least, the result is incontestable literature, and of the rest we will beg no question and discourse of nothing which is under the judge.

Here some one may say, 'What of Journalism then? Is Journalism Literature?' May we hope to remain alive, if we ask, 'What is Journalism?' and do not pause for a reply? Journalism is saying a thing of the hour in the manner in which a clique of the hour wishes to have it said. In no other way can we satisfy ourselves in naming the essence of Journalism,—

nalism,—the business of the day,—as before we named the essence of Literature. Yet from time to time Journalism is Literature, though Literature, as such, can never be Journalism. Though it may happen to be embedded in a journal, its spirit, as such, is entirely different. Yet great men of letters from time to time have been considerable journalists. Their two pursuits were essentially different; but from the necessities of life, and also from taste, they have now and again been both. Was there ever more truly a great man of letters, however ineffectual his actual product may have been, than Coleridge? It is less generally known, but known to all who care anything about him, that he was also a distinguished journalist. We name him and him alone, because no man better brings the two things together, and assuredly no man more profoundly separates them.

If we have approached our subject with even approximate truth, it is clear that Literature (to say no more of Journalism, of which, as such, we are not writing) has a commercial value. It is clear *a priori*, and it is clear from abundant fact; but another and an important question must at once be asked. Wherein does the writing trade differ from all other trades? To this we partly indicated our answer in our opening sentences; and to this extent the answer may be amplified, that there are numerous motives operating upon the true man of letters—of literature as distinct from journalism—urging him to exercise his vocation and to exercise it to the very best of his power, without being paid for it at all. We do not say that he will not ask for his cheque, or thankfully accept it; but we do say that the motive which prompted him to write, if he is likely to be worth his salt in literature, was a motive with which the cheque had nothing whatever to do. As time goes on, and as time has to be paid for unless men will starve, arrangements, of course, are made about cheques; but the initial motive of any literature worth the name is quite different. *Facit indignatio versum*. This half-line gives the initial motive of all good literature. *Indignatio* may be variously rendered, and we propose to mark off a rendering or two; but it is the impulse which begets good work.

But how shall we construe *indignatio*? To answer this, we must ask two or three more questions. What are the more prevalent motives which set genuine men of letters to work? We fear that the first motive we assign will appear to many most honourable men of the day ‘perilously near to cant.’ Yet, upon conviction, we cannot but put it in the forefront of the battle. We speak of a mission, a vocation, a priestly office;
a priestly

a priestly office assuredly in a wider natural Church. And this office no man lightly takes upon himself. The real men are never likely to take it upon themselves lightly, for they slide into it involuntarily and unconsciously. And they slide into it too with a good deal of that suffering, which, in the genuine man of letters, seems inevitable. It appears to be both his diploma of qualification and a part of his equipment. Walter Scott was, in every respect that appeared upon the outside of him, an unaffected, genial, natural man of the world. With him, as with the strongest and the best, the actual production of literature, though as a fact inseparable, seems to be what logicians, with a real distinction, call an inseparable accident. Why is it that we can think of Scott without fancifulness as having produced no written line, and yet remaining worthy of the immortal biography? Because he gave the world assurance of a man. And assuredly before a man is a writer he must first be a man. Such assurance of a man appears in the biography that a striking and noble figure would be there, even if we can conceive all the details of literary production left out. But since the literary production, and what it implies, are inseparable, there comes with the picture of a genial man of the world something else; and we find that the note of tragedy and inconsistency and partial failure is not accidental. How well we recollect, on the Sunday evening in June after Charles Dickens died, straining our ears and standing erect in the Abbey to catch the few sentences in which the late Master of Balliol made, just at the end of a discourse, remarkable memorial of a remarkable man. He said: 'I am not going to draw a picture of him; men of genius are often different from what we expect them to be,' and then mentioned one equipment which they always had, 'Greater pleasures, greater pains, greater sorrows, greater temptations.'

To be a man of genius is to be just like other men, 'only more so.' And in the 'only more so' lies just the equipment, and the probable collision with fact, in which apparent failure so often lies. For such men are involuntary priests; and in ages in which the actual concrete vision of a special body of fact grows more dim, it is even more important that they should be so by a natural consecration. Of each of them, as of the growing boy, it may be said

'The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.'

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The mob of gentlemen who write by petty bargain are perfectly right to attend to the honesty of the transaction. Nevertheless that inalienable right to be of the priesthood is rather an involuntary thing, and is only given to those for whom it is prepared by the gift of a richer and more abundant nature, more full of the elements of collision. Those whom we now, in the disengagement of time, recognise to have had that nature, no doubt seemed to slide into the office by the ordinary path of circumstance and choice; but the involuntary side of the transaction becomes apparent with years. Even in Byron, whom some think so morally commonplace, we see incontestably the priestly office. We see his discontent in the narrow 'Eldonism,' if one may use the word, of his time, his impossibility of being bound by it, and the fatherhood in him of modern movements. It may be said that all this is a commonplace which might be spared. Not altogether is it to be spared, if we are to deal with the circumstances of the day. But the priestly involuntary sense of vocation is not the only motive.

There is the artistic faculty which will have utterance. This is separated from the other rather in the mind than in the fact; but separation there is. The point about it is that it is antecedent to the desire for money, and independent of it. That it coexists in the nature of those who also keenly desire to have twenty shillings for their pound, is not to be denied. But it is an independent and previous thing, and has existed again and again in men of very high qualities, to whom the pecuniary reward has been as dirt beneath their feet, provided only they could get their ideas abroad, and induce men to live by them. Scott and Dickens were keen about money, and upon the whole it was a weakness rather than a strength to them, almost the feet of clay to the image of gold. And we have the ringing words of a man of genius about a greater than either, that he

‘For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.’

But it lies in Shakespeare's works that this is but part of the truth. It lies more remarkably in the little that we know of him, that he took himself naturally, and never strained himself into being a great man. This corroborates Pope, but corroborates a wider thing than Pope says.

With these motives we must associate the love of fame, the love of reputation. One who had every right to speak, spoke of this as an infirmity. It is true he said ‘the last infirmity,’ but,

but, speaking at this date, we almost grudge the blame at all. Fame is the spur which the pure spirit doth raise, as Milton also said; and it is a noble quality; and if there were more of that spur, and less of the desire of tangible reward, it would be a present advantage. Then we have the motive of vanity. If we could substitute pride for this, there would again be little to blame. For a certain reserved arrogance sits well upon those who can really produce the things of the mind. It is their best self-protection against the world, and their best way of fronting it. But then they should not at the same time be casting sheep's eyes upon the world's rewards. 'The world was not for him nor the world's law' suits more important people than the lean apothecary. Victor Hugo was a very great person, but Victor Hugo was very vain. His greatness is so real that his vanity may be mentioned without offence. We mention it because, if he had it, there is less offence in saying to others that to some extent through vanity they are victimized.

Why have these characteristics been set out? It is to make it clear that business-men, who have selected as their path to fortune the financial side of books, are, from one commercial point of view at least, exceptionally lucky. They are hardshells who have to deal with softshells. It is not to be wondered at that the softshells have not been conspicuous for getting the best of it. Many a publisher might say perhaps, as Robert Clive said in the gold-vaults of the Indian city, 'By heaven I am surprised at my own moderation!' The time has come when the softshells have made up their minds to be hardshells too. Even in Walter Scott the combination did not work well. There will be, to such men, a literary half and a commercial half. Where the commercial half arrives at being real, there is some danger that it will drive out the literary half. In Walter Scott it was the business half which was expelled by experience and by fire. How many of the modern publisher-fighters would work a proud heart to death in paying off a colossal debt,—a debt which by his foolish doubling of a part he had not so much incurred as become liable for? In some of our somewhat lesser men, it is conceivable that a journeyman's creditable faculty of going straight on, and of producing yet another book, and yet another book, will survive. What sort of books will they be? They will no doubt be creditable books. Our new reviewers in the daily press will give them creditable notices. But will the books mark off anything in the history of the world? Will they be interesting forty years hence? Will it be of the slightest interest to anyone forty years hence to enquire

enquire what manner of man he was who produced them? Is there a new 'softshell-hardshell' who comes within any distance of being the centre of an undying biography? When Sir Walter Scott dined once at a private house in London in his later years, all the servants in the house asked permission, of their own motion, to stand in a double row in the hall to see him pass in. Surely it is the most touching and most real tribute which was ever offered to a man of genius. It recalls Béranger's conclusion :

' Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici-bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas? '

But then how does Béranger begin?

' Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif, et souffrant;
Étouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit;
Le bon Dieu me dit, Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit! '

Thackeray spoke these words in public in one of his lectures, applying them to Goldsmith. And now, as then, we fear that, if the man of letters will be loved by those who never knew him, he must give the price of love,—unworldly weakness. Are we saying, then, that he who would write a real book must remain something of a fool? It may be put in that way if the reader likes. We shall not contradict. Carlyle, in his strange way, said that a real book comes out of the fire in a man's belly, and we hope that a squeamish age will permit us to repeat it.

The boy Browning, walking with his father in Paris, is bidden to touch as he passes a quiet-looking man who is seen approaching. He was not to miss the chance. He is told, when it is done, that he had touched Béranger with his hand. Did Béranger also know in that hour that virtue was gone out of him? Beautiful is the picture of the unconscious father, appreciative in the right direction, *ὡς λαμπάδα διαδίδοντος*. 'Mr. Dickens,' said a stranger lady in the street, 'permit me to take the hand that has filled mine and my children's hearts with beautiful things?' Without recommending starvation as a necessity, genius should be paid in its own coin, and here woman had her genius too.

Enough, and more than enough, has been said to show the
unique

unique position among men of business enjoyed by the publisher. It is really a wonderful thing, and creditable to human nature, that there has been or is such a thing as an honourable publisher. For there may have been one even before the rising Mr. Besant became properly annoyed at being refused inspection of documents. Nevertheless Sir Walter was right, and did a great service, however injudiciously he may be held to have done it. All other men of business have to deal with men who do not want to approach their offices unless there is to be a money deal, and on a money basis they approach them. From a solicitor even (and our adverb means that he is peculiarly placed, not that he is dishonest) a client is protected by ultimate publicity and the control of the Chancellor. But a class of men approach the publisher's office, who have three or four exceedingly honourable motives, besides the more doubtful one of a possibly unfounded belief in their own power, for wishing a stroke of business done, quite independently of the share of profit which would be sternly reserved for themselves in any other sublunary transaction. In this first contact between radiant aspirant and calm publisher the most important point is, that, in five cases out of six, the man who has got something in his hand which is most worth saying, in the time and place, is the very man who is bringing the most unmarketable ware. We recollect hearing Mr. Lecky, in making some comments in public on Carlyle, quote the remark, 'Would you rather be an Echo or a Voice?' If a man has something in him worth saying to his day, he will not readily get a market for it. If there were a ready market for it, it would cease to be worth saying, because it would be already there.

Not very long ago a man who is engaged in agency negotiation for books, stated in a magazine that it stood to reason that the best authors would get the largest audience. This would have been of no importance coming from the quarter from which it did. 'Best,' in the vocabulary of the literary agent, is probably synonymous with most remunerative. It is only mentioned here because a successful novelist gave it his *imprimatur*. In any case, a generalisation, so rash, and so remote from truth, only attains to the dimensions of a thing to be protested against in passing. The public is by no means the best judge of what it needs. It certainly is the best judge of what it wants. To a very large extent, it wants the 'Family Herald'; and it is perfectly right to buy what it wants, and the 'Family Herald' is perfectly right to sell itself. An emphatic protest must be made against the growing habit of regarding the writer's business as the
 business

business of finding out what the public wants and supplying it as rapidly as possible, in order to become rich. We are well aware that the phrase 'writer's business' includes every kind of man and character, from the compiler of a music catalogue, through a serious dictionary-maker, to the author of a great work of creative genius. But we do think it time to remind our public that the initial business of a public writer is the business of public teacher; and that only those who have something to teach are seriously to be welcomed as writers. The men of this temperament do not, as an initial motive, covet money. They covet utterance, the development, the fulfilment, of themselves; and this is as true of novelists as it is of essayists or poets.

Certain writers are rejoicing that the audience of authors is to be so enormously increased, and under improved copyrights is going to be so vastly remunerative, that the possession of very large income and universal renown is the promised land which is already in sight. The very large income may come, and, if it comes, we are indifferent; but of the universal renown we are doubtful. Renown has in it the element of love, and he who asks for love must pay its price. To begin with he must render it. What did the lady of the vision say to Burns?

‘I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.’

It could in detail be set out, if there were space, that all really great novelists, for example, have been consumed with an inner desire to soften or humanise their kind. But a recent number of ‘The Author’ contains a hope, or a dream, that copyright may be so enlarged, that the writer of a successful book may have as good hope of founding a family as the proprietor of a patent medicine. Surely that is an ignoble sentence. He who could give abroad on a pill-vendor’s conditions, namely, that he keep his private property for ever, must receive only as a pill-vendor.

‘Tous ceux qu’ainsi j’amuse
Ne me payeront-ils pas?’

The whole position, or existence, of a man of genius is imperilled, when it is contended that the noble gift of God, the faculty of so writing that ideas may become purer and more just, the faculty which has supported plain living and high thinking in a hundred homes, shall be exercised only on the condition that what a man says shall remain his private property for ever. When a man of letters has become as regular, as methodical,

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as sharp, as bargain-driving as the pill-vendor, then will he remain as unnoticed as the pill-vendor, and, like him, may defile the white sails of Windermere with an announcement of 'cheap novels to-day.'

There are however many men who, like Tolstoi, would be only too glad that what they have to say should go abroad without money and without price, even though they themselves remain abundantly poor. But as the spread of literature by any method is expensive, and as people seldom value what they do not to some extent pay for, gratis work rarely produces any effect, which is a different and more practical thing. It is important also to point out that, in spite of the immense relative importance which the modes of remuneration have been lately acquiring, there are many men in existence who, though well aware of channels in which the work of their pens might obtain wide distribution and gain considerable sums, yet scorn to use them, even though the money would be welcome. And these are their grounds. In certain ordinary channels, of narrative tales, chatty articles, uncontroversial observation on general subjects, there is enough writing and to spare. They may know that they could enter this market with fair success. But they hold, and rightly hold, that, in the present state of general education, the only justification of a new writer is to take an unpopular side on a question where he believes the public to be going wrong, or to uphold an important thesis of ethics, which he sees that many, who in their hearts agree with him, shrink from upholding. Such men consider that it is the duty of a leader to lead, and the duty of an opposer to oppose, and that there is little other justification for writing. As to their competency to lead or oppose there may be self-delusion; nothing but the furnace of trial will test the true metal. And it is right that he who would teach others should, by perseverance in the face of neglect, give pledges of strength and sincerity. It would not be worth while to insist on this, had not the essayist already alluded to, a man engaged in the financial part of manuscript distribution, lately asserted, in an essay applauded by a novelist, that all the men who wrote and did not get large sales sneered at the inferiority of certain popular men only through envy, and would do anything to get similar sales. Where such remarks are put out with a certain authority, it is right that they should be protested against.

There are, again and again, writers who, in the abstract, would value currency and audience, but decline both, except on their own terms. In one of his essays, Carlyle tells a characteristic story of a municipal meeting in the Scottish Lowlands.

to settle the salary of the local schoolmaster. There was even an audacious attempt in a session of grocers and tailors to raise it. And some one arose suddenly in the back of the hall and sturdily ejaculated, 'Damn them, keep them poor.' What was said of schoolmasters Carlyle applied to a class of wider public teachers; namely, Authors. To them also would we apply it. That they have in the main been kept, or kept themselves, poor is pretty obvious; and if this essay has a practical insinuation, it is perhaps that the nameless voice, churlish as it may have been, was not altogether that of a fool. Of conscious seeking of fortune in literature there has been too much. He with whom it is the prime object had better be a lawyer or a bill-sticker. To him who keeps himself in a steady path it comes by the way, or a certain modest share of it; and he who wants the world's honours has got into the wrong paradise, or purgatory, as the case may be. It seems to have been thought that writers would, in earlier days, have been rich but for their unsteady ways, and that, now that they have adopted the world's conditions, they may use the world's voice and claim the world's rewards. The unsteady ways were not always entirely accidental. The collision of a rich abundant nature with adverse circumstance, and the tendency to strength of insight and expression rather than of deed and of uniformity, are rather the outcome of inborn qualities than the result of conduct or of outward things.

There is not the slightest need for a great writer to be superficially eccentric. This superficial unusualness has been for the most part overcome. But unless there be some intrinsic unusualness in a man, he is not in the least likely to be of the number of those who have received the diploma of the sacred band. Has a man got unusually large qualities? He does not know. But nature knows, and his comrades will know in time, and the impact of circumstance will speedily reveal. Has he counted the cost? Is the wine of life to a fourfold degree warm and sweet and strong for him? Does he hunger for love with a tenfold hunger? Is he prepared to see other men get the good things of life and he not get them? Is he content that a nameless person, here and there, shall feel that he has spoken the truth, and shall be made strong again by what he has written? Does he know the meaning of the words, with all the original taunt implied in them, and applied to his own weaker side, 'He saved others; himself he could not save'? These then are some of the equipments for the genuine literary career. The true man of letters, whether the form be that of the true rhythm-poet, of the true romancer, or indeed of the true dictionary-maker

dictionary-maker and pitiless compiler of infinite details, is he who has large rich qualities as a man, who can see comprehensively and luminously into masses of facts, and who, above all, has a detached, overmastering, loving disinterestedness about the future of mankind. Does he care intensely that the world shall progress, in more truthful and more humane paths, long after he is dead and gone? Is he prepared to do a great deal of work for a very little money in order that it may achieve such progress? Does he feel that this true progress of the world, along gentler and truer paths, is of intensely greater importance than his own personal career? Has he a tolerable assurance within himself, conceit apart, that he has sufficient stock-in-trade in the quality of his mind to be helpful in abstract things? Can he move over a hundred pages of varying subjects while his neighbour moves over twenty? If so, let him go on sturdily and even merrily, for merrily is part of the battle, and the man with no sense of fun is but a poor man of letters, though he be a dictionary-maker.

Writers who proved themselves great after a lapse of time were men of great qualities, men of intense power of living, and intense desires and impulses. They did not set out to manufacture books in hopes that the great qualities would come, but they secreted books as a tortoise secretes his shell, though he does not look like it. Their books seem thrown off; they are almost accidents, yet it is not quite possible to call them by that name. They are rather chips from a moral workshop. Were all the *Waverley Novels* lost, we should have had Walter Scott, if we had the biography, because the man was inside, and threw them off. We do not produce phrenological bumps, which are large vague regions of faculty when they are real, by tapping ourselves on the outside to produce them; nor do we produce books without an elemental furnace within us. If a man feels himself, to a reasonable extent, equipped as we have described, let him take up the career of letters, which by this time will have taken him up whether he will or no. Let him be rightly and moderately, but not excessively, anxious as to his bargain with his publishers. Let him suffer the publisher to have his carriage and pair, and be content with his own province and faculty of useful work, together with what is called a living wage. Above all, let him avoid all such phrases as being willing to supply a publisher with a thousand words for two shillings. If we were a publisher, and a man offered to supply us with a thousand words for two shillings, we would far rather give him four shillings to supply us with none at all, and we would take out the money and tell him so. Foot-rules are useful things, but they should

be kept for those who follow the carpenter's trade. If a man feels quite differently to this about the money value of work, let him train himself as a lawyer, and stop his tearful speech in the middle of it, if his clerk whispers that the cheque has been dishonoured.

It is well, too, to guard ourselves against the supposition that the risk which a writer encounters, of having very much of the profit run away with by a man who could not have written the book if he had been offered the alternative of crucifixion, will disappear by changing the names of things. Names of things are mere connotations which grow out of certain realities. Here the underlying reality seems to be, that a man who offers a rather unworldly ware has to depend upon a worldly man to get his ware abroad. Just now he is proposing to be the worldly man himself. He wants to play both Sir Henry Irving's parts in the 'Lyons Mail.' We contend that it is a difficult and dangerous operation to get the parts doubled, that the characteristics of the Stock Exchange are jealous characteristics and are apt to expel the nobler elements of gifted, emotional, and artistic natures, and to leave only a power of book-producing. We further say that, if there is one thing in this world which merits contempt, a thing of which the English world is in some immediate danger, it is the dreary uniform continuance of dreary book-production. It is less useful than the trade of the crossing sweeper, and less deserving of steadily increasing and non-precarious payment. We have said that the same connotation may emerge like an atmosphere around a new name. If all the public houses perished to-morrow, the same connotation might gather around the phrase private houses; the underlying surviving reality would be the desire of the Briton to solace himself in a foggy land. Some years ago an active council interfered with the game of nine pins in New York; but a saloon-keeper of calm mind invented a game of ten pins, and throve largely in solitude till imitation set in. If every publisher in the land died mysteriously soon after a secret meeting of the Authors' Society, worldly characteristics might emerge as an atmosphere round the name of agents, especially if one or two were fostered in restraint of free trade. If co-operative publishing by experienced authors were tried, the natural characteristic of looking most readily at the copy of men whose names they knew might set in, and become a connotation of the word co-operative publishing. In that case, the last state of the junior writer would be at least no better than the first.

We ourselves believe much in the man who, having the
natural

natural unfostered temperament of believing that he has something that the world must be asked to listen to, will produce his wares, send them to the printer at his own expense, advertise them at his own expense, sell a few copies at his printers and a few copies at home, if need be, and wait. That period of suspense will be the testing-furnace of his sincerity in the wish to put forth ideas upon the world. For necessarily he will not sell much, in these days of gigantic distribution through well-grooved channels. But the matter will have the chance to catch the right eyes. The chief obstacle against which he will have to contend, may possibly be the unwillingness of overburdened reviews to take notice of matter which comes to them through these unauthorized channels. But if there is any force in our contention, it is these unauthorized channels which should be generously watched, till found persistently waterless, by the superior reviews. Of course this is as much as to say that literature is not for the poor. It is not. But what we are now saying rather implies, that literature is for the man who will show sample of his dry intellect and his glowing heart, by making sacrifices.

Yet it is time to say clearly that literature is not the refuge of the poor. Before the days of Charles Dickens it was thought that schoolmastering was the refuge of the poor. But there was a union of heart and intellect in the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby' which settled that idea. At the present day it is thought that literature is the refuge of the poor. No doubt it has the enormous advantage of not requiring expensive tools. But that consideration does not settle the matter. The rich are *a priori* more fitted for it than the poor, because they are more likely to have leisure, knowledge, and opportunity to wait. And all these are important, especially knowledge. It is essential to insist on this point, because the large opportunities of the uninstructed to keep themselves alive by supplying very inferior matter to very inferior journals call for the protest. Some of the public would be surprised to consider how much of the work which we are especially apt to associate with genius should also be first associated with solid independence of position. To consider it raises a mysterious question, and almost calls on us to modify our way of looking at genius. If ever there was a man of genius, in spite of the dictum of a living essayist, it was Edward Gibbon. No one will call in question the position of Pope, not even a living verse-maker. Milton stands sublime; and for this one purpose we may apply to him the fine apostrophe of Arnold to Shakespeare, 'Others abide our question, thou art free.'

Charles

Charles Darwin is equally free. But all these men were free in another sense. At the age of nineteen or twenty they were in the splendid position to a reasonable creature of knowing that they need not work at all unless they liked. They had 'leisure to be wise,' and they did not spend it in being foolish. They were equally absolved by nature and uniform will from the folly of wanting more than a small income, and from the folly of standing aside and frittering away what they had. Wordsworth (for the simple words are his) in his indomitable youth asked for this leisure, and he did not spend it in being foolish. He asked for it when he had eighty pounds a year of his own, and he abode by the record. There is one letter of his to Rogers, unconsciously pathetic, for he was making no fuss about it, in which he says that he could not make out how he was charged so much for advertisements. He had no wasting desire to make it out then, and he has none now. Gray had no occasion to trouble himself, nor did he.

'Well had it been for that potential mind,
Had it been more to deathless tasks addressed.'

But, if we are to choose, to have written too little in first-class poetry is better than to have written too much, and there are even the great among poets who are half buried beneath their own weight. Plain men are debarred from looking for their grandeurs. The quoted words apply to Gray perhaps better than they do to Wilson. But Wilson was a splendid young country gentleman who had the wisdom of modest riches. If ever there was a man of genius, it was Landor. But Landor had an ancient estate. He spent almost all his money in developing it, for he had that love of trees which leads not to fortune, and is almost a last infirmity of powerful minds; but he never asked for more, and old clothes sat well on him. If he wrote almost the finest sixteen short lines in English to a dead girl, he could hardly have expected to be paid for them. The fact is that, with every sympathy for forcing the distributor to be open, there are elements of literature, and those not the feeblest, which cannot be paid for. If a lesser man has some memory of his mother which has begotten fourteen lines of real poetry in him, shall he hawk them round the Strand? Yet to write fourteen other poems, in order to make a volume, is to take the thin fatal road from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is difficult indeed to say what would have been the course of Gibbon, of Milton, or of Darwin, had they been penniless. Emerged they would have; the river must come out. But assuredly it came out better for the public, as well as for the individual, by being unobstructed.

unobstructed. Many will run to see a waterfall. But the arrest of nature is less beautiful than its flow. And fewer eyes, but those not the dullest, perceive that a fruitful river watering and decorating a plain is a lovelier thing. To this extent only may straitness of circumstance be praised: where it forms the tenacious clay and the propping bank which prevent dissipation, lest an almost boundless water-power become nameless at last in unholding Australian sands.

It would not have been worth while to say this but for what almost amounts to a prejudice just now, in the rampant day of newspapers, against education. Next to superiority of character, the greatest equipment for literature is education, and systematic education at the recognised centres, if possible. None but the very highest genius ever supplies this want. And in these highest cases the men have by painful processes gained the essence of it for themselves. In a day which feebly calls itself socialistic without knowing, for the most part, what it means, it is well to say that literature depends upon inequalities of fortune. By the diligent, the uniform, we hope the not dishonest, manufacture of hats, Pope, the elder, made it possible for a feeble boy to be abroad in Windsor forest without thought of gain. So, in their different spheres, worked the scrivener who was the father of Milton, and the wine merchant who was the father of John Ruskin. 'After life's fitful fever they sleep,'* but they being dead yet speak, as the less gifted must be content to speak, through the mouths of others. The fanatical Socialist would say, 'Then, if literature cannot exist without inequality, let literature go.' It is not, however, some drawing-room ornament of life that would be going; rather it would be the very potentiality of advancement in the human mind. Literature is no excrescence, but the index of life, and life would go with it.

Another danger which has been hinted at, and which it is well to write against specifically, is the danger of going right on in the production of books, till the output becomes wholly mechanical. In connotation a book is as wide a word as marriage. George Eliot pointed out that the word 'marriage' had to supply expression for a relationship, which could be founded on infinite permutations in the strength and the degree of mutual need and mutual feeling. And so a book which may yet be a real book, and we are not talking of others, is produced from an infinite diversity of motives and temperaments. Between the

* The quotation was used in a kindred matter by Carlyle, but we know none more natural.

infinite differences of the men who produce them there can be little solidarity, whatever clubs be formed. But, since much importance has lately been attached to remuneration, and since men are recommended to make themselves known and then to work their reputation for what it is worth, a man who has happened to write something real is apt to drift apart, and degenerate and crystallize into the thing called 'author,' a word which ought to be avoided until the fact has become so prominent and incontestable, that it is forced upon a very few from without. A man can only be an author in so far as he is a man who has perceived, or known, or done real things, and possesses the gift and feels the duty of speaking about them.

To many men the production of a book has been the very last thing in the world they would have dreamt of, and, partly for this reason, something which the strain of circumstance has caused them to produce has been very real. A sort of naïve unconsciousness sometimes, with certain one-sided gifts, has turned out to be the secret of success. Pepys, for example, is one of the great English writers. But the reason for mentioning him here is to enforce the statement that, in a great writer, writing is not the whole of life. The life must first be lived. Then we can write it out easily and quickly, as Pepys did. He had matter; he was saturated with his subject; therefore his pen could move. There was an Italian scoundrel who was a great writer, an artist, and a diarist. But he is interesting because he had lived a life outside his pen. Boswell, again, is one of the immortals: he had at once love of approbation and appreciativeness. Two great writers commented on Boswell. Macaulay said he wrote the book well, because he was a fool. Carlyle almost gave back the short word to Macaulay, for not perceiving that he wrote it because he could attach himself to noble things better than another. Yet Macaulay was not entirely wrong. That naïve setting down of what a wise man hides co-exists with the noble element. It is the equipment of the child, and of the writer. But Boswell did not write a real book till he had a subject. He wrote something about Corsica when he was young, and this perhaps introduced him where his admirations led him. But he wrote his one book and he went on his way. He was another of those in independent circumstances. And he did not raise his price for a second book as soon as he had finished his first.

In the youth of the writer of these remarks there was a play of Robertson's in which the mysterious silent figure at the Owl's Roost is whispered of as 'One book Bradley.' He had said his say, and he was silent. It is introduced as comic matter,

matter, but he was a wise man, to be imitated. Robertson got his catchword no doubt from 'Single Speech Hamilton,' a minor figure in politics under Burke, who had the reputation of one great speech enhanced by following silence. He also was a wise man, to be imitated. If he had no other subject that he was full of, and that stirred him, he was quite right to be silent. He did not cease to be the pleasant and gifted Hamilton, because he did not speak again. If he had gone on speaking, he might have been as a failing and a pumped-up stream. Let us encourage the men who do not particularly want the money, but write one book, because their life has been full in a particular direction.

There are also men to be encouraged who have special workings of the heart on inner things. The problems of religion are widening, and they are real problems. And men of education who will set out their thoughts on them unaffectedly are to be encouraged. The importance or insignificance will appear by the result. Men cannot tell exactly beforehand what will be important; they must give their genuine thought and take their risk. These things do not tend to money-making, and, if they were undertaken in that spirit, they would be condemned beforehand. They are a part of the beneficent side of inequalities of fortune. But such men should not go on pressing themselves to be writers. They should contribute their little rill to the life-stream and then be content, yet living, to be lost in it, and go on their way. The late Professor Tyndall, in a very striking paper on Carlyle, published soon after the latter's death, drew a picture of his final visit to him which many would read with tears. He said that the old man was so weak that he (Tyndall) propped Carlyle's head against his shoulder and breast. He then asked Carlyle if he would give him some word of advice which he could remember. And Carlyle answered, 'Give yourself royally,' and stopped. It is simply inconceivable that Tyndall should have got what he wanted in a more perfect form. It is the only advice to be given to any real men of letters, whether their work be the collection of facts, or daily writing, or studying, or romantic imaginative work. That giving of the very self to the public is the only thing. And in this special vocation the wages are an entirely secondary consideration. Plato says they are so in all trades. 'Does the architect then keep his mind upon architecture,' he asks, as opposed to what he will get by it? The answer is implied to be that he does. Though this is true of every genuine man, it is never so true, whether in extent or degree, as it is of the man of letters. He is in a position to make

make experiments; the architect is not. The former can go apart and make an experiment, and we may even think that he has too many facilities for doing so. From the too scornful thought of it Dunciads arise, and such lines of glowing immortal cruelty as, 'Obliged by hunger and request of friends.' Every one who has spare time can try, and in revenge the world has to protect itself, by sifting, against the too abundant impulse to try. It is a wise provision of nature that those who would take upon themselves the office of instructing the world (for all forms of literature are modes of instruction) without capital, without necessary fitness, and with a modicum of brains, should be called upon to produce their heaven-diploma by a willingness to suffer pain.

There is much talk at the moment, and in certain circles, of amateur and professional writers. We are so unsympathetic of the distinction that we fear we imperfectly apprehend what is meant by the terms. We suspect that under a Socratic examination the word 'amateur' would turn out, in the mouths of those who use it most, to mean the man or woman who does not want the money the same week. Certainly it would mean him or her with whom it was a secondary consideration. And we suspect that the word 'professional,' as a word of implied eulogy, is most used by those who offer ephemeral matter from hand to hand. But we seriously deprecate the differentiation of the author, except in the few cases where undoubted notoriety enforces the term. And we protest firmly against the supercilious use of the word 'amateur' (in the sense in which it is probably most used), as marking the man who writes something as if by accident and goes his way. For we hold such a man to be more likely to turn out to be the living writer, after all; living, perhaps not only in the quality of his production now, but in the chance of its going on to live.

The word 'solidarity' once in the course of this essay dropped from our pen, and it is so much in use just now by writers that we will make some remarks upon it. With solidarity must be taken the word 'blacklegs,' for that also has been freely used, and in a cab strike we have come to learn what it means. Solidarity, then, we must take to be the quality which makes it impossible to be a blackleg. 'Let us all hang together and let us back one another up, and let us call ourselves the great Liberal party.' This in the brilliant youth of Mr. Matthew Arnold was the advice of Mr. Bottles, M.P., to the Liberals. Mr. Matthew Arnold would probably have called himself a Liberal; but he had very serious differences of taste with Mr. Bottles, M.P., and he passed a considerable part of his life in expressing them.

them. He was able to express them so artistically that he became an author. And by reason of the genuineness of this difference of opinion he became well known. It was by differing with his brother author that he became an author; for Bottles, M.P., is almost sure to have published pamphlets. Arnold, indeed, had a more exquisite sphere of work. But he could not hope to get any money by doing it. He told Mr. Browning that he could not afford to write poetry because he had children. A friend of the late Lord de Tabley used to publish poetry instead of keeping a carriage. He was a very sensible man. He took his luxury in the direction in which he valued it. We do not all want to keep carriages. But Arnold was an author because he differed from another thinker. And this gave him his vitality. Thought is a divider and a separator. Those who do not think can all hang together more easily. And the natural place for a man of active mind to live in is the world, where his thoughts are stimulated by various intercourse in a natural way. Men of active mind are not all novelists, but it is on the sale-processes of tale-makers that the methods of the reformers have been mainly founded. It was these which gave them the life and activity they would not otherwise have attained. Authorship, as a natural and unforced thing, comes by controversy, by disagreement with others on matters of taste, of historical fact, of that all-gathering lake,—religion, and the thousand rills which feed it and flow out from it again. A well-known writer has, within the last two or three years, given the advice to his fellows, that, if they can find nothing good to say of a book, they should say nothing of it. Pestilent advice! The conspiracy of silence is far more injurious, and wounds in more deadly fashion. No man is harmed by true criticism. The saying nothing where nothing good is to be said is, we suppose, a part of solidarity. The outspoken word might lower the sales. But sales have nothing to do with the critic's point of view. It is an old saying, enforced by human feeling, 'about the dead nothing but good.' But this silence on one side about books will produce the deadness which need not be. The book not attacked by foes, and yet praised by friends, will be dead. The living element of thrust and parry in literature will be dead also, and the whole business would become an unnatural dilettanteism, supposing the advice to be taken. Besides, the sturdy dispraise of weak books is very much wanted. In the matter of literature, at all events, the reply of Talleyrand to his valet is within the truth. The living of weak literature is harmful.

Very

Very strong language has been used against those who, being themselves producers of books, offer their advice to publishers for a wage, as to the production of fresh manuscripts. The strength of the language was amusing. Even personal combat was spoken of. There is an underlying assumption in the remarks, which makes them worth noticing because the assumption extends to others. The assumption is that publishers are at one end of a rope and writers at the other, and that they face one another. The interests are really opposing, but passing across there must be. Some rising writers set up as publishers by keeping a magazine. Byron immortalises a publisher who fell into the ranks of authors. He was so unique that we will recall his name of Cottle—'Condemned to make the books which once he sold.' There is a pathos in that 'once.' We have a rising publisher who writes his own poetical criticism and his own history. Where a man feels equal to it, it ensures his having something to publish, and the question of payment for advertisements does not occur. It forms a nucleus, and it may be recommended.

But, these brilliant phenomena apart, what is more natural than that a publisher should ask a man who has given taste of his quality to give him advice in a matter where he has shown power? Would you have him ask an architect? It is less risky on the whole than asking a presumed intellectual man who has never written at all. Men of eminence have no unworthy envy or malice towards the new comer; but they may have an unconscious warp towards the feeling that all has been said. There is this substratum of ground for the attack, and it is a small one. We ourselves will bring a different criticism against an underground channel through which book-testing frequently runs. It very naturally falls a good deal into the hands of clergymen. The reason is simple. They represent often a high level of culture and taste, often an unembarrassed leisure, and sometimes both. Where the clerical office is held with honest zeal, there is a danger that good work may be advised against which might help the human mind. In this objection there may not be much, because the publisher who wishes for that sort of ware will take other advice. However, that he who has written a book should not advise a publisher is a childish cry. What we would insist upon more in criticising solidarity is, that thought is a divider, that things of the mind go forward by one man attacking another, that an intense dislike of what other men are producing is the main element in a new departure, that the expression of this dislike in set form and style is literature,
and

and that in this way the world moves. What two elements infused more life and motion into the things of the mind, when this century was young, than the rivalry of the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly' Reviews? Did not the 'Edinburgh' arise because men refused to be bound by the things that were? Did it arise of solidarity? Did it not arise of dislike? Did not the 'Quarterly' arise because the Conservative felt the power of the 'Edinburgh,' and must subsidize a counterblast? The word 'counterblast' has played some part in literature, and will play it still. Perhaps on the whole we all know too much of one another, rather than too little. 'I dwell among mine own people,' quoted John Bright at Birmingham. And it was the utterance of a man living his own natural life among his kith and kin, and deriving his power from the fact. With this comes the question of 'onymity' and anonymity, a matter in which all the good is not upon one side. Anonymity has its upright and manly value, into which evil motives do not enter. But the discussion of such a point as this is too long to be entered upon now.

One little practical suggestion we should like to make. The movement we have spoken of has resulted in the creation of the habit of getting work taken by means of agents. We think we are right in saying that one well-known firm of agents announces that it is only willing to look at the work of men and women whose names are worth money. Our suggestion deals with the interests of writers who are not known at all. A good many people have some essay or little poem that is lying by them, or have some facility for writing short things, and they genuinely do not know if they are marketable. Troubling their friends to look into the matter is irksome to them, because it gives just that private publicity of their intentions which they wish to avoid. To hawk their wares in Paternoster Row is a process which involves weary waiting and yet more wearisome uncertainty, great trouble to those who have occupations, and great uneasiness whether they are being fairly dealt with. We seem to foresee considerable ultimate remuneration to a firm of agents who will announce themselves as the depositaries of everything,—sonnets, epics, turnovers for a paper, or anything else, by servant girls, duchesses, or eminent men. For these they must always give an immediate receipt. They must be free to send back at once anything which they consider unmarketable. They will be at liberty to charge (say) ten per cent. on whatever they obtain for the item, and to pay themselves; and whether they are to have ten shillings on five pounds, or one shilling on ten

ten shillings, this will produce activity. Their experience will prevent them from wasting their time. In this way some really good matter will get abroad. Those who do not want to go on producing can stay their hand, and those who do will be led to the right channels without unnecessary annoyance. Such a business could not at once be taken up by those who had no other class of business unless they were capitalists, because at first it would bring to the firm enormous trouble and little profit. But in course of time it might bring in very large profits. For it would be enormously patronized when well known and known to be honest. The temptation to dishonesty is not perceptible by ourselves at least, because the action of the percentage, and the immediate receipt for the document, would be so self-working.

Earlier in the essay we alluded to the element of love which seemed to go out from the public to the real writer. The man who had got the heart of the public was to them as no common man. Is it fanciful to compare this in an important respect to the old-fashioned attitude of man to woman? The sense of giving protection to weakness entered into it. Some women are beginning to fling all attempts to express this pleasure back in our faces. What will be the ultimate result? There is something akin to this in the new attitude of authors. They decline to be the publisher's darling any more. And they are absolutely right in declining. But as to the public? Béranger was the public's darling. He was that or nothing. His position as a man was exceptional. But if the public once hears too much about profits,—it has not bothered itself about the matter yet,—but, we say, if it should? If the ladies were always talking about their settlements at parties, it would not do. There is a certain reserve. It is dangerous for authors to talk about their profits too persistently in the ears of the public. Suppose the public got to dislike them so much, that they always ran away from a bookstall? Whether they were wine-bibbers or anchorites would not matter then; nobody would mark them. A woman and an author must be either something above the average robust male, or something below him. When they are absolutely uninteresting personally, they will soon be something worse. The late Bernal Osborne once described to an amused House of Commons a Waterford election, and he ended with these words: 'And as the shades of evening fell, the people's darling took refuge in the water-butt.' There was no middle course in Waterford.

ART. V.—*The Political Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning.*
By Augustus Granville Stapleton. Three vols. London,
1831.

A SHORT time ago, while hunting in the depths of a large chest which had stood undisturbed for many years against the wall of a gentleman's library, the writer of this article discovered a number of letters. Among them were more than a hundred letters and notes written by George Canning to his lifelong friend, John Hookham Frere. Some fill two or three large sheets of paper—the stiff hand-made paper of those days; others are of the most trivial nature, invitations to dinner, and the like. They are too few in number and too fragmentary to make a book; but some extracts from them are here offered in the hope that they may serve as a foundation for a chapter in that ideal 'Life of George Canning' which has yet to be written.

The story of the rupture between Pitt and Canning has been told from various points of view. Stanhope in his 'Life of Pitt' expresses a dignified regret that so highly gifted a man as Mr. Canning could not see the necessity of following Pitt's lead, while Lord Sidmouth's biographer plaintively bewails the unhappy disposition that led Mr. Canning to torment so good a man as Mr. Addington. Canning's own opinion of the matter is given in his letters to Frere in the years 1801–1805.

The general impression has always been that Pitt resigned office in 1801 on account of the King's refusal to consider the Roman Catholic claims. Such, no doubt, was the ostensible cause of his retirement. But Frere, whose close friendship with Canning and other public men gave him every opportunity of knowing what passed behind the scenes, was always of the opinion that the Roman Catholic question was used by Pitt as a cover for his real motive. 'In the face of the national distress from deficient harvests, England was left, by the defection of allies, absolutely alone to carry on the contest with all Europe.' She must have a breathing-space; but Pitt did not believe that any peace with France could be lasting, and knew at the same time that 'a transitory and illusory peace' could only damage his own prestige. 'He therefore determined to leave to other hands the credit of making and, if possible, maintaining such a peace.' Lord Malmesbury shared this opinion. 'It looks at times to me,' says his diary in February 1801, 'as if Pitt was playing a very selfish and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he
goes

goes out to show his own strength and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country with uncontrolled power.'

In the autumn of 1800 Pitt and Lord Grenville had drawn up a scheme for the relief of the Irish Catholics, by which a political test was to be substituted for the sacramental test hitherto imposed upon all persons holding office under the Crown. The King was not informed of the project. Pitt may have thought that His Majesty would yield in the end, as he had yielded on several previous occasions, against his own firm convictions, or the indolence caused by bad health and low spirits from which the Minister had been suffering may have made him neglectful. In the meantime, the Chancellor, Lord Loughborough, whom Pitt had privately consulted in the matter, betrayed the scheme to the King. George III. instantly took alarm. Did his Ministers wish him to violate his Coronation Oath? At the Levee on Wednesday, January 28th, 1801, 'he intimated to Wyndham (Secretary at War) that he should consider any person who voted for the measure as personally indisposed towards him.' Such a public declaration of the King's feeling obliged Pitt to tender his resignation on January 31st. At first the King hesitated to receive it. 'I shall hope Mr. Pitt's sense of duty will prevent his retiring from his present situation to the end of my life.' But Pitt could not accept the compromise offered to him—that the Ministers should take no further steps in the matter of Catholic Relief, and that the King should refrain from expressing any opinion on the question. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Henry Addington, was therefore invited by the King and encouraged by Pitt to form a Cabinet. Before this was completed, the King, who had been greatly agitated by the controversy, was seized with one of his old attacks of mental derangement from which he had been free for the last twelve years. Pitt and Addington, the one Minister *de facto*, the other *de jure*, were obliged to carry on the government together, and to confer on the necessity of a Regency Bill. But in the beginning of March the King recovered his senses. A hop pillow prescribed by Addington is said to have enabled him to sleep, and in a short time he could transact business.

Pitt resigned the Exchequer Seal on March 14th. For him and for Lord Grenville, and for those members of his Cabinet who had supported him on the Irish Question, there was no other course open. But there were some promising men who had held the lesser offices under his government whom it seemed unnecessary to displace; and there were others who might

might be willing to join 'the Substitutes,' as George Ellis nicknamed them, if such a proceeding did not involve hostility to Pitt. He therefore made it a particular request that his retirement should not affect his friends. Some—amongst them his brother, Lord Chatham—found their attachment to Pitt obliged them to remain; others, as Charles Ellis bitterly writes, felt 'their friendship for him and their duty to their country *particularly and more strongly* to call upon them to take office in support of their country at the crisis when he deserts it.' (This is evidently a hit at Lord Eldon, who took the Great Seal 'only in obedience to the King's command, and at the advice and earnest recommendation of Mr. Pitt'). A few resigned, giving as their reason that, 'when Pitt, the only man in their opinion fit to be Minister, went out, they followed his example.'

Canning had been Joint Paymaster to the Forces. He wrote to Frere from the Pay Office on March 24th, briefly announcing the change in his circumstances. 'The new Ministers are in, and the old ones out; I am out with them, I and Leveson; and that is all in the House of Commons. Lord Gower, and that is all in the House of Lords. Everybody else remains.' This, however, was not the case. Pitt's intimate friend, Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough), resigned, as did also Mr. Rose. There is something of poetic justice in the fate of Lord Loughborough. George III. was not the man to encourage double-dealing; and the Chancellor, instead of gaining any preferment, found himself obliged to give up the Great Seal to Lord Eldon. Most of Pitt's friends were hurt by his conduct, but to Canning it was something more than a passing grievance. From the beginning of Canning's political life, Pitt had taken particular notice of him, treating him with the nearest approach to affection that his undemonstrative nature was ever known to show. Canning's father, who died young, was disinherited by his family in consequence of an imprudent marriage, and Canning owed his education and start in life to the kindness of an uncle. Pitt was anxious that the young man, whom he already regarded as his political heir, should find a rich wife, and no one seemed better pleased than himself when Canning's choice fell upon Joan, the daughter of Major-General Scott, a lady with a fortune of £100,000. The wedding took place in July 1800. Frere thus described it to his nephew:—

'I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook Street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow Street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to avoid being run over,

and peering into the coach, recognized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too!" I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son, I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to this marriage.'

Lord Brougham once compared Canning to a hothouse plant unduly forced. Success came to him too early in life. With brilliant talents, a large fortune, and Pitt for his friend, all the world seemed at his feet. When Pitt, without a word of warning, suddenly retired from the field, leaving his country and his friends to do as best they might, the disappointment was too great to be borne.

Addington vainly endeavoured to persuade Canning to remain, anxious, no doubt, that the satirist's talents should be enlisted on his side. 'It is but just to A. to say that his behaviour throughout was fair, mild, and conciliating—much beyond what I could have adopted to any friend or foe.' So owns Canning in one of his letters to Frere, but he takes care to add immediately: 'Such is his behaviour to everybody, friend or foe, and I therefore take it as no particular merit to myself, and ascribe it to him only in justice, not in praise.' Throughout the early part of the correspondence Canning plumes himself on his own good behaviour towards Addington in a manner that is sometimes absolutely comic.

'We are excellent good friends, A. and I—so much so in his estimation that the other day it was used as a topic of persuasion to a friend of mine whom a common friend of *his* and A. wished to take office, that there could be no objection on my account, for that A. considered me as perfectly kind and cordial towards him.'

In the first bitterness of surprise and disappointment, Canning wrote a full account of all that had passed for the benefit of Frere, who was then Envoy Extraordinary at Madrid, and sent it to Pitt, that the ex-Minister might see how his conduct was regarded by some of his followers. The letter was lost on its way to Spain, and for months afterwards all Canning's letters to Frere open with a lament over its disappearance.

pearance. In his correspondence it served the same office as 'the great fire at Wolf's Crag' in Caleb Balderstone's domestic economy; information of every sort was contained in it.

Pitt's answer to this communication may be read in Stanhope's Life. It utterly disclaims the notion 'that there has been anything unkind, much less unfair, in any part of my conduct, or anything either for me to excuse or for you to complain of or to forgive.' It is calm, dignified, not unkindly in tone—but it was not adapted to soothe Canning's resentment. Outwardly he and his chief parted on the old friendly terms; but he was smarting with a sense of injury that nothing could palliate. He withdrew to his recently purchased country-house South Hill, and there beguiled his time with farming, playing with his eldest son, who had come suddenly into the world in the midst of the bustle and confusion of Canning's retirement from the Pay Office, and with writing long letters to Frere.

It is curious, in all these letters, to note how Canning's heart was yearning after his old idol and his old occupations, although he affected to think that his friendship with Pitt and his political life were alike over. 'I considered my intercourse with P. as closed for ever,' he writes on July 12th, 1801; and then proceeds to pour out his grievances against his former leader in a confused medley:—

'Confidence, just enough to mislead and not enough to guide; enough, and more than enough, to make one feel one's self a party to all that he did, and bound therefore in common honour to share in all the consequences of it, but stopping short of the point at which one might have begun to see that he had an intention of separating himself from those who ought naturally to be his followers; a complete and unreserved sacrifice of me to A.—not (I am willing to believe) because he loved me less, but yet on what other principle to account for it?—a want of candour which I have never met with in him before—and a stubborn self-satisfaction in the consciousness that whatever I might think or feel I could never easily make my case good to others, but should be obliged to acquiesce ultimately in the broad, general, and, in respect to me, utterly *false* description of having acted singly against his known wishes; the rest, the how and why, being, as he knew, between ourselves only.'

All this, and more, Canning lays to Pitt's charge, and then goes on to recount all that he had done for Pitt's sake:—

'I had a pride and pleasure in exhausting all the sacrifices that I could make for him, in adding to those of office, of ambition, of hopes and prospects which he did not chuse to take to himself, the more acceptable offerings of all the prejudices and dislikes, proud, resentful, or jealous feelings as he would call them—all the natural

and justifiable, manly, and consistent judgment of others and estimation of one's self, as I think them—which, indulged to their full extent, would have made a cordial reconciliation between A. and me impossible. This sacrifice I did make; *how*, you would have known in detail, if my long letter and its inclosures had reached you. You would have known too in equal detail how this sacrifice had been met on the part of him who was the subject of it.'

Nevertheless, at the close of the letter we learn that Pitt was expected at South Hill. In the next letter, Canning alludes with an air of superior pity to 'Poor P.,' who had expected that peace would be concluded before midsummer:—

'It is very extraordinary that all his own experience should have taught him no better, but he certainly did believe that the existence of a determined disposition to peace on our own side only would bring it about, in spite of Bonaparte. I apprehend he is undeceived by this time.'

It was balm to Canning's wounded feelings to find Pitt in the wrong and himself in the right; and when Pitt came to South Hill for the christening of the son and heir, all went smoothly. The Princess of Wales was also present, and the ceremony was performed by Canning's relative, Mr. Leigh, who had officiated at his wedding.

'You would have found Pitt and Leigh as capable of being brought into collision at dinner that day as they were some months before at your grand dinner on the day of my marriage; but the Princess being by, and understanding P. as well as she does, and Sneyd helping her to a just understanding of Leigh, the effect was much more happy. It is very extraordinary, but P., with all that he has done and thought and seen, is such pure nature that Leigh himself is scarcely more an *ingénu* than he.'

On Pitt's return to London, he busied himself with the negotiations for peace, which had been carried on for some time without success by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Hawkesbury ('Jawk,' as Charles Ellis irreverently styles him). The Preliminary Articles were signed on October 1st, 1801. Public opinion was well expressed by the saying: 'It is a peace which everybody is glad of, though nobody is proud of.' The country needed rest, but there was a general feeling that France had been allowed to get the better of us in the negotiations. In the meantime Canning chafed at this seclusion:—

'Retirement is well enough at sixty-four,' but at thirty-one 'it is rather to be *borne*, if it *must* come, than sought or continued if you can avoid it. I *own* this to you, and yet I know nobody who has
more

more to make them happy, or who is more happy and more thankful for the means of happiness within their power, than I am. But the thought will obtrude itself now and then, that I am not where I should be—*non hoc pollicitus.*'

Here it may not be out of place to say a few words concerning her who was Canning's chief 'means of happiness'—the 'Joan' to whom there are so many loving allusions in her husband's letters. Mrs. Canning never figured prominently in fashionable or political society. Stapleton's 'Life and Times of George Canning' scarcely notices her existence; and other biographers generally content themselves with giving her maiden name and the amount of her fortune. From these letters to an intimate friend, we can gather some idea of what she was to her husband—a devoted helpmate, a loving companion, a sympathetic listener, a prudent adviser. She identified herself completely with his interests: 'Joan and I think that'—'Joan and I are doing this'—are often-repeated phrases. But hers was not the blind submission of a weak mind to a strong one; she had the courage to take Pitt's part against her husband in the worst days of their estrangement.

'Joan bears all like a little heroine' are the concluding words of Canning's first letter to Frere, written in the time immediately following Pitt's resignation; although in her state of health, the excitement and confusion around her, and the fatigue of moving house, must have been peculiarly trying. If she could sympathise with her husband's cares, he could enter into hers, as is shown by one of his letters, written when the Princess of Wales was expected at South Hill in the course of the following week:—

'Joan is at this moment bustling about the new Chintz Bed . . . which Mr. Smith, the Windsor upholsterer, has sent home all wrong done up—never was anything like the blunders which that Upholsterer has fallen into on this occasion. It would be tedious to particularize them all—suffice it to say the Bed does not at all answer the expectations formed of it, and if the Princess condescends to sleep soundly in it, it must be more from her own goodness than the bed's desert.'

Mrs. Canning seems to have been delicate. Her husband makes several allusions to her bad health. Frere's mother writes in the February of 1802, that Mrs. Canning has been alarmingly ill, and that Canning, having sat up with her for one or two nights, has grown quite thin and worn with anxiety and nursing.

Canning's children were also very dear to him. When the
eldest

eldest son, George Charles, arrives, he is pronounced by his father to be 'one of the finest boys, if not the very finest, that ever was seen'; but when 'my new little boy, William Pitt,' makes his appearance, Canning is equally proud of him. 'Toddles' (afterwards Lady Clanricarde) once brings a most important letter to an abrupt conclusion by insisting that her father shall play with her.

But the farm and the nursery could not long take the place of the House of Commons, although he was too proud and too sore to take any share in public affairs except with his pen, which for the next few years was an unfailing source of irritation to the Government. Lord Malmesbury notes in his diary at the time of Pitt's retirement from office: 'Canning told me Pitt had made him promise *not to laugh* at the Speaker's appointment to the Treasury; and this was *all* he could possibly undertake.' It was a promise that was soon broken. In the letter to Frere already quoted, Ellis gives some lines which Canning had written to the popular tune of 'The Little Plough-boy,' and begs Frere to finish the parody:—

'So great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the stupid Speaker who sat behin' the Lee.'

In former years the three friends had been wont thus to write for the 'Anti-Jacobin,' one falling in so perfectly with the other's ideas that it is still a doubtful point how far each was responsible for 'The Rovers' or 'The Needy Knife-grinder.' Canning never lost his taste for writing verses, although he took no trouble to preserve what he had written. Every one knows the epigram on the relation between the two Ministers:—

'Pitt is to Addington
As London to Paddington.'

Another, not so well known, was written when blockhouses were built to guard the approaches to the Thames:—

'If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French:
The one is the mouth of the river;
The other, the Treasury Bench.'

But Canning sometimes struck a higher note, as on May 28th, 1802, when a number of Mr. Pitt's friends gave a dinner at the Merchant Taylors' Hall to celebrate his birthday. Pitt himself was not present, and some of the old-fashioned Tories looked askance at the proceedings. John Frere, M.P. for Norwich, writes

writes to his son the Ambassador, on May 25th, 'Friday next is the birthday of Mr. Pitt, when about one thousand of his friends dine together. 'Tis a foolish thing, I think, and putting him somewhat on a level with Mr. Fox.' Canning wrote the fine song 'The Pilot that weathered the Storm,' to be sung at this dinner. The much-desired peace already seemed to be on a precarious footing, and the last verse of the song must have had an ominous sound in the ears of many of the assembly:—

'And oh, if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise
Shall turn to the Pilot that weathered the storm.'

On October 5th, 1802, Canning and his wife were at Walmer Castle as the guests of Pitt, who had been alarmingly ill. 'For one day, if not longer, his life was certainly in danger.' But when Canning wrote to Frere, the patient was recovering strength daily.

'During his convalescence—while I, of course, spared all painful and perplexing subjects of discussion, and endeavoured to make him feel at his ease, as if I had no political notions to trouble him with, I have—or rather we have (for Joan is a great help to me in this as in everything else, and loves poor P., and has always taken his part in the worst times)—been in the way to pay him little attentions, which, though nothing in themselves, he has appeared not to dislike at our hands.'

As soon as Pitt began to recover, Canning beset him with representations of the deplorable state to which the country was reduced in consequence of Addington's misrule.

'Though I cannot say that he has always cordially agreed with me, yet he has every day found it more difficult to maintain a difference of opinion. . . . Would to God he could be brought to see while it is yet time that with such Champions as Buonaparte and the Dr. on either side this country has not a fair chance of being kept on its legs—that a change there must inevitably be—and that there is but one man, and that one himself, to whom we can look for safety in any alternative, whether of Peace or War. I am persuaded that this is more and more felt every hour in all parts of the Kingdom, and that the Dr. could not do better for himself, and can in no other way do common justice by the King or the Country, than to negotiate for himself as quick as may be a retreat with honours and emoluments, and entreat Pitt to take off his hands a weight that ought never to have been placed there. No endeavours of mine are wanting to put this necessity in its true light here. And yet I understand that the Dr.'s friends, so far from being obliged

obliged to me for the service which they suppose me to be desirous of rendering him, are extremely disgusted and angry at my visit to Walmer.*

The visit to Walmer seems to have brought back all the old devotion to the idol which, but a little time before, Canning had sworn should be broken in pieces. Alone and in declining health, the great statesman was in a softer, more human mood than when he penned that lofty answer to the younger man's outburst of jealousy and disappointment; and Canning, who had never known a father, was glad at heart to return to his allegiance to one who regarded him as a son.

'I have had opportunities of quiet, comfortable, uninterrupted conversations, such as for two years past I have desiderated in vain, and have had the satisfaction of finding, after that two years' interval, filled as it has been with the most unpleasant events, and with consequent differences of conduct and opinion, no change in P., no diminution of cordiality or confidence, and a gradual but I think growing approximation of sentiments in regard both to persons and things.'

Canning, now firmly convinced that the country was as weary as himself of 'the *Dumplin* Ministry,' as Lady Malmesbury contemptuously styles them in a letter to Frere, began immediately to collect signatures to a petition requesting Addington to resign in favour of Pitt. Matters were progressing well when Lord Mulgrave betrayed the project, and Pitt sent his commands that no further steps should be taken by his friends. Canning was forced to obey, and consoled himself by writing lampoons against 'the Doctor,' his family, and his adherents, and by grumbling, as usual, to Frere.

'I am confident, perfectly confident,' he writes on August 25th, 1803, 'that had not my plan of last November been betrayed to Pitt (by Mulgrave), and had P. done what he ought to have done, turned a deaf ear to the disclosure and let the thing go on as if he had known nothing of it, the Government would have fallen before the end of the before Christmas Session.'

Another attempt was made to bring back Pitt, on the eve of war, in the March and April of 1803. On this occasion it was Addington who proposed his return. But Pitt refused to take office, unless he were assured that the King wished him to do so. He made no other conditions, 'only reserving to himself

* In another part of the same letter Canning professes himself as consoled by 'the extreme baseness and imbecility of the Dr. and his Compeers,' which looks as if the cordiality of his reconciliation with Addington had declined.

the power of declining the undertaking altogether, if he could not form such a government as would enable him in his judgment to conduct the affairs of the nation with a fair probability of success.' But the same Cabinet could not possibly include Addington's party and the Grenvilles, who were among the most able of Pitt's supporters, and the negotiations were broken off.

The negotiations for peace with France were also proving of no avail. Deceived by our readiness to grant all that was contained in the Preliminary Articles, Napoleon increased his demands. England, on the other hand, thought that enough, if not too much, had been conceded, and would yield no further. The final rupture came when we refused to give up Malta to the Knights of St. John. On May 18th, 1803, war was declared in the King's name.

Pitt resumed his parliamentary attendance, and a change of some kind seemed imminent. On June 3rd, Colonel Patten moved for a Vote of Censure on 'the remissness and want of vigilance of the Ministry previous to the Declaration of War.' The course of action which Pitt had marked out for himself forbade him to join in the censure; on the other hand, he could not openly support the Ministers against his own party. He therefore moved that the question should be put by, and that the House should proceed to the Orders of the Day. Only fifty-six followed him into the lobby, and Canning was not among them. The King and the Government were rejoiced at this signal defeat. Canning's opinion is given in a letter to Frere, dated Whitehall, June 9th, 1803:—

'Our great Project for the Session has failed. A. is not out. Nor P. likely to be in. But the next best object is fully attained. P. is completely, avowedly, unmistakably, and irrevocably separated from A., and if not in direct hostility to him, restrained from being so only by consideration for the K. This consideration prevented him from speaking out on Friday night what he thought of the conduct of the Ministers in the late discussion with F(rance). He took a middle line, which, as middle lines generally do, and generally ought to do, led to discomfiture and disgrace. He divided but 56. We, his friends, who had already declared against A., could not in honour or consistency follow him in this division—(one or two did, but in mass we could not)—we had afterwards a division of our own, when Pitt was gone out of the House.'

Then follow the names of the thirty-four who supported Colonel Patten's motion, divided by Canning into 'Grenvilles and Windhams,' 'Us or Pitt's Friends,' and 'Lord Fitzwilliam's.'

'All

'All P.'s moderate friends went away. Fox and most of his immediate followers did the same. Those of old Opposition who did stay, voted with Government. Bootle shirked, and Boringdon* voted with Government in the House of Lords after joining for the last two months, as heartily as heart could desire, in the cry against the Dr. No matter. I am glad he has been brought to the test. Others (upon the whole) stood it well. And we could muster a few more than are here recorded.'

After several vain attempts to induce Pitt 'to take some more decisive line of his own,' Canning left town for Welbeck, where Mrs. Canning was then staying on a visit to her sister, the Duchess of Portland, firmly resolved—so he declared—not to set foot again in the House of Commons until the next Session. But

'when I had been about three weeks at Welbeck, I was surprised by the sight of a Division in the House of Commons on an amendment of P.'s to a Tax Bill. I thought it right to hurry up to Town with all possible speed, in hopes of being in his next Minority. But while I was upon the road he had divided once more with a select 24—and after I reached Town there was no further opportunity. I was glad, however, that I came. And so, I thought, was he. The difference of my Vote from his on the Motion for Censure, had been made the grounds of reports of Quarrel and final Separation; which the appearing at his side for a week together in the House, ready to follow him, if he had found occasion to try his strength (or rather expose his weakness) a third time, completely did away. I was glad, too, to have an opportunity of seeing the progress which had been made, in the course of his parliamentary attendance, in contempt, dislike, and thorough ungovernable indignation against the Dr. and his whole System. It was no small satisfaction to me, whom he, and his neutral friends, the Camdens, Villiers (Longs perhaps), &c., had been accusing of passion and acrimony, to find that P. was in a temper to which mine was mildness, whenever he was personally opposed to A., and that he had in the judgment of impartial people—and still more (as you may suppose), according to the cry of the Ministerialists—infused into the debates a degree of contemptuous asperity not likely (one should imagine) to be generated upon the modifications of a Tax Bill.'

Canning was disposed to think that Pitt's conduct at this time was doing him no good in the public opinion.

'Whether the refinement of refusing to condemn them for the great mass of guilt which (in his opinion as well as in mine, and that of those who composed our minority) Ministers had been accumulating ever since the Peace of Amiens, and then dividing

* Canning's friend, Lord Boringdon, afterwards Lord Mosley.

against them upon petty amendments in Revenue Clauses, be likely to have the effect which he no doubt intends it should, . . . or that the plain, unrefining, downright, fatheaded Public will see nothing in the distinctions which he has taken but bad generalship, clumsy opposition, good opportunities romantically lost, and ill ones vexatiously sought for to repair them—this I do not pretend to determine. I have my own opinion; but it is right to confess that it is not the prevailing opinion even among our own friends. Leveson, on whose judgment I am generally inclined to place much reliance, and who has certainly been better able to judge from having been on the spot the whole time (while I have been absent, with the exception of about a week, for the last three months of the Session), conceives that P. has done himself good and the Government much harm in the House of Commons. . . . I see no reason now why A.'s administration should not hobble on and outlast the Country. And this is the more provoking, as I do really think that there are means and hopes of raising the Country to a pitch of glory and power, such as it has never attained before, if the administration were in able hands. Nay, I am not sure that the tendency to rise is not so strong, that it *will* rise in spite even of the overlaying suppressive stupidity of the present people. And then they will have the credit of what they could not help, and a long lease to ruin us at their leisure.'

In this letter to Frere, Canning enclosed a pamphlet which had lately appeared. No names are mentioned, and the pamphlet itself is not forthcoming, but it is clear that it must have been the celebrated 'Cursory Remarks upon the State of Parties by a Near Observer,' which professed to give an account of the recent negotiations between Pitt and Addington. It accused Pitt of deceit in pledging himself to support Addington's Government without having the least intention of fulfilling the pledge, and of making no effort to restrain his own party. Canning was singled out for special blame.

'Mr. Pitt unequivocally approved the peace. Mr. Windham, the Grenvilles and their adherents, as decidedly affected to lament and condemn it; while the personal friends of Mr. Pitt and the members most attached and devoted to him by the habits of private life, took the liberty of disclaiming him for their leader and indulged in every species of rancour, malice, and hostility against the person who had the *presumption* to fill his vacant place in the Cabinet. Of this party, Mr. Canning, if not the founder, had the reputation of being the leader.'

The Near Observer then made merry over Canning's displeasure at Pitt's refusal to join in the vote of censure.

'I know indeed that to Mr. Canning Mr. Pitt has not appeared to have acted with sufficient energy and character in this memorable vote. . . .

vote. . . . Mr. Canning's indignation has carried him so far that he has scarcely since made his appearance in the House; but I hope he will forgive the *weakness* of his right honourable friend and return.'

He taunted Canning with being 'a mere partisan and stickler for the house of Grenville,' and asked him—

'Whether he had been juster to himself and to his own just pretensions and character than we have seen him to the sensibility of his friend and patron, when he condescended to become a hero of squibs and epigrams, a leader of doggrel and lampoon, a power in the war of abuse and invective, an instrument of Mr. Windham, and an auxiliary of Cobbett?'

The writer of the pamphlet was unknown. Canning believed him to be a member of the House of Commons, 'from many minutiae which would have escaped a person out of doors.' Copies of it were sent to several persons by Mr. Vansittart, Secretary of the Treasury, which naturally led Pitt's friends to think that Addington was responsible for it. Canning made an attempt to find out something from the publisher, but without success. 'Hatchard is sworn to secrecy, and will not tell me. He behaved very well about it, for he brought me the proofs of the part relating to myself, offering to refuse to publish it if I objected; but I saw nothing to object to.'

With the pamphlet Canning enclosed a copy of a letter from Pitt to Addington, which has also disappeared.

'P., at the time that he gave it to me, absolutely forbade its being communicated—except to two or three Persons then in London. But the transaction is now so long past that it is a matter of history, and the representation so impudently given of it in the Pamphlet makes it necessary that the statement should accompany it. This letter from P. to A. was the conclusion of the Negotiation. A., I believe, did reply to it, but his reply was mere *bother* and lame exculpation and profession; except indeed that he insinuates, or rather asserts pretty roundly, that P. first intimated to him, A., his desire to be brought into office, and that he, A., thought he was coming up exactly to his wishes, in proposing to bring him in as he did, *with* the present Government and in aid of it. This, P. says, is a lie. For the rest, you will find the Pamphlet entertaining enough, and may rely upon it as their party creed. I think it might be well answered, and have had some thoughts of answering it myself, but I shall probably be too lazy, and I shall at all events wait to see what turn P.'s mind takes towards the Meeting of Parliament in November before I make up my mind whether to give myself any more trouble about party politicks in or out of Parliament.'

The 'Cursory Remarks' were so widely read and discussed that some answer had to be made; but Pitt had suffered too much

much from the enmity caused on all sides by Canning's *jeux d'esprit* to entrust him with such a delicate task, and Canning was again a disappointed man. When he next writes to Frere, 'the Doctor's pamphlet' has become

'the most atrocious instance of private ingratitude and personal injustice that ever was published. . . . I should have been very glad to be asked to undertake the answer. Unasked I would not meddle with it. Proffered services are too cheap to be prized. And I am now pretty well used to the difference between open and tacit encouragement, and know what it is to act upon one's own conviction that what one is doing is agreeable to those for whose sake it is done, at the risque of being disavowed in the face of the world for an irregular and ungoverned zeal, if the result should be unsatisfactory or the policy of the hour changed. Had P. expressed a wish, and *promised to abide* by my answer, I should have been ready to do my best, and I could have done it better than I ever did anything—I am sure I could. But I hope it was not owing to a sneaking disposition to separate *his* case from that of his friends; I hope it was not from that motive that he preferred putting it into other hands. But in other hands I am afraid it is,—*whose* I know not. I know only that the opportunity of publishing it to advantage is lost by having deferred it till after the meeting of Parliament, till the minds of people are full of other matters, and the attack itself forgotten, though the mischief done by it is not likely to be so soon effaced.'

The person whom Pitt invited to answer the Near Observer was Mr. Courtenay, son of the late Bishop of Exeter, who had published an essay on finance which met with general approval. His pamphlet was written from Long's notes under Pitt's superintendence, and is entitled 'A Plain Answer to the Misrepresentations and Calumnies contained in the Cursory Remarks of a Near Observer; by a More Acute Observer.' It is well and clearly written, with a dignity and self-restraint which contrast favourably with the violent invective of the Near Observer; but the impression left on the reader's mind, whether from accident or design, is that Pitt was separating his case from that of Canning.

'When the Near Observer thinks (most mistakenly) that it would have been so easy for Mr. Pitt to have controuled and guided the parliamentary conduct of *Mr. Canning*, it will not be thought unreasonable in me to suppose that Mr. Addington may have some influence over the conduct of the *Secretaries of the Treasury*.'

Further on it is expressly stated that 'Mr. Pitt disapproved highly of Mr. Canning's parliamentary conduct.'

After this, reconciliation between Pitt and Addington was impossible. The state of Pitt's health made him slow to agree
to

to the course which his friends urged upon him. In a conversation with Lord Malmesbury, he described himself as 'assailed in prose and verse' by his 'eager and ardent young friends,' Canning and Leveson. Canning was growing very impatient of Pitt's delay.

'He pauses, and hesitates, and shirks, and shuffles, to avoid going into direct open avowed parliamentary opposition; but it is all in vain. Go he must, like all ex-Ministers before him, a little sooner or a little later; and if he will not let me go before him, I must wait his time.'

There was not much longer for the restless spirit to wait. The King's illness precipitated the crisis. Grenville formed a junction with Fox, and made overtures to Canning. Canning replied on February 20th, 1804, in a letter a copy of which, in his own handwriting, is among the Frere papers. He agreed that a change of Ministry was imperative, but he warned Grenville that he considered himself as 'unpledged as to any connection with any New Government (however otherwise unexceptionable) in which Mr. Pitt should not be included.'

When Addington resigned in April 1804, it was proposed to form 'a comprehensive administration' which should include Fox and Grenville. But the King was determined against admitting Fox, and Grenville would not take office without his new ally. Pitt was bitterly indignant at Grenville's refusal to support him. 'I will teach that proud man I can do without him,' he exclaimed, 'if it costs me my life.'

Canning at first declined to take part in the new administration, giving as his reasons that he was not yet ripe for office, and that Pitt might be accused of partiality in choosing him. Perhaps he was beginning to see how much harm he had done to his patron's cause in the last three years. In the end he consented to become Treasurer of the Navy. Unfortunately for us, Frere left Madrid in the summer of 1804, and we have only a few triumphant lines sent by Canning to meet him on the road towards home:—

'How P. at length came forward in Parliament—how the Government was obliged to turn itself out—how the scheme of a large comprehensive Administration had nearly succeeded, and by what means it failed—how I did all I could for it—and how I would fain have been left out of that which was formed instead of it—but how, in spite of myself, I am Treasurer of the Navy, are matters for many a long conversation.'

Having plenty of work, and having Frere within reach, Canning now wrote fewer and briefer letters, with slight references

ences to public events. Pitt's last years of office were troubled by quarrels amongst his followers. Mr. Addington, under the new title of Lord Sidmouth, became President of the Council, to the great disgust of Canning, who promptly tendered his resignation, but was induced to withdraw it. Lord Hardwicke and Mr. Foster had a violent dispute. Canning's account of it is not very clear, but he describes Pitt as trying to reconcile them 'in his usual balancing way.'

Lord Sidmouth soon found his position unbearable, and retired, as was announced to Frere in the following lines scribbled on a small sheet of note-paper:—

'Sat., July 6, 1805.

'The Doctor is out again.

'So things may come about again.'

There could be no sympathy between the brilliant genius and the good dull man whom George III. styled 'his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.'

But a change was approaching, beside which all other changes sank into nothing. Pitt's health had long been failing, and he died on January 23rd, 1806. There are no letters from Canning to Frere until the September of that year; it is easy to imagine that what he felt could not be set down on paper.

In 1812, when speaking at Liverpool, Canning said:—

'To one man while he lived I was devoted with all my heart and all my soul. Since the death of Mr. Pitt, I acknowledge no leader; my political allegiance lies buried in his grave.'

From the time of Pitt's death, he was indeed 'a masterless man.' He stood alone, and had to face the consequences of his past misdeeds. An accidental meeting with Lord Sidmouth brought about a reconciliation, but there were others who had felt his stings, and who were ever ready to avenge themselves.

He had his private sorrows, also. 'Little George,' who had developed an incurable lameness in his childhood, became a hopeless invalid, and died in March 1820, to his father's inexpressible grief. 'On all sides were half-estranged friends and half-reconciled enemies.' Frere, to whom he always turned for sympathy, had settled in Malta, only visiting his friends in England occasionally. Old hopes were gone, old visions faded, and Canning was fast breaking down beneath the load of toil and anxiety. The two longest letters in the Frere collection, written in 1823 and 1825, show how times had changed with him.

After Lord Londonderry's suicide Canning returned to the Foreign

Foreign Office, and had been greatly occupied by the troubles in the Peninsula. The Revolution, which began in Spain in 1820, spread to Portugal. John VI. of Portugal was ready to grant a new Constitution. Both he and his chief adviser, the Marquis Palmella, felt that the old despotism was dead. But he was goaded on the one side by the revolutionaries, who demanded 'the Constitution of 1812,' and on the other by the Absolutists, headed by his own wife and son, who would hear of no changes. In 1823 Louis XVIII. sent the Duc d'Angoulême into the Peninsula with a French army to crush the rebels. Canning would fain have sent an English army to expel the invaders, but he saw that the risk would be too great. He therefore acknowledged the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and, to use his own words, 'called the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old.'

The first of the two letters, dated August 7th, 1823, opens with something of the old spirit. Canning has treated Frere 'scandalously,' but he will atone for it by stopping the Malta mail until his letter is finished, which 'may, from the inconvenience which it will occasion to the general correspondence of the island, be accepted by you as an atonement.'

'First, let me thank you for all your communications, verse as well as prose. I do not laugh at your solution of prophecies. I do verily feel sometimes as if the "ends of the world were come upon us." It is clear that the present state of things cannot last. It is one of heaving and struggling between conflicting principles. Which will get the better, Heaven knows; but that the struggle cannot be eternal is plain. *Apropos* to this topic (singularly *apropos*), here comes Mr. Owen of Lanark for a second audience (one of two hours I have already given him, to my infinite cost and suffering); his purpose being to show that nothing but the establishment of his parallelograms can cure the evils of the world, and especially of Ireland. I won't see him—I won't. I am writing to Mr. Frere by the Malta Mail, and Mr. Owen may set off for Lanark if he will; but see him now I will not. So to proceed.

'Coming down to mere earthly things, I was delighted to find your notions of what was the best line in politicks tally with my own. I do not deny that I had an itch for war with France, and that a little provocation might have scratched it into an eruption. But fortunately the better reason prevailed; and I look back on the decision with entire and perfect self-congratulation. Never was the Country so completely satisfied with the course taken by the Government—or, I might say, so grateful for it. For they saw and felt—in their own hearts and judged by their own feelings—that there was a great temptation the other way. . . .

'The truth is that the French Government never seriously resolved
upon

upon the war, and upon the plan and object of it, but suffered themselves to be driven on from position to position (*political position* I here intend) by the Ultrageous party of their followers, their pokers and goaders, and have been lured on from one military position to another in Spain, by the unexpected facilities of their advance, till they are now at the extremity of the Peninsula with all the fortresses un-reduced behind them. A failure before Cadiz would rouse the population against them, and make their retreat as murderous as their advance has been bloodless. The capture of Cadiz would involve them in difficulties of another sort—the Allies, with Russia at their head, being all for the *Re Absoluto*, and the French being pledged to something liberal and representative, and the Spaniards agreeing upon nothing but to hate and persecute each other. We are out of all this, and have no disposition to get into it. Neither Spain nor France care much for our interference unless we would interfere as partizans; but the Allies lament themselves heavily at our separation from them, and cannot, for their lives, imagine how it has happened that in disclaiming their principles we should have said what we really mean, and should thereafter continue pertinaciously to act as we have said. A little prudery, a little dust for the eyes of the House of Commons, they could understand, and were prepared for it; but this real *bond fide* disapprobation astounds them, and the sturdy adherence to it, when nobody is by, when we might just lift the mask, and show our real countenance to them without the world's seeing it,—this is really carrying the jest too far, and they can tell us plainly that they wish we would have done and “cease our funning.” The history of this I could tell them in two words—or rather, in the substitution of one word for another—for “Alliance” read “England,” and you have the clue of my policy.

‘The most perplexing part of the affairs of Spain is the influence that the good or ill turn of them (be good or ill which it may) is likely to have upon those of Portugal. Palmella is there in a most critical situation. If the French are baffled in Spain, a new Jacobin Revolution may break out in Portugal. If they succeed, that evil may be avoided; but another of an opposite sort may spring up, in an Ultrageous fashion, fatal to all modification, and trundling Palmella and his moderate Reforms out of doors. The best thing for all the world would be a compromise in Spain; but that is the one thing not to be had. Long years of havoc must precede it.

‘Connected with the questions of Spain and Portugal are those of their respective Americas, which are severed, beyond all doubt, from their respective Mother Countries for ever. What a world does this consideration open!

‘Yet with Europe and America thus pressing upon my attention, and Africa too,—for we have Slave Trade matters in abundance (and Malta too was in Africa till Van * moved it by Act of Parliament),—shall I own to you, I often turn with longing eyes to the Quarter

* Possibly Vansittart(?).

of the World which I have abandoned, and wish myself governing some eighty or a hundred millions in the shades of Barrackpore. Nothing but the Event of this time twelvemonth* could have changed my destination; and whatever might be the dictate of public duty (and I believe I estimated that aright) I am far from sure that public duty alone would have induced me to acquiesce in the change.

But poor Joan could never abide the thought of India, nor Harriet either. They had made up their minds to go with me; but when the opportunity so unexpectedly arose of my staying here with them, and in a situation and under circumstances, to all outward appearance, so full of all that just ambition required, why, it was impossible to resist; and most reluctantly I gave up the solid for the shining—ease, wealth, and a second public life in the House of Peers, for toil, inconvenience, and total retreat after a few, a very few, years of splendid trouble.

The sacrifice was enormous; but it is made. You can have no conception of the labour which I undergo. The two functions of Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons are too much for any man, and ought not to be united; though I of course would rather die under them than separate them, or consent to have separation in my person.

I have no reason to be personally dissatisfied with the Session. . . . My business has been rather to defeat prophecies, and to disappoint calculations of evil, than to seek occasion for what I do not want, additional *κῶδος* in debate. I have been very forbearing in combat, using the scalping-knife never above once or twice, and almost disusing keener and brighter weapons till I am in danger of being thought exceedingly dull. This, because it was prophesied that I should "lay about" me. And as to the conduct of business, I have studiously and anxiously put Peel and Robinson as forward as possible, never taking their concerns out of their hands, and only supporting them *en seconde ligne* where necessary. This, because it was foretold that I should engross and forestall everything. In short, I doubt whether Mr. Pelham himself, in the days of Whig stagnation, would have been a quieter Minister.

But oh that we had such days and nights of Gods—such *superum labor*—as Mr. Pelham's was! The exhaustion of strength is really terrible. What do you think of ten hours per day as the average of our sitting for four days in the week, and for seven weeks—from Whitsuntide to the end of the Session? The average from Easter to Whitsuntide was only nine; that of the Session before Easter, only six. But the latter two-thirds were overwhelming; and not the less so from the utter uninterestingness of greater part of the discussions. Ten hours of the four-and-twenty in the House of Commons (for I am always there) leave you exactly fourteen for the necessary occupations of food and rest and for the whole business of my Office, not to mention the details of all other business that is to come before

* Lord Londonderry's suicide.

Parliament. Society, you may suppose, is out of the question; exercise and air wholly so. . . . I do not think I have many years' work in me, and when I retire, my retirement will be like Bertram's "tropick night," sudden and total. A new reign, a new Parliament, and some other Epoch, I could anticipate as likely to produce this result. I sometimes feel as if I might say to "afford this opportunity"; for although the world supposes that I have arrived exactly where I wished to be, I am arrived ten years too late for enjoyment and perhaps for advantage to the Country. However, and when it may, my political life shall end with my present situation. I will not engage again in contentious politicks, nor will I live in the world, after I have taken leave of politicks altogether. How little does the world believe how little I *personally* care about the time when all this may happen.'

The second letter was not written till January 8th, 1825, and opens, like the other, with an apology:—

'My occupations are overwhelming. The same Office in 1808-9 was nothing in point of work compared with what it is now—and the House of Commons was nothing, when taken (as I then took it) arbitrarily and occasionally, compared with the eternal Sitting to which I am now doomed, whether there be anything worth sitting for or no. . . . I came hither [Bath] to be out of the way, and to lead a quiet life for a week or ten days, with Liverpool. . . . I have two youngers of secretaries, whom I work very hard all the morning, till about half-past one, when Liverpool presents himself at the door on a grey mare, and with a pair of huge jack-boots, of the size and consistency of fire-buckets (only not lettered). I mount a grey horse, to join him on his ride (with one or other of my aide-de-camps), and with boots not quite so large and stiff as his, but in revenge, with a pair of large gouty woollen shoes over them. In this fashion we parade through the Town to one of the outlets towards the downs; gallop for an hour and a half, and then return to finish our respective Posts and dress for dinner. We dine regularly at Liverpool's. In the evening I send my youngers to the play or ball—and I go and drink tea with my mother—and then about half-past ten home to bed. . . .

'But where are Joan and Harriet all this time? you will say. Why am I at Bath without them to nurse me? Why, they are at Paris, on a visit to the Granvilles, and most fortunately they had set out for Paris before my attack of gout came on. Otherwise I should not have got them away; for which I should have been very sorry. . . . Their reception has been attentive and flattering beyond measure by King, Court, Ministers, Ultras, and Liberaux, for there is certainly this peculiarity about me, that while Kings and Courts, &c., are civil as to a Minister, the Liberals are still more forward on account of what Prince Metternich considers as my Revolutionary principles.'

'This is not however true of *all* Kings and Courts. I am afraid that

that there is one who, if he knew *how*, would send me to any Court or Kingdom so that he could get me out of his own. And yet, I take my oath, I serve him honestly, and have saved him, in spite of himself, from a world of embarrassments in which a much longer entanglement with Prince Metternich and his Congresses would have involved him. It is not generally known, but the truth I really take to be, that my fall was determined upon not many weeks ago. The South American Question was the step that was to trip me up; and there were those deep in the secret Cabals of * who warned their friends that the Ides of December would see a change. The Ides of December, however, came, and they are gone; and here am I still, with the South American Question carried,—*non sine pulvere*, but carried. As you, no doubt, receive the English newspapers, I need only say that what you read in them upon this subject is nearly correct. I did, while I lay in bed at the Foreign Office, with the Gout gnawing my great toe, draw the Instructions for our agents in Mexico and Columbia which are to raise those States into the rank of Nations. I did, the day after I rose from my bed, communicate to the Foreign Ministers here (and first in order, as becometh, to those of the Holy Alliance) the purport of those Instructions. The thing is done. They may turn me out if they will and if they can—

“Non tamen irritum
Diffinget infectumque reddet”—

an act which will make a change in the face of the world, almost as great as that of the discovery of the Continent now set free. The Allies will fret; but they will venture no serious remonstrance. France will fidget; but it will be with a view of hastening after our example. The Yankees will shout in triumph; but it is they who lose most by our decision.

‘The great danger of the time—a danger which the policy of the European System would have fostered—was a division of the world into European and American, Republican and Monarchical; a league of worn-out Governments on the one hand, and youthful and stirring Nations, with the United States at their head, on the other. We slip in between, and plant ourselves in Mexico. The United States have gotten the start of us in vain; and we link once more America to Europe. Six months more—and the mischief would have been done.

‘Had they turned me out upon this question (and I *would* have gone out if I had not carried it), it would have been only to bring me in again with all the commerce and manufactures of England at my heels. They therefore (whoever may be comprised in that *they*) thought better of it; but no doubt they will be on the watch to revenge themselves, when they may; and I must walk with caution and good heed, knowing that there are mines and trapfalls all around me. Liverpool and I have agreed throughout, and he has acted with me most firmly and strenuously. Could they have separated him from me, I think they would have ventured the trial. . . .

* Name illegible.

‘I think

'I think I have pretty nearly exhausted all that I had to tell you of myself. Of public concerns, Ireland only gives us any uneasiness. And that not so much from apprehending any immediate danger of an explosion there (for there is *none*, I verily believe), as from the apparent and utter hopelessness of ever bringing that unhappy Country to a settlement.

'It never was in such a state of prosperity—never. Land pays its rent; Commerce increases rapidly; Manufactures are planted in parts of the kingdom where never before Capital ventured to trust itself; Justice is administered with a more even hand than ever before, and is acknowledged by the people to be so; and even the sore Evil of tythes has, by an Act of last year (one of the wisest ever passed by a legislature), been in all instances lessened, and in many entirely removed.

'But in the midst of all these blessings (for such they are) the demon of religious discord rages with a fury hitherto unknown. The Catholick Demagogues fear that the equitableness of Lord Wellesley's administration should put Catholick Emancipation out of sight; and the old Protestant faction take advantage of the indiscretions and violences of the demagogues, to spread an alarm of rebellion; to decry Lord Wellesley's system of leniency and impartiality, and to call for the return of the "iron times." Such is the real history of the factions which now agitate Ireland. But I hope, and I believe, the storm will pass away without bursting. As to any practical good to be done in respect to the Catholicks, they have made that hopeless for years to come. This Country is once more united as one man against them.

'The new feature in the case of Ireland at present is the interest which Foreign Powers take in it. France, and more especially the Jesuit and propagandist party in France, certainly have their eyes fixed upon the struggle; and if the Foreign Ministers thought (as they most undoubtedly did), and wrote to their Courts in 1818 and 1821, that England was about to be swallowed up by a Revolution, it is not wonderful that they should now be inspiring fears (or in some instances, perhaps, hopes) of the like Catastrophe in Ireland.

'But they will be disappointed. A few unpleasant nights in Parliament we shall have; but six months hence Mr. O'Connell and the Catholick Association will be with Spa-fields and Manchester; and the Protestant fanaticks and polemicks will, I hope, have shrunk back into their shell.'

It was almost the last letter which he wrote to the friend of his boyhood. Pitt's heir, like Pitt himself, was struck down in the midst of his work. To him, as to Holbein's labourer in the field, the summons came to lie down beside the uncompleted furrow:—

"'It's a long field,'" says Death, "but we'll get to the end of it to-day—you and I."

ART.

ART. VI.—*The Annals of Banff*. Compiled by William Cramond, M.A., LL.D. Printed for the New Spalding Club. Aberdeen, 1893.

EXTREMES illustrate and resemble one another; and to arrive at the North Sea, we will first launch upon the English Channel.

Sixty years ago a voyager from London to the West of England, to avoid the tedious and fatiguing way throughout by road, would go by coach to Portsmouth, and by steamboat to Torquay and further down the coast. The scene on entering Dartmouth Harbour, always beautiful, was in those days, when building was restricted, one to be remembered for a lifetime. The surrounding lower hills, clothed to the water's edge with hanging woods reflected in the calm and gently undulating sea; the richly verdant, dominating heights; the scattered, half-embowered houses, forts, and churches, quaint and old; the brilliant atmosphere of a fine summer's Sunday morning, with the sound of many service bells; the plentiful display of coloured flags; and half the population strolling through the woods to church, all gaily dressed, as was the custom before our people sank into their present sumptuary gloom, composed a scene or picture that could scarcely be rivalled of its kind.

Then, Dartmouth was a small and semi-mediæval town, of some four thousand people; its main thoroughfares, in places almost precipitous, were so narrow that one coach would wholly stop the way. The trade was chiefly with Newfoundland and Labrador, and news from London came almost as foreign news. The place was very individual and self-contained. Civilization, it was said, stopped at the Dart; and Dartmouth was beyond the river. Communication by land was difficult; but though off the leading turnpike road, midway between the practically distant towns of Exeter and Plymouth, Dartmouth is on the border of a hilly undulating country, called 'the South Hams,' in parts of which, some sixty years ago, wheeled vehicles were scarcely seen, and sledges were still used; and it became the metropolis of this most secluded part of Devonshire, with its own well-defined and residential aristocracy.

Apart from the beauty of its site, this little Devonshire town may, in size, character, and history, be compared with Banff; a seaport also, and a county town, but on the northern coast of Britain. Each is placed on the hill-slope and shore, and where a Dart or a Deveron cuts through a range of high land to the sea. As was the case at Dartmouth, the commercial way to Banff was formerly by water. Roads there
were

were none before the time of General Wade, but brigantines and smacks plied regularly along the coast to Aberdeen and Leith. A century ago the course from Deptford took a week, or possibly a fortnight; and congratulations were abundant when the French were scarce. The ship 'Friendship,' Captain William Milne, a descendant of 'King' Milne, who carried Charles II. ashore at Speymouth, made the voyage each way once a month; and on arrival at Banff harbour there were suitable festivities, still happily on record, at the inn.

But now the general approach is by the railway; and from the station on Doune hill the view of Banff is very striking. Not a combination, as at Dartmouth, of commingled woods and buildings; but in the foreground Deveron, with its graceful bridge, in architectual grouping with the Duke of Fife's park gates and lodges; then to the left the park itself, surrounding the 'noble-looking structure' built by Adams for the Earl of Fife a century and a half ago, and woodlands reaching to the bridge of Alvah amid scenery not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom for romantic beauty. Half a mile away the town covers the hill-side, at the eastern end of a long down, of which the summit is called Gallow-hill; and to the right is the North Sea, blue as the Mediterranean. Each of these features, river, park, and town, and sea, is sharply defined; and the effect on a bright early morning in the month of August, with a climate never to be matched in Southern Scotland, is at once remarkable and attractive.

Banff is not a changeful or expanding town; its population of about four thousand people does not greatly rise or fall in number. Midway between Aberdeen and Elgin, but, like Dartmouth, off the nearer road, it also had its local aristocracy. It was a place of social eminence, a real county capital, and separate from the greater world. A century ago a new arrival from the South of England described it as 'a large place, with a great number of ships in the port; dear for provisions, as so many people of small fortunes come to reside there. Hundreds of smart people are out walking on a Sunday, and all well dressed and well behaved.' Compact and regularly built, with spacious streets, but no outstretching suburbs, Banff was entirely different in style and character from agricultural towns. Its old houses had a rude and simple stateliness; and county people of gentility would migrate from the country to their little capital, and spend the larger portion of the year in Banff. The main streets, High, and Low, High Shore, and Low Shore, range in succession one below the other down the eastern brae. North

are

are the harbour and the suburb of Seatown; and a few transverse streets and paths up the steep hill complete the plan.

This short description, and the general comparison with Dartmouth, may suffice to introduce our subject to those readers who have not invaded Scotland further than the Grampians and the Dee; and we can now proceed to search in Dr. Cramond's admirable volumes for such records of the history and burghal life of Banff as may reveal the social and material progress during four centuries of this secluded yet important little town.

'Situated in the neighbourhood of fertile fields, at the mouth of a productive river, and with a bar erected by the friendly co-operation of river and sea, and thus forming a harbour of refuge well suited to the wants of early navigation, the burgh could scarcely fail in very early times to attract settlers, and must have been one of the first places in the north to be endowed with burghal rights and privileges. It was, we know, one of the northern *Hanse*; and for centuries it has been one of the line of northern burghs that stretches from Aberdeen to Inverness, at singularly regular distances; forming an outpost of defence against foes, and a centre of civilization to a wide district around.'

The existing records of the burgh begin in the twelfth century. King David was at Banff in 1124; and in 1189 the Bishop of Moray gave a garden there; so that the place was duly recognised by Church and State. In 1264 Banff had a sheriff, and in 1290 a castle, marking a distinct advance in civilization, which in 1296 was emphasized by the arrival there of Edward I. of England, with some portion of his thirty thousand military men; and the visit was repeated in 1298. The existing walls of the ruined castle appear to be the remains of the last stronghold of the English north of the Grampians. King Robert, in 1372, granted to Banff a charter, which is still in good preservation. For 50 merks, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, annually, the inhabitants secured all the burgh, with the provostship lands, the cruives and fishings on Deveron, mills, petty customs, pastures, &c. Originally each burgher was a Crown vassal, paying for his tenement a fixed yearly rent, which was collected by officers of the Crown. But about the beginning of the fourteenth century the burgesses took from the chamberlain short leases, out of which grew feu farm, with absolute right.

The mediæval trade of Banff was chiefly with the Low Countries. In 1424, wool, hides, and salmon were the exports; the trade in salmon being about a seventh of that from the whole of Scotland. In 1483, however, Banff and Elgin each paid only 3*l.* annually in taxes. Probably coined cash was scarce in

Banffshire

Banffshire in those days, and bartering was not unusual. In 1551, the Commissioners of the town let certain fishings, that the church and tolbooth might be restored by the tenant, and the church bells rehung; and in 1555, in consideration of a piece of common land, the burgh secured the permanent services of a cook and baker; testifying to a proper public taste for hospitable entertainment. Still more recently there was considerable trade with Norway; and, as national finance developed, smuggling was said to bring much wealth and business to the burgh.

As its little harbour was the chief cause of the prosperity and even of the existence of Banff, it claims precedence in our history. The earliest known reference to the hythe of Banff is in an indenture dated 4th of March, 1471. The original harbour, the estuary of the Deveron, was so frequently choked by the bar or shingle bank, which formed its protection from the sea, that the inconvenience was felt by a large area of the north of Scotland. It was consequently proposed to construct a harbour or hythe outside the bar; and, to encourage the burgh of Banff, the Convention of Royal Burghs granted, in 1615, one hundred pounds towards the harbour works. But in 1642, after a failure of voluntary contributions, the council of Banff agreed to an imposition upon all the burgesses and inhabitants of the burgh, according to the ability of each to pay, for the construction of the harbour. Yet in 1683 the water was only from four to ten feet deep; and consequently 'on at least furth of every familie' was required to 'help haul in the ships belonging to the place, and also strangers.'

Such was their national importance that, in 1697, Parliament called upon all the churches in Scotland for voluntary contributions to the harbour works; and eighteen months later the Convention of Burghs again gave help; the Burgh having represented that sixteen of their vessels had been wrecked, or taken by the French, during King William's wars. In 1701, the Scottish Parliament allowed a further contribution from the churches; and in 1726, the work was found to be so urgently required that Commissioners were appointed by the Convention of Burghs to visit Banff and survey the harbour. They found that 'as the trade of Banff is increasing, and all the merchants have a very enterprising genius for trade,' 1100*l.* should be spent at Guthrie haven, as the harbour was then called. Ten years later, however, the Town Council had to call on each family by turns to furnish a man for one day to clean out the harbour; and this went on for more than thirty years.

At length the magistrates, assisted by the Convention of Burghs,

Burghs, determined to make a new harbour to the north-west of the old harbour, at a cost of 4,000*l*. The Town Council, being of opinion that 'Mr. Smeaton, engineer, is at present esteemed the ablest man in Brittain for things of that kind,' resolve that, being at Aberdeen, he be asked to come to Banff. The result of this was that the foundation of a new harbour, according to Mr. Smeaton's plan, was laid, April 11, 1770. The engineer's charge for surveying the harbour and travelling expenses was but 24*l*. sterling. Yet, as we have learnt, Mr. Smeaton was at the head of his profession; his practice extending from Banff harbour to the tower on the Eddystone: from Moray Frith to the English Channel.

About half a century later great enlargement was required; and Telford, in 1818, prepared a plan to cost 14,000*l*. Though damaged by a storm to the loss of 5,000*l*., this work was completed in 1828. In 1846, the Tidal Harbours Commission recommended various improvements; and by 1851 the harbour assumed its present appearance. But now it is very greatly superseded by the railways.

Turning from the ways of commerce to the institutions of religion, it appears that at a very early period the Carmelites had a house at Banff, and that other religious communities also had property there. By a charter granted by the Bishop of Aberdeen about the end of the twelfth century, the monks of Arbroath nominated the chaplains of the parish church at Banff. The clergy were supported largely by a tithe on the salmon fishings. In fact, these tithes occupy a considerable proportion of the ecclesiastical annals of Banff for some two hundred years. The fishings were open until 1470, when they were let, at first to burgesses; but in 1539, Sir Walter Ogilvie of Dunlugas, who figured prominently in the civil and ecclesiastical history of the period, and was regarded as a good friend of the church, obtained a lease of the fishings upon the water of Deveron. By a deed of the same date, Sir Walter and his spouse bind themselves that they shall set up 'ane gret window' in the neighbouring church of Alvah, 'weel glassit and brandarit with irone upon the southt syd of the hie altar; and ane other window brandarit with irne, and glassit siclyk, between the chancellor wall and the queir dur, upon the samyn syd; and sall tak down the est gawill of the queir, and big the samyn agane so far as sall be thocht needful, &c.' Sir Walter further binds himself to be the perpetual friend and defender of the Abbot; which probably explains the transaction.

There appears to have been about this time a constant course of alienation of lands and tithes from ecclesiastics to laymen.

laymen. Brother William, for instance, Prior of the Carmelites, considering the wish of his brethren to lead a quieter life, apart from secular cares, and also in consideration of certain sums of money paid to them, granted, in 1544, a feu charter of lands in Dalhauch and Sandiehill in favour of this same Sir Walter Ogilvie of Dunlugas, their benefactor and protector, and Alison Hume, his spouse; and in 1555 the Prior renounced a net in the king's water of Doverne in favour of Sir Walter Ogilvie.

But this commercial alienation did not wholly satisfy a somewhat impatient public opinion. On the 20th July, the house and kirk of the Carmelites were found, 'under sylens of nicht,' and spite of all Dunlugas's protection and defence, to be on fire, 'with manifest spuilzie of the insycht of the kirk and place; and syndrie and divers of our wodin places in the southland have been put to wraik' in the same manner. The predatory sentiment of the neo-Reformation period was becoming lively; and Prior Fulford found it prudent to settle some 'controversie' by 'granting a tack' to George Ogilvie of Castleton, son and heir of Sir Walter of Dunlugas, of 'all and hail our place beside Banff, with yaird and orchard and other townis contentit within the stain wallis,' to endure for eleven years, at the rent of 'sax pundis usuall money of the realm.'

After the murder, in 1546, of Cardinal Beaton, the last Abbot of Arbroath, the emoluments of that Abbey, to which the church of Banff was annexed, were held by several laymen in succession; Patrick Maule, of Panmure, the fifth transferee, having the patronage of thirty-four parish churches.

The sole documents dating anterior to the religious revolution that are now in the possession of the burgh are two charters, one lease, and a precept; besides a small Court Book, 1546-53, in which the commercial and social history of Banff and its municipality may be said to begin. On January 13, 1549, is the first record of a burgess being made; and in the charter-room of Forglen House, near Banff, is a document of September 30, 1557, designated 'Letters by Mary Queen of Scots, with consent of her mother, Queen Dowager and Regent, giving license to the Burgesses of Banff, in respect that their burgh lies upon the sea-coast, where there is easy landing to the English, to remain at home from the army appointed at Fala Muir on 22nd October next.' And here we pass into a new religious atmosphere.

Little is known about the church of Banff at the time of the Reformation. William Lawtie, the first minister after the change, had about 100*l.* stipend. At a visitation by the Presbytery of Fordyce, August 10, 1624, William Sharp, father of the

the future Archbishop, being Sheriff-Clerk, the minister and eldership are 'requyrit to have ane moir speciall care that nayther baitting of lynes nor going for bait be usit on the Saboth.' The minister reports that there are no recusants, 'but some had not communicat this last year.' Anent the 'great abuses of pennie brydells in ailhouses,' the minister and elders agree to take sufficient caution from the parties to be married that 'they sall not exceed six persones, and that they sall not stey above one day and nicht in the aillhaus.' On December 1—'Maister Robert Cheine confessit that Maister Alexander Setoune (the minister) had conferrit with him concerning the articles of religion and faith presentlie professed within the Kirk of Scotland; and after dyvers conferences acknowledged and confessit himself resolvit thairin.' Alexander seems to have been grievously suspected; he had to write his confession, and particularly to 'return more deliberately resolved to subscribe and swear to the same.'

Then in 1625, February 21—'Walter Ogilvie, Laird of Banff, compeirs before a committee of the presbitry in the kirk of Banff, and holds up his hand in token of fidelity to remove the offence with which he was charged.' The church had become the censor, with authority, of religion and morals. At a visitation, August 31—'M^r. Thomas Challoners, presentit to be M^r. of School at Banff, is ordainit to come before the presbitrie of Cullen to abyd tryall of his qualifications and soundness in religion.'

These Annals of Banff are in effect an autobiography of the community there. The records have been so fully and so accurately transcribed by Dr. Cramond, and his work has been so lucidly arranged, that little more than selection and chronological sequence are required to produce an economical and social history of the place. Nothing can exceed the care with which the book has been compiled; few towns or cities in the kingdom have been so abundantly revealed to us in their municipal and ecclesiastical incidents and changes. Would that a hundred parishes and towns in England were as fortunate as Banff has been in its annalist!

On March 25, 1626—At the Burgh Court, 'Thomas Wallace was accused of holding an idle household of folks to the number of six or seven. He is ordained, under the pain of banishment, to put his two sons and his eldest daughter to service or some honest calling for their sustentation out of his own house.' So far Wallace was leniently treated; but when he 'touched the ark' his punishment was condign.

'Having iniurit, minissit, and threitnit the baillies and clerk
(while

(while collecting the contributiounes of the money to the harbarie) with many wyld and abhominable speiches, and seeing what a great and barbarous thing it is to onye Christian, to dissobey and misbehawe himself to his magistrat quha is Godis deput heir on earthe, an assise of twelve persons ordained that "the said Thomas be discharged of his freedom and burghship in all time coming, that his whole goods and gear be removed forth of the house wherein he is, and the keys be delivered to the owner thereof, and that he remove forth of this burgh and be not seen within 24 miles thereof, and that his daughter Mealie, being not of any good and sober christian mind, remain in ward until she find caution for her good life and behaviour."

This was decisive; but on the same day a kindly intimation was with equal firmness given to Violet Fyndlater, who 'is found by an assise to drink more commonly at sundry times than becomes a woman of her rank and quality'—was she related to the Earl of her name, a resident at Banff?—'which they wish her to amend in time coming.' And on November 17, 1627—All the shoemakers of the town are apprehended and imprisoned in the tolbooth for contravening the magistrates' command 'to bring all their work to the market every ordinary market day, and to sell the same at competent prices, and not sell it at mean prices at their houses,' under penalty of forty pounds, and forfeiture of the contravener's freedom.

Not merely trade but manners are under the care of the Court. On January 3, 1628—'Alexander Jack, servitour to James Turnour, was ordered to sit down on his knees and crave mercy of Patrick Cokburne for abusing of his buithe door with horse bones.' April 3—'All idle people in codroche* houses, and in other mens houses were ordered to take themselves to service with proper masters before the first day of June, or to remove themselves forth of the town, under pain of banishment, and further punishment of their bodies at the discretion of the magistrates; whereon Archibald Gregor, procurator fiscal, asked instruments.'

About Michaelmas, 1628, there was great excitement at Banff, not concerning any question of trade, of doctrine, or of manners, but about a mere vulgar murder on the highway, committed by the Laird of Banff himself. The relict of James Ogilvie, of Acheeries, complained before the Sheriffs' Court that Sir George Ogilvie, Provost of Banff,

'having a deadly hatred of James Ogilvie, came, with several others, by way of hamesucken about midnight, to Margaret Ogilvies house,

* Codroche—rustic, dirty, ill-conditioned.

when she and her family were in quiet and sober manner for the time in their beds, taking the nights rest, thinking to have rested in peace and security under God and our protection, and in great rage and fury drew their swords and bended their pistolets and held them to the poor naked armless servants breasts, threatening them with present death if they revealed not where the said umquhile James was, and were resolved to have slain her late husband in his bed if he had been apprehended; and at that time she, the said Margaret, was great with child.'

'On the third of October the said umquhile James being at the Sheriff's Court made due court and reverence to the said Sir George Ogilvie, knight baronet, and provost of Banff, and Sir George Ogilvie of Carnousie. But the said Laird, of precogitate malice, struck the said James on the bare head, to the effusion of his blood in great quantity; and thereafter the said Lairds and their followers, in time of court, drew their swords, and "strake most fearcelie and crewlie" at the said James, who defending himself with his sword escaped onto the kings high causeway. They pursued the said James Ogilvie "alangouslie the calsay of the said burgh be the space of the tua buttis and mair," beset him on every side, being a naked man destitute of all armour and help except only a sword in his hand, gaue him many cruel and deadly strokes upon his head and divers other parts of his body, and especially the said Laird of Banff with his own hand struck the said James behind his back with a sword and through the liver, being "ane dead straike"; and also the said Laird of Carnowsie shot the said umquhile James Ogilvie with a pistol charged with two bullets, the top bone of his thigh being broken.'

Were these murderers immediately tried, and executed? Nothing of the kind. 'There was some assythment made for this slaughter, and the Laird of Banff went peaceably.' But on September 25, 1629, nearly a twelvemonth after the murder, the Laird of Banff, being called before the bretheren,

'compeired with two of the bretheren of the Presbitrie of Turriff, and, being informed of the gravitie of his trespass and scandall he had given, was asked if he would willinglie refer himself to their decret for removing of the said scandall, and purchas of the saints' prayers to God for pardon, answered he desired what was their will, upon notice whereof he should advys. In the mydtime some bretheren privately show him that he would be enjoyned to satisfie in sacclothe upon the penitentiarie seat, which he hearing, cam in in judgment and offered to humble himself on his knees afor the pulpit, and besocht the bretheren to accept thereof. In consideration of his estate the matter is referred to the Assemblie.'

Let us see how those for whose 'estate' there was no benevolent consideration were treated by 'the bretheren' and the courts at Banff. Just at the time of this murder two
women,

women, for slandering the spouse of James Melville, Minister of Alvah, were 'ordainit to compeir in public within the body of the kirk of Banff. It being considered by the Presbytery whether they should mak their repentance going to the stoole or before the pulpit only, most voted that they should go to the stoole.' So that murder by a Laird is more leniently dealt with by 'the bretheren' than is the mere slanderous gossip of two uneducated country girls.

To conclude this characteristic tale; we find that on December 1, 1630, 'Forasmeikle as the Laird of Banff and his complishes have not yit satisfied the kirk for the slaughter of James Ogilvie in Padocklaw, specialie through the continual absence of the said laird in the south, and seeing the scandall is verie greit that no minister can, without grudge of mynd, minister to theis parties the holy communione, the presbitrie ordeines William Ogilvie' (a numerous clan, these Ogilvies) 'and John Brokie, complishes to the said Banf, being resident always in the bounds, to be charged the next meeting. (They compear not.)' February 23, 1631—'Compeired John Brokie (William Ogilvie compears not) refusing to give any obedience unto the tyme that the Laird of Banf, chief actor, suld first satisfie. The presbiterie decerns them both contumacious, and Mrs. William Chalmer (minister of Boyndie) and Alex. Seton to proceid against them be publick admonitione, bot yet to delay a space (because the laird of Banf is comeing home to the bounds) till process be tabled against him, to vindicate the presbiterie from censure of partialitie and respect of persones.' March 23—'Mr. William Chalmer reported that the laird of Banff, efter many shiftes, promised to meet the presbitrie in any privat place, but thought it not fit to compeir in judgment. Ordeins the Moderator to show him the necessitie that lay upon the bretheren (because of grievousness of the scandall agerit be his behaviour since, and *presence at* (!) the slaughter of the Laird of Rothimay) to process him. He is summoned to next dyet.' May 11—'Mr. Alex Seton reported that the Laird of Banff had satisfied as he was enjoyned at the Synod.' All very prudent, not to say grotesque, on the part of 'the bretheren'; but where was the civil power all the while?

About the same time we have further evidence of 'impartiality' in the administration of the law. July 1, 1629—Isobel Mitchel is convicted as 'a lewd licentious liver in theft and whoredom, contrary to the law of God and man.' The judges ordained her to be 'presently stripped naked and scourged out of the freedom of this burgh, and perpetually banished forth thereof; and whensoever she be found within the said burgh hereafter

hereafter she shall be burnt on the cheek with a hot key for the first time, and if she be found thereafter she shall be put to death as a notorious thief without further trial.' And again: October 21, 1631—Katherine Tailleur, and her daughter Janet, committed assaults, and William Tailleur threatened an officer. An Assise discharges William of his freedom, fines him and his spouse 20*l.*, and orders that William, Katherine, and Janet go publicly 'to the pillar of repentence on Sondag in tyme of divyne service, and thair sall resaive ane repruiff in presence of the people for thair bygane *ovirsichtis*, with admonition to refrain fra the lyik in tyme heirafter.' It would seem that 'the pillar of repentence' was soon forgotten. On June 26, 1635, we find that 'Katherine Tailleur, being taken and put in the stocks as an idle, vagabond, and lewd living person, *suspect of theft*, was banished forth of this burgh in all time coming, and if ever she shall happen to be seen at any time hereafter within this burgh she shall be burnt with a hot key on the cheek and scourged out of the town.'

As we have lately seen the seamy side of the Laird of Banff's career and character, we gladly turn to his courageous and devoted loyalty to Charles I. In April 1639, after a conference between the Marquis of Huntly and Montrose, many in Banff felt compelled to sign the Covenant. 'But neither the fear of the army nor nothing else could move the Laird of Banff to come in and subscribe. He stoutly stood out the King's man, for which he paid dear.'

Thus, in the early days of July 1640,

'the Earl of Findlater had orders to seize the Laird of Banff's whole rents; and in August Major Munro with 800 men marched to Forglen, one of the Laird of Banff's houses, and to Muiresk his godson's house (themselves being both fled into England), plugging and plundering the country people belonging to them most cruelly and without any compassion. Then, coming to Banff and encamping on the Dowhaugh, the soldiers fell quickly to cutting and hewing down the pleasant planting and fruitful young trees in the Laird of Banff's orchards and gardens (pitiful to see!), and made up huts to themselves to lie all night and defend them from storms of rain; they violently brake up the gates of his stately house of Banff, entirely demolished the House, one of the finest in the North, and carried away all the timber and ironwork in it, leaving nothing standing but the ruined walls. When this was told the King, he said, "As for the House it mattered not much, money could build it up again in a short time; but it was a cruel thing to destroy the garden, which many years could not repair." Sir George lost also in this House a great deal of household stuff and furniture. This being done, Munro sent a detachment of his regiment and rifled two other of his houses
in

in the country, Inchdruer and Forglen, south of Banff. And this gentleman suffered all this for no other crime but loyalty to his Prince.'

Probably the relict of 'the umquhile James Ogilvie' might see 'a judgment' in it all. Still, the Laird returned in September from the King in England as Lord Banff, and a peer.

In 1644, the Scots invaded England; and Banff being, as we have seen, 'on the sea coast, where there is easy landing to the English,' 'the provost, baillies, and council'—January 31—'upon certain good and sufficient reasons moving them, order all the burgesses and householders, "both friemen and vnfriemen within the samen," to be in readiness well armed with swords and pikes or muskets within twenty-four hours next after they shall be advertised by any official of the said burgh for going where it shall please the said magistrates to command them, and that under the pain of ten pounds money each person.' Banff was distinctly favourable to the Covenanters, and had to beware; and so in April there arrived 'the Lairds of Gight, Neutown, and Ardlogie, with a party of forty horse and musketeers, brave gentlemen for the King. They took free quarters, and plundered all the arms they could get, buff coats, pikes, swords, carabines, pistols, and money also; taking from Alexander Winchester, one of the baillies, seven hundred merks of his own. They caused the baillies (for Dr. Douglas, the provost, had fled) and townsmen to subscribe and swear denying the last covenant, and obliged them to follow the King and his deputies in his service.'

The soldiers of the King's Irish regiment, defrauded of their pay, were a terrible plague. In May 1644, they plundered Lord Banff's and the Master of Banff's grounds again, so that the Ogilvies became the victims of both parties. The Master of Banff, having hurt a sergeant who was thieving, his house of Raittie was plundered and abused. He fled, and durst not be seen in the country. 'This rascall merciless regiment,' as Spalding styles them, then threatened to plunder Aberdeen unless they got payment of the wages promised them before they left Ireland. 'Thir cruel Irishes seeing a man well clad would first tirr him, to save his cloaths unspoiled, syne kill the man.' The inhabitants of Aberdeen were but too glad to distribute among them 20,000*l*.

In the same year Parliament proceeded against Sir George Gordon of Gight. He was taken to Edinburgh and accused about the plundering of Banff, which he denied, except some moneys he received in borrowing, upon promise of restitution. He had to take oath and subscribe his deposition; whereon

they craftily summoned witnesses from Banff to prove him perjured, and thereby guilty of death. At last his process was continued to the 8th of January, 1645, through which delay he escaped prison; a not unusual form of gaol delivery in those days. In March 1645, Montrose plundered the town pitifully. No merchant's goods or gear were left. The soldiers saw no man in the street but he was stripped naked to the skin. Some two or three worthless houses were burnt, but no blood was shed. The result of all these harryings was a 'humble supplication of the distressit Burgh of Banff to the Parliament of Scotland,' January 1647, detailing the losses of the burgh and praying for help. Remitted to the Committee for Losses, it was properly endorsed, and nothing more seems to have come of it.

Banff had had enough of civil war, and for ten years lay low. But on November 7, 1659, in the presence of the magistrates and council, a letter from General Monk was publicly read:— 'Gentlemen, I desire you will be pleased to agree among yourselves to send one of your number to meet me here at Edinburgh the fifteenth day of November, because I have special occasion to speak with him about some affairs that concern the country at this time; which is all at present from your very loving friend and servant, George Monk. Edinburgh, October 27, 1659.' Thus began the Restoration. On September 21, 1661, came the 'Oath of Alleadgance,' and on November 29, 1662, the repudiation of the National Covenant and of the Solemn League and Covenant.

About this time Banff Castle presents itself again as an object of historic interest. It is supposed that the old castle had ceased to be inhabited; but behind the present house is still standing a wall, believed to be that of a second dwelling, erected by Sheriff Sharp, in which his son, the future Archbishop, is said to have been born, and which was mostly pulled down in 1816. The castle was evidently built rather to command the harbour than to dominate the town. As a private residence with ample grounds it is now the pleasantest site in Banff, and its surrounding verdure is an acceptable relief to the grey stonework of the buildings.

At the close of the seventeenth century the severity of the law was extended to its executioners at Banff. In 1693, it seems that the hangman was whipped, and died; but whether the latter was a consequence of the former is not clear. 'Paid to our executioner at severall tymes 3 firlotts meill, 2*l*. 12*s*. His chist, his winding sheet, nails to it and making of it, with ale to his likewake and to the officers for conveying the coffen, 5*l*. 16*s*. Given the hangmens (*sic*) befor that he wes whipped,

8*s*.

8s. Given to Duncan Mikdonald for whipping Alester his prediceessor and Donald Ross, 12s. Item for that vse fyve fathomes of towes, 5s.' One fathom seems to have been the allowance generally made for each patient. In 1695, Margaret Keane was hanged at an expense, including officers, candles, towes, and repairs to the gallows ladder, of 3*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* In 1697, 'To Tayleor that was hanged, 3 loves and a chapin ail 6*s.*, ane fathome of rope for scourgeing him 1*s.*, for setting up the cock stoole for nailling his lug 6*s.*'; and in 1704, 2*s.* 6*d.* is paid for 1½ fathom towes for scourging Margaret Cromar. In 1725, 'Robert Young, presiner, wagabound and kaird, voluntarie engages himself to serve as comon servant and hangeman in this burgh.' He has to clean and clear the streets, to keep dogs from entering the church, and to punish offenders.

Popular religion is very versatile, and has strange freaks; its action, even when excessively grotesque, unnatural, and extravagant, being conducted with the utmost seriousness, so that objectors are considered almost heathenish and wholly ill-conditioned. Its chief peculiarity, however, is its absolutism. Thus, in 1695, March 31—

'The provost, baillies and council being resolved by the assistance of God, so far as they can to curb and suppress all sin and wickedness, declare that they will be most careful to see the Acts of Parliament against profanation of the Lord's day, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and other immoralities, strictly observed. They prohibit all persons to labour on the Lord's day, or to "vaige" or walk idly in the streets or in the fields, or to go to the waterside of Deveron or seaside or craigs, or to fish upon the said day; and that no servant, man or woman, go forth of their master's family that day either idly to walk or "waig" on the streets, in the fields, or other ways, or to travel through the country to see their friends, or any other errand whatsoever; and they discharge all persons to go to alehouses or taverns for eating and drinking the time of sermon, or any time on the Lord's day unnecessarily or unseasonably, and all keepers of taverns to sell meat or drink at any time of the said day except to strangers or those who diet at their houses, as also persons from bringing water to houses on that day. Contraveners to be fined 10*l.*'

It is remarkable that when religious professors have so strong a conviction of religious duty that this decree of the Banff town council becomes possible, they do not generously consider that for other equally religious men such arbitrary councils have the taint of irreligion.

And so, on April 14, some of the fishers were rebuked sharply for 'drying their fishes on the crags on the Lord's day'; and on August 25, several persons were delated for drying fish and

clothes; James Paterson, for walking about the fields and brae-heads; and some of John Leels' children, 'for holling a bees byke' upon the Sabbath-day in time of sermon. On March 14, 1697, Walter Laurie is enjoined to appear before the pulpit for carrying burdens on the Sabbath-day.

The process of 'curbing all sin and wickedness' was found by the bailies to be an arduous work. Four of them were, in 1697, appointed to visit the town in sections, 'to banish all loose wagabonds who cannot give an account of their maner of liveing, sumerly, without process.' But in the following year, April 16, Elizabeth Stewart, formerly banished, had returned, and the magistrates ordain her 'to goe furth of the place,' and, if she do not, 'to be scourged by the hand of the hangman; they recommend her to those that are sending to the plantation, givinge them freedom to intromitt with her.' Again, August 6, 1698—'The Magistratts and Counsell, considering how loose the countrie at present is, and how many thefts are nightly comitted both in town and country'—notwithstanding the 'curb'—'enact that from henceforth there be ane nightly gaurd kept within the outroome of the tolbuith to consist of ane commander and ten men'—instead of the wearied bailies—'who are to wisset the whole towne each hour and the fields next adjacent therto, and to apprehend all loose or vagrant persones; and if any theft or thing shall fall out by the negligence of the gaurd they are to be countable therfor.' The new plan is continued in the following year to prevent 'the many thefts and pillsering daly and nightly committed within the burgh, by many thefts of every age, young and old.'

To this period belongs the legend of Macpherson, the musical culprit, the last on whom capital sentence was executed in Scotland under heritable jurisdiction. He was the son of a Highland gentleman and a gipsy girl. His father fell in some raid from Badenoch, and young Macpherson became the captain of a band of freebooters, who, attending markets, learnt who were taking money, with a view to their subsequent relief of such pecuniary burden. Macpherson, though a burglar and a cattle-lifter, committed no murder. He was once captured by treachery; but a stalwart Macpherson, aided by Peter Brown, one of the gipsies, and by the populace, broke open the prison and released him. Soon after he was caught at Keith, by Duff of Braco:—

'As soon as Braco spied Macpherson and Brown in the market, he desired his brother-in-law, Lesmurdy, to bring him a dozen stout able men, and with these he attacked the villains, who, having several of their accomplices with them, made a desperate resistance. They carried Macpherson and Brown to a house in Keith, where
Braco

Braco and Lesmurdy left them with a guard, not expecting any more opposition. But when they were in an upper room with two or three of their acquaintances concerting the commitment of their prisoners, the Laird of Grant, with thirty armed men, came to the door calling for them, and swearing that no Duff in Scotland should keep them from him. Braco, hearing the noise of the Grants, came downstairs and said, with seeming unconcern and good humour, that he intended to send them to prison; but he saw they were protected by too strong a party for him to contend with, and, therefore, he must give them up. Then without losing a moment he took a turn through the market, found two other Justices of the Peace, held a Court, and assembled sixty able bold men, who retook the criminals.'

Macpherson and three accomplices were tried at Banff before the Sheriff. A jury was empanelled, and the Sheriff 'ordained the pannels for the satisfaction of the assizes to rehearse the Lord's prayer.' They were convicted, and Sheriff Dunbar pronounced sentence that James Macpherson and James Gordon were to be hanged at the Cross of Banff, on Friday, the 16th November, 1700, being a public weekly market-day; and farther, that three young rogues, not now recognisable, are 'to have their ears cropt, be publicly scourged through the town of Banff, and burnt upon the cheek by the executioner, and banished from the shire for ever under pain of death.'

Gordon seems to have been pardoned, probably through tribal influence. Macpherson, who was an accomplished musician, played at the foot of the gallows, and it was said recited in eight verses what was known as 'Macpherson's Rant.'* These verses, or something like them, were published as a broadside in 1701. He then asked if any friend in the crowd would accept his violin; and as no one seemed to care to avow himself a friend of Macpherson, he broke the violin on his knee and threw it away, and himself off the ladder. The neck of the violin is preserved to this day, it is said, by the family of Macpherson at Cluny; and a two-handed sword said to have been Macpherson's is in the possession of the Duke of Fife at Banff.

During the 17th and 18th centuries collections seem to have been made occasionally 'for Algiers prisoners' or for the release of some neighbour, 'from his bondage under the Turk.'

* A version of it begins:—

'I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength,
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

'But dantonly and wantonly
And santonly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune, and danse it roun'
Below the gallow tree.'

And the determination to 'suppress all sin and wickedness' continues. Fishermen are delated for drying their fish on the crags on the Sabbath day, to the neglect of divine worship, and commanded never to offend again. March 26, 1704—'Patrick Lesly (sheriff clerk) appeared in a humble and submissive manner confessing his sin (with Jessie Line, servant to Burdsbank), and giving evidence of his repentance in public at both his appearances, was absolved.' May 7—The hammermen, wrights, and tailors petition the Session for liberty to erect a loft in the church, 'for hearing the word of God, which we ingenuously own and profess to be preached in purity and sincerity in word and doctrine.' The magistrates, 'out of fatherly care, and as loving Christian parents,' marked out a site before the common loft and adjacent to the shoemakers' loft. This 'pious work will in no ways impair the lights, but add thereto, and further decore the kirk.'

The Presbytery records continue to abound in expressions of ecclesiastical feeling respecting the observance of the Sabbath. April 18, 1708—'Public advertisement made from the pulpit that people should avoid wandering on the Sabbath day's afternoon.' May 9—The inspectors report that 'since the warning against wandering the people begin to refrain and keep close.' But in 1712, July 13, 'Janet Brisset and Helen Lyle, for washing their fish on Sunday afternoon, were fined two marks each, and ordered to appear before the congregation.'

Still, there was not entire religious or ecclesiastical or political unity at Banff. October 26, 1712—'The minister desisted from preaching upon refusall of the Abjuration oath.'

The Rebellion of 1715 had the sympathy of many lairds in the district around Banff; but a proclamation by the Earl of Mar, 'Given at the camp at Pearth the tuantie seavinth day of October, one thousand seavin hundredth and fyftein yearis,' required all men between sixty and sixteen to join his troops; and Banff suffered many exactions from each of the contending forces. Money had to be borrowed for Mar's imposition, and horse-hire for soldiers' baggage had to be paid. Arms were to be delivered up; and, in 1716, 'Appreciators were appointed to receive and value the arms of those entitled to payment, and who continued dutiful and loyal to His Majesty during the late Rebellion.' But 200 stand of arms were to be left with each burgh for keeping of guard.

After the Rebellion it was some time before the neighbourhood of Banff was safe; and in the three counties of Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen, it was proposed that lists should be made out of such of the inhabitants as were suspected of committing depredations;

dations; and upon any cattle being stolen these suspected persons should be apprehended, and detained until they make it appear by honest testimony where they were when such cattle were stolen. This method had been practised by the 'Independent Companies' with such success that the thieves were obliged to make payment of the damages or return the goods stolen, and were forced to tell the truth. The custom prevailed all over the Highlands.

Still Sabbatarianism. 1722—'Alexander Lovie in Seatown, delated as guilty of brewing on the Lords day. He owned his wife brewed on Saturday, and let the kettle stand till Sunday morning, but denied that he had brewing or any sort of work that day. Alexander Clark declared he saw the kettle on the fire on Sunday. The Session warned Lovie that if any such thing were practised by him in time coming, he might lay his account to stand before the congregation for it.'

This threat was not always terrible. On April 28, 1725,

'Mr. Innes, the Minister, reports to the Church Session that George Barclay had openly confessed before the nonjuring meeting at Banff his scandal with Jean Stewart, but declares that he'll not give satisfaction to the congregation of Banff.' Sept. 22—'George Barclay being asked as to this scandal, answered that he had already acknowledged and publicly satisfied before the Meeting of Banff, as would appear by a paper offered by him to the Presbytery, which he called a declinator from this Presbytery, the tenor wherof follows:—"I cannot submit myself to the Presbyterial discipline—1. Because I am not of their communion, and consequently neither ought nor can lawfully own their authority. 2. Seeing the power of the keys is solely inherent in the Church, I cannot apprehend how those who are in separation from the Catholic Church can have any privilege of binding and looseing. 3. And seeing I have satisfied the discipline of the Church and obtained the benefit of absolution, it would appear to be a mocking and sporting with religion to submit myself anew to schismaticall discipline, seeing by my doeing so I would act contrary to the dictates of my own conscience and thereby involve myself in a new guilt. 4. The desire of the Presbytery seems to be inconsistent with their own acts, which preclude any process for a crime latent for five years. 5. The thing seems to proceed from malice, seeing no such crime was objected to when the benefit of marriage was to me indulged. Sic subscribitur Geo. Barclay." The Presbytery after reading the said paper found it to be an open declaration of his contumacy, and insolent defiance and contempt of the Church by law established, and accordingly told him they would proceed against him with the highest censure of the Church, in order to which they appointed Mr. Innes to proceed in giving him the first admonition peremptorie.'

In the end 'the Presbytery delayed,' 7 June, 1728, 'the highest censures of the Church' in George Barclay's case.

The Presbytery 'delayed,' and the Burgh Court compounded, on occasion, the due punishment for *oversights*. July 6, 1739 — William Munro, merchant (*Anglice*, tradesman), is fined three guineas, for fornication with his servant; 'but in regard of his good services about the harbour of Guthrie they modify the above fine to a guinea.' A business-like arrangement, though grotesque; to solace their consciences, 'the baillies order £6 Sc. of the fine to be given in charity to two parties.'

Communication by land was not rapid in those days. An important letter from His Majesty's Solicitor referring to a case, apparently of murder, in a disturbance respecting the seizure of smuggled goods, was despatched from Edinburgh 20 December, 1742, and arrived at Banff on the evening of the third day of the following year. The express stated that he lay sick ten days on the road, which left four days for the prosecution of his journey. In 1745-47 there are repeated disbursements in the Burgh accounts for expenses from Peterhead and Fraserburgh advising of privateers on the coast.

The Rebellion of 1745 was not favoured by the people of Banff; it seems indeed to have been regarded as a nuisance, and thanks were given at Deskford church, near Banff, 'for the glorious victory over the Rebels, 16 April, 1746, where numbers of the rebel army were slain, and a complete victory obtained.' A volunteer under the Duke of Cumberland says that at Banff two rebel spies were taken; one was knotching on a stick the number of our forces, for which he was hanged on a tree in the town, and the other a little out of town; and, for want of a tree, was hanged on what they called the ridging tree of a house that projected out from the end. As a prelude to what was to happen afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland hanged a poor innocent man at Banff and another at Boindy, a mile distant, on pretence of their being spies; 'though such as knew them affirm they had scarce wit enough to do their own country business, far less to play the spy.' The army destroyed a nonjuring meeting-house, and a fine chapel belonging to the episcopal congregation, burning the seats, books, pulpit, and altar, and breaking the organ in pieces; 'and this was their constant practice all the way they marched.' A medical officer with the Duke of Cumberland says of Banff: 'The town, I believe, lives chiefly by smuggling.' The Burgh accounts of the period have many items of expenditure required by the military, but not entirely for their enjoyment,

as for instance:—‘By 2 dales for mending Treen-mare for the soldiers, 1*l.* 14*s.* By nails and workmanship of do., 16*s.*’ A fearful instrument of torture.

For many years after Culloden soldiers were stationed at Banff. Among the officers was Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. A letter written by him, dated ‘Banff, June 9, 1751,’ eleven pages in length, and addressed to Captain, afterwards Lieut.-Col., Rickson, is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. Wolfe, though then only 24 years of age, had seen service at Dettingen, Falkirk, Culloden, &c. A guard-house and sentry-boxes were erected for the soldiers, near the cross in 1746, and were removed in 1757 to the west end, No. 19, on the north side of the new Bridge Street. So the town must for some time have had a military aspect, entirely foreign to its actual character. The magistrates seem to have found only nine persons who had been concerned in the Rebellion, whereas there were 17 from Keith and 12 from Portsoy, much smaller places. About twenty-six landed proprietors of the district joined the Rebellion, of whom more than one-half were Gordons. The Chevalier de Johnstone, one of the fugitives from Culloden, has left an interesting account of his adventures, which gives some insight into the condition of the defeated rebels:—

‘We arrived in the county of Banff the fourth day of our departure from Rothiemurchus, where it became necessary for us to separate—the populace being all Calvinists, and violent against the House of Stuart. Having lodged the next night at the house of Mr. Stuart, the Presbyterian minister, but a very good man, and secretly in the interest of Prince Edward, on rising in the morning I exchanged my Highland garb with his servant for an old peasant dress, all in rags, offensive to the smell, and in appearance as if it had not been in use for many years, nor since it had cleaned his master’s stables; for it had the smell of dung to be felt at a distance. I made a complete exchange with him, even to stockings and shoes, in every one of which, however, he found his account. Thus metamorphosed, we took leave of one another, each one taking a different route. The Chevalier Gordon advised me to go and sleep at his house at Park, where, being but a league and a half from Banff, I might obtain an interview with my brother-in-law Rollo; though some of the detachments in that quarter might be sent to search the house for the Chevalier, a near relative of the Duke of Gordon, and make me prisoner. I found Mrs. Menzies, his cousin-german, in his house—a most amiable lady, full of spirit and good sense. Madame told me that there were in the town of Banff four hundred of the English troops; and she exhorted me not to go there. But as an interview with my brother-in-law was my only hope, I departed the next evening on foot, at nine o’clock, leaving my horse until my return.

return. I met, on entering the town, many English soldiers, who took not the least notice of me in my peasant's disguise.

'I went to the house of Mr. Duff, where I had been so agreeable so little time before. He was secretly a partisan of the Prince, but he did not declare his way of thinking to his friends. The maid-servant who opened the door did not recognise me. I told her that I was charged with a letter to be delivered into her master's hands, and I begged her to inform him of it. Mr. Duff at first did not recognise me more than his maid-servant; but, having fixed his eyes on me for a moment, a torrent of tears succeeded his surprise. Mrs. Duff and her daughters being gone to bed, he conducted me to a chamber.

'I arose as soon as the day began to appear, and resumed the tattered demalions. Seated in an arm-chair, with my eyes fixed on the fire, in a deep reverie, suddenly the maid-servant, rushing into my apartment, announced that I was lost, and that the courtyard was full of soldiers to seize me; and seeing the soldiers, I regarded myself as a man who should shortly end his days. I conjectured that the servant had betrayed me, having some soldier for a lover, as is generally the case. Having passed a quarter of an hour in violent agitation, the door of my chamber flew open. But what a surprise! In place of the soldiers, I espied the beautiful and adorable Miss Duff, out of breath, who came as a guardian angel to tell me not to be any longer disturbed; that it was nothing more than the soldiers who were fighting among themselves; that they had entered the court to conceal themselves from their officers; and, their quarrel having exploded itself in a few fisticuffs, they had left the courtyard together. In an instant the whole house was assembled in my chamber to congratulate me upon my deliverance—the noise of the soldiers having made every one rise, and it was scarcely six o'clock in the morning.

'My brother-in-law came to see me the moment after this alarm, and excused himself for not being able to afford me an opportunity of embarking for a foreign land; all the vessels at Banff being inspected before their departure; and he advised me to retire into the mountain districts as the only course to adopt.'

After many difficulties and dangers the Chevalier found his way to London, whence he escaped to Holland. Thereafter he entered the French service, and went to Canada on Montcalm's staff; thus meeting Wolfe at Quebec as well as at Culloden.

In 1760 Bishop Pococke describes Banff, as

'a well built small town pleasantly situated on a rising ground, and on a flat to the west of the river Devin; at the mouth of which a basin is made by two piers, in which a ship of a hundred ton can lie with safety. And they have a salmon fishery in the river. Near the town is a yard for bleaching linen yarn, of which a load is sent off every three weeks to Edinburgh, and from that place is carried on to Nottingham

Nottingham by land. The town subsists by this linen yarn and shops.

‘There are a great number of the Church of England here, the wife often going one way and the husband another; so that there is no sort of animosity in the town upon the account of religion. Here is an Episcopal church to which about 600 souls resort of the town and the adjacent country.

‘Lord Deskert has a small house on the site of the old castle over the Mole; this precinct of the castle was about 100 ft. square, and a small part of the enclosure remains. He has formed a lawn before the house, and a beautiful walk round another lawn below it, and it is a delightful summer situation.

‘A little way from the town to the south, the Earl of Fife, a peer of the kingdom of Ireland (his ancestor, Lord M'Duff, having forfeited) built a house of four floors and six rooms on a floor, with towers at the angles. It is all of hewn free stone, brought ready worked (as I was told), a great part of it in boxes, from the Frith of Forth. The two middle storeys of the towers are adorned with one tier of Corinthian pilasters in the style of Lord Carlisle's house at Castle Howard. The understorey is rustic. Excepting the towers, it has seven windows on a storey; and it is within an exceeding good house of thirty-four rooms and sixteen closets.’

The ancestors of the Duke of Fife, the family of Duff, have long been neighbours of the town of Banff. In 1692, Alexander Duff, of Braco, acquired the Earl of Airlie's salmon fishings; and in 1709, the Laird of Braco's name appears in the list of burgesses. In 1712 his fishings, which included those in the water of Deveron, the sea-fishing on the east side, and to the extent of two butts west of the river mouth, were valued at 2080*l.* Sc. At this time, through the mediation of common friends, an agreement was made between the town and Braco to terminate an action brought against the burgh. The Council agreed to grant a charter to Braco in the terms of the Earl of Airlie's charter, he paying the town 485*l.* 16*s.* Sc. ‘It is in his resolution hereafter to live in peace, friendly and kindly, with us, so it is ours to doe the lyke with him.’ In 1720, the salt lochs were leased to Braco. William Duff, Lord Braco, was, in 1759, created Viscount Macduff and Earl of Fife.

In 1773, on his tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, Boswell writes, August 25:—

‘We got at night to Banff. I sent to Duff House, but Earl Fife was not at home. At the inn Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale. I wondered to see him write so much so easily. He verified his own doctrine that “a man may always write when he sets himself doggedly to do it.”

‘The ancient towns of Scotland have generally an appearance
unusual

unusual to Englishmen. The houses, whether great or small, are for the most part built of stones. Their gable ends are now and then next the streets, and the entrance into them is very often by a flight of steps which reaches up to the second storey (the first floor); the floor which is level with the ground being entered only by stairs descending within the house.

'The art of joining squares of glass with lead is little used in Scotland, and in some places is totally forgotten. The frames of their windows are all of wood; they are more frugal of glass than the English, and will often, in houses not otherwise mean, compose a square of two pieces, not joined like cracked glass but with one edge laid perhaps half an inch over the other. Their windows do not move upon hinges, but are pushed up and down in grooves, yet they are seldom accommodated with weights and pullies, and even in houses well built and elegantly furnished a stranger may sometimes be forgiven if he allows himself to wish for further air.'

The two travellers found that the windows at the Inn at Banff had no pullies, and Johnson had much ado to raise the sashes and keep the windows open; but Boswell assures us that this difficulty does not occur throughout the country. He continues, August 26—'We got a fresh chaise here, and very good horses. We breakfasted at Cullen.'

Major Pryse L. Gordon, in his 'Personal Memoirs,' thus describes Banff society in 1775:—'During the period of my being at school, Banff was perhaps the gayest little town in Scotland. Besides many respectable residents, at the head of whom was the Countess Dowager of Findlater, in the Castle, most of the country gentlemen and their families had their winter establishments in town; and the best company in the north was to be found at Banff. The Duke and Duchess of Gordon frequently made a visit to Banff for a few days'; and Pryse Gordon gives a characteristic account of a masquerade that was provided for the amusement of the Duchess. 'Every one, both young and old, exerted themselves to keep up the spirit of the party, and it went off with great good humour, producing laughter, hilarity, and sallies of wit and repartee. I have heard the Duchess since say that she had never passed a happier evening. When people are determined to be pleased, the task is very easy.' Which is doubtless true.

In contrast to the masquerade we come, in 1776, to a much more serious occasion of assembling themselves together. In May, John Wesley, being seventy-three years of age, visited Banff; and after preaching on the Battery Green dined at Lord Banff's house in High Street. Next night he supped at Admiral Gordon's lady's house in Low Street, where 'he met with a number of great ones,' and at their request preached in the

English

English Chapel, where he had 'an elegant and crowded congregation.' Wesley lodged with a Mrs. Allen in the Strait Path, in a house now owned by Mr. Joseph Taylor.

On Saturday, 8th September, 1787, while on his northern tour, Robert Burns and his companion, William Nicol, visited Banff, breakfasting with Dr. Chapman, the head master of Banff Academy, who had been Nicol's superior in a school at Dumfries. One of Chapman's pupils, a boy of thirteen who had been sent with a book to Nicol, accompanied the travellers to Duff House, and he related that:—

'In driving through the park Mr. Nicol, while looking at the plates of the book, asked me whether I was aware that the gentleman who was speaking to me about the park was the author of the poems I had no doubt heard of. "Yes," I replied, "Dr. Chapman told me so when he asked me to breakfast." "Then have you read the poems?" "Oh yes! I was glad to do that," was the reply. "Then which of them did you like best?" Nicol asked. I said, "I was much entertained with the Twa Dogs, and Death and Dr. Hornbook; but I liked best by far the Cottar's Saturday Night, although it made me greet when my father had me to read it to my mother." Burns, with a sort of sudden start, looked in my face intently, and patting my shoulder said: "Well, my callant, I don't wonder at your greeting at reading the poem; it made me greet more than once when I was writing it at my father's fire-side."

'I recollect very well that while Mr. Nicol loitered in the library looking at the fine collection of old classics there, Burns, taking me with him for a guide, went a second time through some of the rooms to look at the oil-paintings, with the catalogue in his hand, and remarked particularly those of the Stuart family in the great drawing-room, on which he seemed to look with great interest, making some remarks to his boy-guide, which the man fails to recollect. But the face and look of Robert Burns were such as, either boy or man, he never could forget.'

Mrs. Byron, the mother of the poet, was the heiress of George Gordon of Gight, an estate about twenty miles from Banff. She was married in 1785, and in 1787 her property, of some twenty to thirty thousand pounds, was reduced by her husband to £150 per annum. In January of the following year her son was born, and when he was about eight years old he met, at a dancing school, Mary Duff, the daughter of his godfather, Colonel Duff of Fetteresso. She stayed at No. 25, High Street, Banff, with her grandmother, Mrs. Duff of Hatton; and Byron lived with his mother for a short time in Low Street; but it does not appear that the two children ever met at Banff. Byron frequently passed a holiday at the parsonage, and on one occasion tumbled from a plum-tree when endeavouring to secure

some

some fruit. The doctor insisted on bleeding him, but, on the boy's threat to pull his nose, water-gruel and bed were nominally substituted. In the manse garden was a remarkably large pear-tree, the forbidden fruit of which, it is said, young Byron tasted, and the tree went by his name. Byron's grandmother, Mrs. Gordon of Gight, occupied a house where the County building now stands. On 23rd May, 1784, the Lady writes, wishing 'drekely for a slater to loake at Lady Gights hous and ofesas, as the leat windes has broken of a good maney sleves (slates) of the Hous.' The traditions of Byron at Banff are not exemplary. On a lady remonstrating with his mother on his violent and improper conduct, the child butted her like a ram, and threatened to throw her over the balcony. He shocked public opinion in Banff, and was called a 'nickom,' or 'that little deevil Geordie Byron.'

In a recent description by Leitch Ritchie, Banff is said to be 'one of the most beautifully situated towns on the northern coasts of Scotland; its walks, rides, and drives are unrivalled in the kingdom; but though cheerful and lightsome in its aspect, it seems to stand apart from the rest of the world.' This is unfortunate for the rest of the world, and also for Banff. But there is no reason why the town, with its quaintly interesting history and the beauty of its surroundings, should not become again, what it was a century ago declared to be, the gayest little county town in Scotland.

ART. VII.—*The Novels of George Meredith.* In Progress.
Vols. 1–16. London, 1897.

CRITICISM, it is complained, moves but haltingly after the pioneer of genius, and the boundaries of art are enlarged in its despite. We have, therefore, in criticism a somewhat discredited science. The judgment indisputably takes a colour, consciously or unconsciously, from the kind of excellence with which it is familiar; in excellence of an unfamiliar type there is a bewildering and baffling element. We are on the whole right in thinking that the laws of art are written in the practices of the great artists; we are right too in conceiving the grammar of criticism as in great measure a system derived from these practices; we fail when we assume that the book of practices is closed and that the grammar as it exists is final. It is possible thus to account for the great historical mistakes of criticism, to account for its inefficiency in dealing with an original writer who indulges in novel and unfamiliar practices, and justifies them only by his results. But despair of finding a final canon need not drive us into the wilderness of private tastes and individual opinions. It is surely not beyond hope, that we may yet attain to an *apparatus criticus* which, while it formulates a general demand, will leave art practically unfettered in its choice of methods;—that we may in the future lay down a system of criticism, which shall be possessed of a touchstone universally applicable, yet free to enlarge its grammar of practices.

It is perhaps best, since no other body of principles at present in existence formulates a consistent demand, to make an appeal, even when dealing with an author who disregards conventions, to the broad traditions of ancient art, or to take these at least as the most fitting point of departure in any attempted critical estimate. 'They at any rate knew what they wanted in art, and we do not.' For this reason Matthew Arnold, in his search for what was sound and true in poetical art, found the only sure guidance among the ancients. 'They at any rate knew what they wanted in art, and we do not.' We do not know what we want in art, nor, we seem now to be told, is it a matter of any importance, since we do not greatly need to know. The writer will write as he pleases, and the business of the critic will be merely to note characteristics, 'as a chemist notes some natural element.' The author and his work stand to the critic as Nature and her phenomena stand to the man of science. There is no room left for the expression of dissatisfaction, there can be no inequalities in art. Like nature, art too is perfect. 'Perfection is equal,' writes one of Mr. Meredith's

dith's disciples, 'and all art stands on the equality of perfection.' How luminous a saying! What insight, what sagacity! Here is the only and the true simplification of criticism, henceforth to consist in the selection of superlatives, since the praise of perfection cannot be adequately conducted save in superlatives. But a writer of Mr. Meredith's calibre is not served by criticism such as is suited to the ceremonial which accompanies the canonization of the minor poet or the decadent. He is not served by this inability to perceive distinctions, to discriminate, to appraise with justice; he is not served by a gracious readiness to accept all art as on the equality of perfection. A writer of Mr. Meredith's genius is better served by principles of criticism which narrow the circle than by these sweeping circuits of magnificent inclusiveness. Though his worth and influence are yet uncalculated, the curve of his orbit yet undetermined, there is that about Mr. Meredith which distinguishes him from the lesser writers. He is very evidently not of their company, though he has not yet attained a secure niche in the national imagination. Mr. Meredith is not the people's favourite, and no extravagances of critical appreciation will ever make him their favourite, but he is a figure of sufficient importance to suggest the application to his work of the severest tests, such tests as need only be applied to writers who challenge comparison with the best literary artists, not of their own day alone but of England. And, however it may be with writers of whom we think and speak as accomplished rather than creative, questions of technique are not the first questions that arise in connection with such an author. An author who challenges comparison with the classics of our own or any other literature does so on broader ground than the finish or perfume of his sentences.

'Is there not in field, wood, or shore something more precious and tonic than any special beauties we may chance to find there,—flowers, perfumes, sunsets,—something that we cannot do without, though we can do without these? Is it health, life, power, or what is it?'

Form is a vital matter in literature—it will not do to disregard it, it is a vital matter; but the Aristotelian canon lays its first emphasis upon form in the sense of architectonics rather than in the sense of finish of detail. And if we are to judge of Mr. Meredith's achievement by classic canons it is well for him that it is so.

As a novelist, and it is as a novelist that Mr. Meredith claims the most serious attention—as a novelist he is a worker in a field not directly recognized in the ancient world as a legitimate sphere

sphere for the literary artist. But within the present century Fiction has made a kind of triumphal progress from village maiden to reigning beauty at the Court. Her charms compel universal homage. She has taken without protest a place beside poetry, the drama and history, as a branch of art, hardly if at all of inferior dignity. She has usurped the place of these older literary arts in public favour. This position she has achieved while still in her artistic youth. She has enlarged the sphere of her influence, and is likely still further to enlarge it, for she draws to herself every variety of talent and offers it an open field. In the novel we have the formal mould into which much of the best creative energy of the century has been directed; and in his choice of the novel as the best medium for his own imaginative work Mr. Meredith followed a true guiding instinct. Here the peculiarities of his methods detract less from the effectiveness of his work than in his poetry. Traditions and conventions are of less weight in fiction than in any other department of literary art, and of this fact Mr. Meredith has taken advantage. Nevertheless, and in spite of his indifference to literary traditions, many of the qualities of Mr. Meredith's work are classic qualities. The novel may be regarded as a drama written out in full for the fireside reader, with occasional comments by the Chorus in the person of the author. Mr. Meredith's novels are in every sense dramas, usually comedies or tragi-comedies, but essentially dramatic in presentation. If we make a demand upon the modern novelist in the person of Mr. Meredith such as was made upon the ancient Greek dramatist, a demand for design, and again design, and yet again design, we shall not find an absence of design, we shall not find even a weakness, but a positive largeness, a breadth of design, which at once distinguishes him as a writer of no ordinary note. The breadth of design in his works forbids, in our judgment, any question as to his intellectual eminence. It is when he attempts to execute his design that he is less successful. To anticipate in a measure what must be the concluding judgment on Mr. Meredith, we may say that his design is usually noble and spacious, but it is never wholly extricated. It is extricated in parts, but in the main, like some colossal sphinx, it lies half-buried in the desert sand.

That Mr. Meredith has not been altogether successful is not indeed surprising; the task he has set himself in each one of his greater novels is a task of vastly greater magnitude than that undertaken, let us say, by Euripides in his 'Hecuba' or 'Ion.' The canvas is a larger one, the types of character more subtle and complex, the issues more involved, the action no less

important. If we have to complain that Mr. Meredith's designs are less completely extricated than those of his predecessors who have created the traditions of art, if in parts they are not in any respect set free, it is only just to bear in mind the magnitude of his intellectual undertakings. The character of Mr. Meredith's drama must also be borne in mind. It is the drama of conduct and of motives, the inner springs of conduct, of character evolved by varying sets of circumstances and amid the mutual relations, actions, and reactions of human life. He is, besides, the chronicler of the subtle and elusive fluctuations of emotion, the ebb and flow of feeling, the alternations of moods that make a theatre of the human heart. Present as spectator of this subjective play of swiftly passing moods, he delights to publish the secrets whispered on that inner stage, to draw aside at certain critical moments, in certain critical situations, the curtain that makes it invisible to the physical eye. It is not merely what his personages do, but how and what they feel that interests Mr. Meredith; he is the novelist who most faithfully records the phases of that inner, partly even subconscious life which, viewed from without, we denominate character or temperament. This psychological forest Mr. Meredith has not indeed been the first to enter, but no previous author has penetrated it so deeply. One and not the least of his distinctions, therefore, is to have added to art a new province legitimately reclaimed for future cultivation by his successors.

In his methods Mr. Meredith, if not without precursors, has pushed beyond the limits of tradition. He is content to indicate rather than to describe, to suggest rather than to paint a picture, 'to rouse the inward vision' rather than elaborate a finished masterpiece. These are the characteristics which delight Mr. Meredith's disciples and remind them of Browning. Like Browning he is content to depend upon his reader to a larger degree than perhaps the majority of present-day readers are prepared to bear. Thus Mr. Meredith and Mr. Browning, declining to pipe to popular airs, haughtily impose a test upon their audiences. They trust to the sympathy and to the intelligence of the faithful few, they make words their servants, nor suffer themselves by any over-scrupulous regard for form to become the slaves of their own vocabularies. Mr. Meredith's interests and methods may be thus briefly indicated; but the spirit of his work, the leaven that leavens it, resides in his apprehension of life as a tragi-comedy, as a subject for 'thoughtful laughter.' Mr. Meredith conceives that there exists no need to distort or dislocate human life, to view it in concave or convex mirrors, in order to present a picture which

which will afford a smile to the wise student of the spectacle. 'The Comic Spirit, which is the perceptive, is the governing spirit, awakening and giving aim to the powers of laughter.' Mr. Meredith is the willing servitor of the Comic Muse:—

'Thine is the service, thine the sport
This shifty heart of ours to hunt
Across its webs, and round the many a ring
Where fox it is or snake, or mingled seeds
Occasion heats to shape, or the poor smoke
Struck from a puff-ball or the troughster's grunt.'

But the Comic Muse knows her limitations. There are sights at which she does not laugh; and in the presence of Sincerity she spreads her wings. You may even love and not call a smile to her features. 'If she watches over sentimentalism with a birch-rod, she is not opposed to romance. You may love, and warmly too, as long as you are honest. Do not offend reason.' There are causes, Mr. Meredith will tell us, for tears as well as laughter:—

'For this the Comic Muse extracts of creatures
Appealing to the fount of tears; that they
Strive never to outleap our human features
And do right reason's ordinance obey,
In peril of the hum to laughter highest.
But prove they under stress of action's fire
Nobleness, to that test of Reason highest
She bows; she waves them for the loftier lyre.'

In the main, however, Mr. Meredith finds that there is more of comedy than tragedy in the world, or he has found in himself a riper faculty for its representation. The tragedy that follows hard upon the heels of comedy in human life he does not exclude as a subject for his art; but he usually declines to dwell upon it, to bring it into the foreground of his representation. Comedy occupies the foreground in Mr. Meredith's drama of life. And of the supreme tragedy of love deflowered, he would have us believe that Shakespeare himself, master of human nature, had no knowledge:—

'Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the God who the white sea wave whips,
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us; thence had he the laugh
We feel is thine; broad as ten thousand beeves
At pasture!'

In Mr. Meredith's drama of life comedy occupies the foreground;

ground ; yet, when the issues are the issues of tragedy, it cannot be said that his power is less apparent. The tragic argument is not too high for him ; but he is at all times a stranger to that vulgar insistence upon grief, that call to tears, that protracted demand for pity which so often masquerades as tragedy or as pathos.

‘Concerning pathos,’ as he tells us in the opening chapter of ‘*The Egoist*,’ ‘no ship can now set sail without pathos ; and we are not totally deficient of pathos. . . . The Egoist surely inspires pity. He who would desire to clothe himself at everybody’s expense, and is of that desire condemned to strip himself stark naked, he, if pathos ever had a form, might be taken for the actual person. Only he is not allowed to rush at you, roll you over and squeeze your body for the briny drops. There is the innovation.’

But this innovation of Mr. Meredith’s, this reluctance to force tears from us, to compel us to a luxury of grief, is construed by some so as to yield a theory akin to the feminine theory in respect of Thackeray—that he, too, is a cynic, or if not a cynic, at least deficient in heart. It is a theory to be summarily dismissed. We have no fear in the company of those who speak freely of their grief, in the company of those whose recital is accompanied by tears. In such company we can remain masters of our own emotions. But there are others who feel widely and deeply, and through excess or intensity of emotion do not trust themselves to speak, or, when they speak, preserve a calm or even a cheerful countenance ; this is dangerous company for those whose emotions are ‘tickle o’ the sere.’ Composed features furnish but a shallow argument that the heart does not bleed. And indeed not one of the popular titles will fit Mr. Meredith, not cynic, nor pessimist, nor sceptic. The little ethical codes, too, will not serve ; he is not to be parcelled out by the Liliputian measuring-tapes. Not realist nor idealist, but both ; a writer who appeals in his own fine phrase to ‘the conscience residing in thoughtfulness,’ who is on the side of unwearying, inextinguishable effort, whose ethics are the simple ethics of a faith in all heroic enterprises.

Mr. Meredith entered the field of authorship between the publication of ‘*Pendennis*’ and that of ‘*Henry Esmond*,’ in 1851, the year after the publication of ‘*In Memoriam*,’ and entered it not as a novelist, but as a poet. It was not until five years later that he made his first appearance as a prose-writer in ‘*The Shaving of Shagpat*,’ a fantasy less likely to attract than to bewilder even a conciliatory public. No reader of Mr. Meredith’s early verses, however gifted with critical second-sight, could have foreseen the author of ‘*The Egoist*,’ or ‘*Diana*’
of

of the Crossways,' either in the strong or in the weak poems contained in that first volume.

'Summer glows warm on the meadows; then come let us roam thro'
them gaily,
Headless of heat and the hot-kissing sun, and the fear of dark
freckles. . . .
Come, and like bees we will gather the rich golden honey of noon-
tide;
Deep in the sweet summer meadows, border'd by hill side and river
Lined with long trenches half-hidden, where sweetest the smell of
white meadow-sweet
Blissfully hovers—O sweetest! but pluck it not! even in the
tenderest
Grasp it will lose breath and wither; like many not made for a
posy.'

There is not much indication here of the later and more characteristic manner. This was written in the years before Mr. Meredith had taught himself to write love speeches like this:—

'So in love with you that on my soul your happiness was my marrow—whatever you wished; anything you chose. It's reckoned a fool's part. No, it's love; the love of a woman—the one woman! I was like the hand of a clock to the springs. I taught this old watch-dog of a heart to keep guard and bury the bones you tossed him.'

Or to inform his readers of a simple fact in this fashion:—

'Algernon waited dinnerless until the healthy-going minutes distended and swelled monstrous and horrible as viper-bitten bodies, and the venerable Signior Time became of unhealthy hue.'

Or to set them problems like this:—

'The talk fell upon our being creatures of habit. She said, "It is there that we see ourselves crutched between love grown old, and indifference ageing to love."'

Yet, like that of all great writers, Mr. Meredith's style has charm, a something analogous to the expression which accompanies the words of the speaker, and lends to them the interest of his personality. Mr. Meredith's style has charm, but an occasional, a fitful charm. We do not contend that there is a hidden grace in such phrases as 'her meditations tottered in dots,' 'swings suspended on a scarce credible guess,' 'infrigidated a congenial atmosphere by an overflow of exclamatory wonderment,' 'women whose bosoms can be tombs,' or 'her head performed the negative,' or 'resumed its brushing negative,'

negative,' or in any of the phrases usually quoted in derision of Mr. Meredith's style. For a deliberate artist he can be terribly uncouth, but though eccentricities may mar a character, though they may mar a style, they are not necessarily inconsistent with charm. Mr. Meredith plays the coquette with his readers, and estranges them that he may display his power of reducing them once again to subjection. Much, indeed, of the charm of his style consists in this, that it is suffused with poetry. He began as poet, and it is not difficult, more especially perhaps in his transcripts of Nature, to discover the poet behind the novelist. Passage after passage will recur to his readers in which he has rendered with a poet's fidelity, with a poet's felicity, the more elusive aspects of a scene, its air and sky. No poet has with more penetrating insight realized the unity, the larger harmony which, without moral or spiritual loss, includes man in Nature. The atmosphere of Nature's varying moods, and their magnetic influences upon the soul, these, the proofs of that harmony, he has set himself to delineate in his verse. The subtle effluences of a morn of May, the autumnal chill of November that damps to the bone, the virago morn on which the wind has teeth and claws, all these equally he is glad to have known, they belong to the great order of things. And because he is a poet Mr. Meredith is the closest observer of Nature among all our novelists, the closest observer and the most minute painter among them.

'February blew south-west for the pairing of the birds. A broad warm wind rolled clouds of every ambiguity of form in magnitude over peeping azure, or skimming upon lakes of blue and lightest green, or piling the amphitheatre for majestic sunset.'

'Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling.'

'South-western rain clouds are never long sullen. . . . they rise and take veiled features in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dew.'

But if Mr. Meredith's transcripts of Nature belong to poetry, there are passages in his description of women that belong to it no less. His admirers are indeed always willing to stake his reputation upon the boyishness of his boys and the womanhood of his women. And they are not wrong. The author of 'Richard Feverel' and 'Harry Richmond' is without doubt a supreme delineator of boyhood, he has probed it to the centre. And despite the reservations we have still to make in respect of our

our author as a literary artist, we must register a conviction that in his portraiture of women he is without a rival among English novelists. The reference to Shakespeare made in this connexion by Mr. Meredith's admirers is a trite one, but it is not unwarrantable. When one thinks of Shakespeare's women, and the wonderful procession begins to pass before the eye of the mind, it is difficult to believe that anything at all comparable will ever be seen again. And indeed nothing at all comparable ever will be seen again, yet if one thinks of some of them singly: of Juliet, who could 'teach the torches to burn bright'; of Constance, who 'will instruct her sorrows to be proud'; of Portia, 'the true and honourable wife' of Brutus; of Rosalind the forest-maid, who plays the forester with such consummate delicacy and grace; of Perdita the country child, as fresh and beautiful as her own flowers drenched in the bright dews of heaven; of Viola the silent, of Olivia the stately, of Cleopatra, who could 'make death proud to take her,'—if we call up to memory some of these marvellous portraits by Shakespeare, though the possibility of any general comparison dies away with the mere mental enumeration, it may yet perhaps justly be said that among Mr. Meredith's portraits there are some which the fierce light of the comparison cannot injure, there are some imagined and presented so similarly that we are even forced to make it. Letitia Dale, 'with the romantic tale upon her eyelashes'; Clara Middleton, 'the dainty rogue in porcelain,' 'who gives one an idea of the mountain echo'; Diana, all air and fire, worthy the name of the quivered goddess; Renée, with her southern blood and wilful graces; Emilia, the simple girl and passionate patriot; Lucy, a fairy princess, a magic enchantment to the eyes of the new Ferdinand; the soft-eyed star of love, Ottilia, noble in heart and name;—to deny that these are near of kin to the women of Shakespeare is indeed possible, but Justice and the Graces forbid it.

We have said that the poet in Mr. Meredith is displayed in his transcripts from Nature and in his descriptions of women no less. Perhaps in that love idyll, the chapter in 'Richard Feverel,' entitled 'A Diversion, played on a Penny Whistle,' the best that prose can do to blend in one unforgettable strain the full enchantment of summer and the golden joys of young hearts that love, has been done. Perhaps it would be difficult to find elsewhere the like sympathetic intensity of description, so marvellous a power of realising with so marvellous a power of rendering into words, in their prose order, the mingled flame and mystery and ecstasy that surround as with a shimmering magic haze the early hours of a great passion.

passion. Here is a fragment from one of the chapters in 'Richard Feverel,' which are unsurpassed and unsurpassable:—

'And so it was with the damsel that knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron travelled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped towards her containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir piles and beheld the sweet vision. Still and stiller grew Nature as at the meeting of two electric clouds.'

There is little need to go further for proof of Mr. Meredith's right to rank with the greater novelists of the century in point of literary or dramatic skill; here at least he is the equal of most men, but as a student of human nature he is the master of most. The absence of sentimentality, the absence of mawkishness from Mr. Meredith's descriptions of the relations of men and women, his quiet adherence to the facts is not one of the least attractions of his books. Mr. Meredith is never more secure in his grasp of reality than when on difficult or dangerous ground. The question of the sex-relation is indeed what he would himself call a crucible question—he speaks somewhere of a 'crucible woman,' a woman in whose presence one is quickly resolved into one's component parts. In dealing with the sex-relation so many of our novelists, otherwise undetected, have betrayed the unhealthy mind. It is the rock upon which so many have split, and not a few while flying white-cross colours of a lofty creed. Of one of his own women he says:—

'She gave him (her lover) comprehension of the meaning of love; a word in many mouths not often explained. With her, wound in his idea of her he perceived it to signify a new start in our existence, a finer shoot of the tree stoutly planted in good gross earth, the senses running their live sap, and the minds companioned and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction.'

It would be difficult to better such a description. Of another he says with admirable frankness, 'She was not pure of nature; it may be that we breed saintly souls which are; she was pure of will; fire rather than ice.' It is to be observed that Mr. Meredith's heroines belong almost without exception to the class which

which finds in the conditions of modern life something from which they would escape, something that under all their gracious acceptance of things as they are they endure with difficulty. It is that by certain subtle signs they perceive that they are still under the physical yoke. Though born within the cage they have hints of freedom, strange half-understood longings for emancipation, and the guilt upon the bars does not deceive them.

'Men may have doubled Seraglio point, they have not yet rounded Cape Turk.'

'Women are in the position of inferiors. They are hardly out of the nursery when a lasso is round their necks; and if they have beauty, no wonder they turn it to a weapon and make as many captives as they can.'

According to Mr. Meredith women are still creatures of the chase, preyed upon by primitive man. And for those who do not feel or who positively extract a pleasure from their subjection, as for those who are unconscious that they are in captivity, Mr. Meredith exhibits a frank contempt. 'The humbly-knitting housewife, unquestionably worshipful of her lord,' the virginal ninny, she who has 'worn a mask of ignorance to be named innocent,' she who is *χειρόνηθης*, or in the language of men is 'essentially feminine,' of these types he is not enamoured, hardly even interested in them, and of these he draws but few portraits. They have indeed had their day these heroines of twenty thousand fictions; they have been beloved of many novelists, and by not a few, it must be acknowledged, among those of even the greatest name. But they lack Mr. Meredith's praise. To those women he turns 'who have shame of their sex, who realise that they cannot take a step without becoming bond-women,' to those whose wings beat against the bars of their prison-house, 'who muse on actual life and fatigue with the exercise of their brains and traffic in ideas,' to these 'princesses of their kind and time, albeit foreign ones and speaking a language distinct from the mercantile,' to these women Mr. Meredith turns for his heroines. The majority of them are either actually insubordinate or chafing. They are splendid wild creatures, not tamed, even untameable, and for this very reason dear to him; the true type of womanhood, spiritually free, and defying the mere primitive hunter from the inaccessible resorts of their own natures.

As he has broken through the conventional treatment of sex problems, so he has broken through the traditional, the conventional treatment of women as exhibited in fictional art. Of sentimentalism he is the unceasing enemy. These heroines
are

are women who would escape the feminine in themselves in order to assimilate something of masculine strength, who would be admitted within the pale of reasonable beings, and not left in the outer world of sentimentalities and gossip. And had Mr. Meredith accomplished nothing save the delineation of so noble and so new a type of heroine, had he accomplished nothing save to press home upon us the conviction that to the finer, the more spiritual elements in womanhood we had hitherto done scant justice, that its beauty and its charm were resident in qualities other than those conventionally ascribed to it, his work would not be unfruitful. Indisputably his success in penetrating into the very heart of the feminine character, the depth and subtlety of his analysis of it, the variety of the types of it he has presented, form one of the pillars upon which his reputation rests.

We think that the perfection of these portraits of women is in part due to the art which the author shares with all the great artists who have excelled in the portraiture of women, the art with which he contrives, despite his searching analysis, to leave something untold, something of mystery in the character of every woman he has drawn. Mr. Meredith's instinct often fails him, it has never failed him here. He has recognised that however boldly the artist may delineate the character of a man, however completely render him, it is not possible to give the same finishing touches, the same air of finality to the character of a woman. Something that eludes analysis, something that declines to be rendered remains, and to convey the impression that there is something yet untold is essential, if a mechanical result, or a mere photograph is to be avoided. But Mr. Meredith, whatever his failings as an artist, is no mere photographer, and we are satisfied that his gallery of life-like women is unmatched in any other English prose-writer. It is not only that he is a master of the secrets of the female heart; no other novelist has such an eye for the graces of her person. Take this of Renée in 'Beauchamp's Career,' Renée,

'a brunette of the fine lineaments of the good blood of France.' 'She chattered snatches of Venetian caught from the gondoliers, she was like a delicate cup of crystal brimming with the beauty of the place, and making one drink in all his impressions through her. Her features had the soft irregularities which run to rarities of beauty, as the ripple rocks the light; mouth, eyes, brows, nostrils and bloomy cheeks played into one another liquidly; thought flew, tongue followed, and the flash of meaning quivered over them like night-lightning.'

Or take this of Clara Middleton:—

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'really insufferably fair,' 'a sight to set the woodland dancing.' 'She wore a dress cunning to embrace the shape and flutter loose about it, in the spirit of a summer's day. Calypso-clad, Dr. Middleton would have called her. See the silver birch in the breeze; here it swells, there it scatters, and it is puffed to a round and it streams like a pennon, and now gives the glimpse and shine of the white stem's line within, now hurries over it denying that it was visible, with a chatter along the sweeping folds, while still the white peeps through. She had the wonderful art of dressing to suit the season and the sky. To-day the art was ravishly companionable with her sweet-lighted face; too sweet, too vividly-meaningful for pretty, if not of the strict severity for beautiful. Millinery would tell us that she wore a fichu of thin white muslin crossed in front on a dress of the same light stuff, trimmed with deep rose. She carried a grey silk parasol, traced at the borders with green creepers, and across the arm devoted to Crossjay, a length of trailing ivy, and in that hand a bunch of the first long grasses. These hues of red rose and green and pale and pale green, ruffled and pouted in the billowy white of the dress ballooning and valleying softly like a yacht before the sail bends low; but she walked not like one blown against; resembling rather the day of the South-West driving the clouds, gallantly firm in commotion; interfusing colour and varying in her features from laugh to smile and look of settled pleasure, like the heavens above the breeze.'

What a picture for blended colour and movement! When we read a passage like this, a picture from Mr. Meredith at his best, or when we come upon a triumphant phrase like that descriptive of Vernon Whitford—'Phœbus Apollo turned fasting friar,' we cannot but acknowledge him, to borrow his own phrase of Alvan, as 'a figure of easy and superb predominance' among contemporary novelists. Yet when victory is within his grasp he misses it, for Mr. Meredith though a great is not a sure artist, comparable with Wordsworth in the sphere of poetry, capable of achieving great effects, but apparently unable to distinguish the great effects and the writing which achieves no effect at all or even a disagreeable one. The absence of the critical faculty, the blindness when one's own work is in question, though a serious defect in a poet is immeasurably more serious in a prose-writer. Wordsworth was subject to 'strange hallucinations of the ear,' he frequently produced prose and betrayed no consciousness that it was not high poetry. Hence it comes that with Wordsworth the part is greater than the whole. But that part is easily separable from the whole, a broad line may be drawn dividing the work of great and enduring value from the work of no value at all. Nor does the uninspired verse seriously interfere with our enjoyment

enjoyment of the inspired. But with a prose writer we are in no such happy case. Certainly with a prose writer like Mr. Meredith we are in very evil case indeed. We may easily separate the poet's wheat from the chaff, but no such separation can be made with the novelist. He is even less amenable to any principles of selection than the historian. He must be accepted or rejected as a whole, and can make no bid for popular favour in a volume of elegant extracts. Here are a number of bulky volumes within whose covers a full and systematised philosophy might easily find a home, within whose covers, as a matter of fact, a view of human life so clear, so sane, so complete as rightly to be named philosophical is actually set forth; but if the view be clear and sane and complete, the exposition of the view is tortuous, beset with incoherencies and choked with perversities of diction. 'Inordinate unvaried length, sheer longinquity, staggers the heart, ages the very heart of us at a view.' To make one's way to Mr. Meredith's elevated table-land of thought one must be a mountaineer, to whom neither *col* nor *arête* present any difficulties. There is no means of getting there save by toiling up the lower snow-slopes, and cutting a path with the ice-axe for the remainder of the journey. It might almost be said of some of these novels that they were not designed by their author to be read any more than the Himalayas were designed by Nature to be climbed. Doubtless many of the eccentricities of his style are incidental to his genius and temperament, but we are convinced that its worst faults are faults which its possessor has acquired, not succeeded to as part of his original mental equipment.

Mr. Meredith then has taught himself to write the style that is characteristic of him, and he has done so in order to avoid 'the malady of sameness, our modern malady,' as he calls it. On every page of his writing appears his horror of the commonplace. Language worn dull by use, phrases that have lost their edge, collocations of words with which the ear is familiar, these he will have none of. There is no one who will not sympathise with an author acutely sensitive to the value of words, acutely sensitive to the diminution of their power or picturesqueness in certain combinations. But we are too willing to accept piquancy or novelty as distinction in style, just as we are often too willing to accept eccentricity as genius. And not infrequently Mr. Meredith, in his determination to be anything rather than commonplace in diction, has succeeded only too well by becoming unintelligible or aggressively obscure. 'He succeeds,' says Mr. Barrie somewhere of his phrases,

phrases, 'he succeeds, I believe, as often as he fails.' There is a heroic ring in this daring 'I believe.' Grant the contention, and we are merely reiterating that he is not a sure artist. Mr. Meredith, as is often remarked, is too consistently clever, and mere cleverness palls. A writer to deserve the epithet great should be master of a various power, a various charm; he should subdue us by sympathy, by enthusiasm, by wit, by reason, by an appeal to the heart as well as by an appeal to the head; Mr. Meredith hammers too exclusively at our intelligence. 'The creative power and the intellectual energy,' says Coleridge of Shakespeare, 'wrestle as in a war embrace.' Something of the same kind is true of Mr. Meredith, but his intellectual power generally obtains the mastery. And it is here that his admirers who desire to preserve their allegiance to the traditions of classic art become his critics. His first conceptions, his initial designs are projected on a superb scale, his instinct probes to the centre. Then comes the hour of elaboration, of patient and gradual progression; and the temptation to make dashing excursions, forays of intellectual brilliance into adjoining country, proves too much for him. The plan of the attack is that of a heaven-born commander, but the management of the campaign is slow and desultory. In a word, Mr. Meredith's judgment is not equal to his genius. What a spend-thrift he is of his intellectual wealth, how wantonly he sows with the whole sack his readers do not need to be informed. We are indeed willing to acknowledge that there is a princeliness, something of the intellectual potentate about this splendid diffusion of treasure, this unlimited largess from inexhaustible mines of mind. There is no need for such an author to hoard his thoughts, or to tender each for acceptance with impressive accompanying ceremonies, to offer his jewels only when cut and polished and set in a frame of precious metal choicely wrought as a foil. Are such methods only appropriate in the case of scanty possessions? Here you may choose and bear away what you will from these indistinguished heaps where the commonest pebbles are strewn side by side with gems worthy the lapidary's art.

Yet since it is not Mr. Meredith's intellectual wealth but the perfection of his art that is in question, there is no other verdict possible than that already given—his judgment is not equal to his genius. How vastly would readers profit had the entire garden been weeded even as 'Richard Feverel' has been weeded. In the second edition to that book whole paragraphs, even chapters of irrelevancy disappeared, and in the edition now offered to the public further excisions, including the chapter entitled 'A

Shadowy

Shadowy View of Caleb Pater going about with a Glass Slipper,' have been made. It is a hopeful sign. The surplusage in this final edition of Mr. Meredith's works is not indeed wholly removed; it is not in the nature of things wholly removable. Much of it is so embedded in the fabric itself that to remove it would be to dislocate and loosen the entire framework. Apart, too, from the mere surplusage, removable or irremovable, there are the extravagances of diction which disfigure so many even of the finest passages. In his determination to avoid the insipidity of the commonplace Mr. Meredith was driven into permitting himself a freedom of speech which deserted elegance to ally itself with licence, and failed to justify the union in the only way in which the union can be justified, by success. Great writers commonly attain their effects with apparent ease; to suggest strain argues littleness. Yet of all English writers of rank there is perhaps not one who seems to write with more continued effort, as of a gymnast performing feats whose only interest lies in their difficulty, feats which we would willingly believe not merely difficult, but impossible. In the efforts, belated efforts we must call them, to prune away useless excrescences upon his work, Mr. Meredith virtually acknowledges the recklessness of his methods. In describing, too, Diana's novel 'The Cantatrice,' it is, we think, with a side glance at his own works.

'No clever transcript of the dialogue of the day occurred,' we are told; 'no hair-breadth 'scapes, perils by sea and land, heroisms of the hero, fine shrieks of the heroine; no set scenes of catching pathos and humour; no distinguishable points of social satire, equivalent to a smacking of the public on the chaps, which excites it to a grin with keen discernment of the author's intention. She did not appeal to the senses nor to a superficial discernment. So she had the anticipatory sense of failure; and *she wrote her best in perverseness.*'

Mr. Meredith too, we believe, has written his best, but in perverseness. Not because he has avoided, as Diana is here described as having avoided, the commonplace situations, characters, and methods of the average novelist, has he failed to reach a wider audience. The author and his admirers indeed bear themselves as if it were so, but they are seriously at fault. Not because he has been original do we make a quarrel with so remarkable an author—Mr. Meredith's argument is not too high, nor his wit too subtle for us—but because, it is a simple reason, he has been neglectful of important artistic principles derived from the capitalised experience of writers and readers. The audience is not all to blame. It is not only the sluggish in intellect who dislike his mannerisms; but

but many eager readers, many who find in him the most potent, the most invigorating spirit among modern prose-writers.

But Mr. Meredith does not offend in his style alone; he transgresses the limits of ease and clearness, he transgresses the limits of warrantable analysis. Little enough is often gleaned from the torture to which he so unweariedly subjects his characters. They yield less than one expects when examined on the rack of his method. The determined probing to the bitter end, the following up of every thread of motive, every hereditary phase of character, every temperamental idiosyncrasy to its source is not of necessity either entertaining or instructive, nor is it in these books invariably justified. The fixed introspective eye becomes dim and loses its sense of proportion, and the results of its scrutiny are often disappointing. Mr. Meredith shows us the human heart, but we are not convinced that his knowledge, as he would seemingly have us believe, has really been derived from a study of it under the microscope. He knows it instinctively but displays it otherwise than he has actually learnt it. He has acquired his knowledge in one way, he is for having us acquire it in another. It may also indeed justly be remarked that it is with the results of analysis rather than with its processes that art is primarily concerned, our interest centres in the results. In Mr. Meredith's novels the processes are sometimes unnecessarily exposed, and we are asked to admire their ingenuity rather than to contemplate their final expression. When one thinks of it, there is hardly one of his brilliant intellectual powers which is not abused. Take his wit. The creator of Diana, of Adrian, the wise youth, of Col. de Craye, of Dr. Corney, of many another of his witty personages had a plentiful need of wit, and there are chapters in 'Feverel' alone which may stand beside the work of any English humourist. Mr. Meredith's witty personages, too, really sparkle, we are not told that their conversation is brilliant, we are present and hear it for ourselves. Yet how often does it happen that his wit, like his analysis, is not helpful. The temptation to make even the average man witty is in itself sufficient to betray him, and we exclaim, 'Oh that he should put cunning words into their mouths to steal away their individualities!' Was there ever author so ready to sacrifice his main design to subsidiary decoration, to exhibit his intellectual versatility at the expense of his art? To us it seems that every book he has written is a dissertation on the superiority of his genius to his judgment. It is writ large over all his greater as well as his lesser works. The great outstanding things in literature are the designs of the masters. Not their language, not their sentiments, not their

their thoughts, but the firm outline of their towering design, the disposed and ordered whole, conspicuous, proudly pre-eminent. To appeal once more to ancient art, that is where the Greeks excelled. They saw to it that, as Matthew Arnold wrote, 'the action itself, the situation of Orestes, or Merope, or Alcmæon, was to stand the central point of interest, unforgotten, absorbing, principal; that no accessories were for a moment to distract the spectator's attention from this; that the tone of the parts was to be continually kept down, in order not to impair the grandiose effect of the whole.' As has been already observed Mr. Meredith sets himself a task infinitely more difficult than that undertaken by the Greek dramatist. His stage is always crowded; in 'Vittoria,' for example, the story of the Italian rising of 1848 till the battle of Novara, we have a bewildering number of *dramatis personæ*, Austrians, Italians, Englishmen, with their entrances and exits; it is a turmoil of events, intrigues, passions, fanaticisms. But because he has set himself a task of almost unexampled severity, because his stage is so crowded, the interests so numerous and varied, for this reason we are the more in need of a resolute adherence to the main design, for this reason 'not a word should be wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in.' The larger the original conception the more rigorous the exclusion demanded by the best traditions of art of all that is not strictly to the purpose, that does not further the argument nor advance the movement of the piece. If in the Greek drama, despite its restricted sphere, the parts were so strictly subordinated to the whole, if the poet found it necessary to keep himself in hand, unless we embrace ideas that differ *toto cælo* from those of ancient art, it is tenfold more necessary in the case of the modern artist who ranges freely over the whole domain of human life. Yet so busied is Mr. Meredith with his accessories that to the action in his novels, surely an important part of the design, he is frequently indifferent, and it becomes occasionally a problem of some difficulty to ascertain what is actually going on. Yet with action the most intellectual of us are and must remain more in sympathy than with ideas with whatever subtlety distilled.

Unhappily for fictional art the novelist has never had to please the critic; he has not been educated in the school of the severest discipline and best traditions. It has ever been sufficient if he found in himself a power to tickle the public taste irrespective of artistic conventions and artistic ideals. Yet it can hardly be considered idle to enquire for the qualities which have enabled some works to endure the unrelax-
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ing test of time through centuries and to suggest that similar qualities may be counted upon to ensure a similar result in the future. Not all works of genius survive, though his genius obtains present indulgence for Mr. Meredith. Much may be pardoned to genius even when displayed in a spasmodic fashion, provided that there is never any doubt that it is there. The knowledge that it is there draws us like a magnet, we read on patiently, and now and then we are rewarded for our constancy. Only his genius too enables him to triumph in any measure over the difficulties with which he has strewn his own path to success. And as it is he must suffer. Either the writer or the reader must take the pains; the dilemma offers no escape, and we know that readers are conspicuously an indolent race, indifferent to the decay of reputations, careful only of their intellectual ease.

We are not inclined to think that criticism is much concerned with the fact that the plots of several of Mr. Meredith's novels follow history very closely, and that some of his *dramatis personæ* enjoyed an actual flesh-and-blood existence before they entered the shadow world of a life in fiction. The Elizabethan drama did not exclude actions or characters within the memory of living men, and fiction has always claimed the privilege of an appeal to the interests of the hour. 'Vittoria,' as has been noticed, reproduces the main incidents of the Italian insurrection of 1848; in 'Beauchamp's Career,' something of the political and social life of England at the time of the Crimean War is reproduced; in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' the author has followed a part of the career of the famous Earl of Peterborough, who made his reputation as a soldier of genius at Valencia, but, found of too imperious a temper, was recalled in 1707, and in 1722 privately married a famous singer, Anastasia Robinson, who was not, however, acknowledged as Countess until shortly before the death of the Earl. In 'The Tragic Comedians,' Mr. Meredith is indebted for something more than the mere framework of his plot. It is, as the author entitles it, 'a study in a well-known story'—the story of the loves of Ferdinand Lassalle, the German Social Democrat, and Helene von Döninges, afterwards Frau von Racowitza. Mr. Meredith not only follows the incidents which, in real life as in the novel, lead to the tragic death of Lassalle, but is indebted for the greater part of his dialogue to an account published by Frau von Racowitza of the episode of her life, entitled 'Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle.' More public interest has been excited, however, in Mr. Meredith's reproduction, in 'Diana of the Crossways,' of the life and career

of Caroline Norton, one of the three beautiful granddaughters of Sheridan, and sister of Lady Dufferin, mother of the present Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Caroline Norton's marriage proved a most unhappy one, and her friendship with Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, led to an unsuccessful action for divorce brought against her by her husband. Famous not only in society for her beauty and her wit, Mrs. Norton was distinguished as one of the most popular poets and novelists of her time. Her writings were characterised by their enthusiastic advocacy of what we would now denominate the rights of women. The incident upon which the plot of Mr. Meredith's novel hinges was the unfounded story of Mrs. Norton's betrayal to Barnes, the editor of 'The Times,' of the communication made to her in strict secrecy by one of her most ardent admirers, Sidney Herbert, to the effect that Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet had resolved upon a repeal of the Corn Laws. The premature announcement of the determination came to by the Government led to a serious crisis, which resulted in the resignation of Lord Derby and the Duke of Richmond. Whether Mr. Meredith has been successful in reconciling his readers to such a gross breach of confidence on the part of his heroine, it would be difficult to determine; that his explanation of her conduct is inadequate, we have ourselves always felt. It is the one defect in an otherwise charming portrait, yet it is possible that the author felt himself justified in securing in this fashion for an otherwise blameless lady that touch of pity which tends to deepen our sympathy with a brilliant and fascinating, but perhaps not in all respects a winning or attractive, character. We would place 'Diana of the Crossways' second to 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'—incontestably Mr. Meredith's most perfect work from the standpoint of art—as least open in spite of its obscurities to the charges of sluggish development and the introduction of irrelevant intellectual excursions. What Mr. Meredith has to say in his own person in this book seems to harmonise more completely with its subject. 'Feverel,' were it not for its ending, so admirably commented upon by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, is indeed almost faultless.

But if 'Richard Feverel,' taken all in all, be Mr. Meredith's greatest work, 'The Adventures of Harry Richmond' is his supreme achievement in the higher comedy. His portrait of Richmond Roy is, we think, the most impressive, the most masterly in his whole gallery. A character so near the verge of utter improbability and yet convincing, so near the verge of scoundrelism and yet attractive, so near the verge of the absurd, yet so pathetic. When we think of Richmond Roy we are no longer

longer critical of Mr. Meredith's defects. This romantic voyager in dreamland, this master of the springs of emotion, this sublime architect in cloudland, this schemer hardly less noble than the noble, lacking only some trifling ingredient to become altogether heroic, a later Falstaff, whose heart too is at last broken, this portrait is Mr. Meredith's outstanding triumph among many triumphs. The contrast, too, between Squire Beltham, the vindictive old man who stands for respectability and all the best that respectability has to show, with the brilliant free lance of the outer unconventional world, Richmond Roy himself—the contrast between these two antagonistic types and the battle between them for the son of the one and the grandson of the other, is grandly conceived. These two tower over against each other like Homeric combatants, and, like their contest, their challenges and defiances are Homeric. If 'Feverel' be Mr. Meredith's most perfect work, this is of all his books the one which commands the fullest admiration of his genius, which evinces his possession of the highest type of power. In 'The Egoist' many of Mr. Meredith's admirers find proof of a greater achievement, but Sir Willoughby Patterne, though evolved with astonishing skill, is a far less complex character, a commoner, a coarser, and a more easily rendered type, without the finer strands of poetry and romance which are woven through the heart and brain of Richmond Roy. And we are not sure that in his delineation Mr. Meredith does not betray that uncertainty of judgment which mars so much of his finest work. His main appeal is, as elsewhere, mainly to our intelligence, but the appeal is here so exclusively to our intelligence, he harps so remorselessly, vindictively we might say, upon the single string, he insists so strongly upon the line of his effect that having been early convinced we become in the end, and indeed long before the end, entirely wearied. Sir Willoughby Patterne is an Egoist, and the ingenious methods by which he is driven to a self-revelation are in the earlier part of the book quite to our taste. We are in close sympathy with the invisible wicked imps in attendance, they 'who love to uncover ridiculousness in imposing figures,' they who 'whenever they catch sight of Egoism pitch their camp, circle and squat, and forthwith trim their lanterns, confident of the ludicrous to come.' But Mr. Meredith is not content to reveal the Egoist to a private audience of imps and readers, he must be revealed to us *ad nauseam*, and not to us only but to his fiancée, to his relations, at length to an outer circle of friends and worshippers, and hardly stops short of a

revelation to the whole country-side, fascinated and agape. We can believe in the Sir Willoughby of the earlier part of the story, but as the 'comedy in narrative' progresses, the Egoist wounded, pierced by a shaft here and there, loses the jaunty self-possession of the knight encased in armour of proof, and begins to stumble to and fro with uncertain steps. Then the hunt fairly sets in, and Mr. Meredith, not content with his revelation, cries 'Havoc' and lets loose the hounds of merciless laughter, who drive the Egoist before them, a spent and quivering and degraded thing. He will not permit a pause in the chase until the self-possessed English gentleman has proclaimed himself ass and churl in trumpet tones. Revelation of his character is not sufficient, the Egoist must be whipped in public and soundly too. And the portrait, at first that of the true Egoist, a man of the world, presents at length the coarse and repellent features of the coward and the loon. Surely here the author has over-analysed until his instinct left him and his discernment played him false? Nothing is easier than to sacrifice the truth of a representation by over-elaboration, and here in the eagerness to display the Nemesis which dogs the steps of the Egoist the limits are passed which divide the portrait from the caricature. A degree overmuch of emphasis, of vehemence in the presentation, mars in our judgment the chief portrait in a great book.

'The hardest and surest proof of a great and absolute genius,' says Mr. Swinburne, 'is the gift of a power to make us feel in every nerve that thus and not otherwise but in all things even as we are told and shown, it was and it must have been with the human figures set before us in their action and their suffering, that thus and not otherwise they absolutely must and would have felt and thought and spoken under the proposed conditions.'

If this test be applied to 'The Egoist,' or indeed if it be applied to any of Mr. Meredith's novels, we shall find that the inevitable is at times replaced in his narrative by the unexpected or the unintelligible. The degree overmuch of vehemence is not in 'The Egoist' only a hostile element to the effect of his art; it is characteristic of him that the shorter time he is about it the more perfect are his results—he begins better than he leaves off. Truth of outline, truth of tone, but not truth of detail, belongs to his characterisation. Mr. Meredith misses then the point in art which suppresses the irrelevant or the accidental, and, dependent as it is upon his judgment, his humour of phrase is not always successful, his wit not always wise. The ingenious arabesque of thought is frequently un-justified

justified by subordination to a purpose; the coruscation of fanciful imagery lends no elucidating light. But how different is it with his humour of view, the humour that belongs to his mental attitude, his outlook over life, the humour that is of the essence of his genius. See it at work in the creation of a character, even of secondary importance, like Colonel de Craye, or Mrs. Berry, or Lord Romney, 'a gentleman whose character it was to foresee most human events.' See it in the lambent irony which pervades and leavens his books. What an extraordinary breadth of humorous appreciation of life is his; now he calls for jeering Aristophanic laughter, now it is the humour of pathetic situations, now of the great and now of the little incongruities of life that moves him. It is in the breadth of his humour and in the breadth of his characterisation that Mr. Meredith's greatness consists; in his intellectual penetration and his imaginative range. His method involves revelation of character by analysis, but analysis conducted while his personages pass through the fire of some crucial position, or are subjected to the shock of circumstance, as of Beauchamp tested amid the conflict of party politics, or Emilia drawn at once by love of country and passion for her lover. And that the only fatality is the fatality of character is a truth driven home in all Mr. Meredith's greater novels. Thus is his tragedy human, and thus it comes that it is not depressing. Human life is never represented in his novels as tragic, because an iron necessity drives man whither he would not go; but tragic only when a free choice is unwisely made, or when passion guides, or when the stress of storm finds the spirit too weak or unresourceful to meet and endure it. In all the greater novels, too, which may be said to end with 'The Egoist,' Mr. Meredith's style, when at its best, has the elasticity of steel with its strength. Like a 'sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper,' it can, within the moment, bend like a bow and spring again to the bright, quivering, darting line that bears the inexsuperable point. And with all its faults, it is a robust organic style that suits its subject. One might trace in it many influences, and that in spite of its distinctive peculiarities. In a sentence such as this, 'Their common candle wore with dignity the brigand's hat of midnight, and cocked a drunken eye at them from under it,' one seems to hear the voice of Dickens; in 'Rhoda Fleming' there are passages which George Eliot might have written; the hand of Thackeray might have assisted in the creation of Jack Raikes in 'Evan Harrington'; Carlyle's Teutonic style in full blast is displayed in 'Farina.' Yet in its strength and weakness it is wholly its creator's; on this page magnificent and unsurpassable,

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on the next intolerable and unreadable. The ordinary man, it has been said, is satisfied to see something going on, the man of more intelligence must be made to feel, the man of high cultivation must be made to reflect. To the society of the highly-cultivated Mr. Meredith makes his appeal, and not without response. But had his judgment equalled his genius, he would, we believe, have appealed to them past all resistance, as no English novelist has yet appealed to them, in an appeal that would have been victorious for all time.

We are not, as the foregoing remarks have shown, blind to what are in our opinion the defects of Mr. Meredith. But there is no living writer whose genius could be more fitly wedded to the perfection of the printer's art. In some writers full dress only reveals the poverty of the material or the thinness of the style; there are others whose charms are enhanced by ornament. To this latter class Mr. Meredith belongs, and he wears with natural grace decorations which would make a smaller writer ridiculous. His solid strength of substance, his elaboration of picturesque detail, his careful finish of language at once set off, and are in turn set off by, the typographic beauty of the edition which Messrs. Constable are now publishing. The volumes satisfy the most fastidious taste, and the richly painted figures of this Burne-Jones of Victorian prose writers look out from a page which, in its way, is as individual and decorative a product as are the creations of Mr. Meredith's imagination.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Les Philosophes Classiques du XIX^e Siècle en France*. Par H. Taine, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1895.
2. *Vie et Opinions de F. T. Graindorge*. Par le Même. Paris, 1896.
3. *De l'Intelligence*. Par le Même. Paris, 1895.
4. *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*. I.-V. Par le Même. Paris, 1895.
5. *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. I.-VI. Par le Même. Paris, 1893-94.
- And other Works.

HENRI TAINE, philosopher, critic, artist in words, and historian, was the Saint Simon of the French Revolution. He has destroyed a legend; torn their tinsel costume from its demigods and stage-heroes; pulled their machinery to pieces; thrown a flood of light upon the grotesque, unclean, and commonplace figures who ruled France during its hour of weakness; and shown to all the world that astounding phantom called Jacobinism, no longer as a portent which no man could account for, but in its habit as it lived,—a thing of shreds and patches, embodying one false idea, the incarnation of Rousseau in seven or eight thousand criminals, to whom power was given to change times and seasons, and to attempt the creation of a fresh universe. On its first apparition Edmund Burke saw into it and through it with his keen prophetic glance; the Jacobin was no mere rebel, no *frondeur* such as in olden days France had brought forth, half in a fit of rage, half in a fit of satire; he was an armed doctrine, 'a theorem that walked about on its own feet,' as Taine would one day call him, a murderous abstraction like one of those symbols in the mediæval moralities, a Vice or an Iniquity which put on the mask of sentiment, breathed most tender sighs over a corrupt and corrupting age, and talked platitudes while cutting its neighbour's throat from pure love and in a spirit of universal benevolence. All this Burke had comprehended, drawing its features with a pencil dipped in scarlet, rudely, indignantly, but no caricature. Singular to reflect that Louis XVI., shut up within that dreary Temple, read the eloquent pages of Burke as they appeared, and himself an actor in so strange a story, had its interpretation given him as in a glass while he waited for the end! Burke, however, prophesied of things which he did not actually see; by a rare and almost divine art of reasoning he deduced consequences from their principles; drew the horoscope

horoscope of a world as yet unborn, and was liable to be refuted by the immortal hopes which men less prescient than himself were bent on cherishing. These had no grasp of law, and among present facts they chose the agreeable which would light up their sky as with a rose-tinted aurora.

Even on this side of the Channel, some,—and they not the worst of human creatures,—thought Burke a madman whose feelings had carried him away. The French multitudes were not likely to be convinced by what they could not study; soon they were dazzled by Napoleon's victories, dragged after him to a hundred battle-fields, shivered to atoms at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Borodino; for them what interval of reflection was allowed, or how could they see in the whirlwind of dust and smoke which their destroying angel told them was French glory? They saw, indeed, nothing save the onset of the Old Guard, or the clouds of Cossacks advancing upon Paris. A generation passed as in a dream; and when the smoke cleared away, the legend of the Revolution rose like a transformation scene, brilliant with lights on every side, gorgeous with enchanted flowers that sprang up by millions from the ground, or fell in wreaths and festoons from a gaily painted roof; and all the while brazen instruments gave forth such loud-toned music,—the 'Marseillaise' striking its dominant, and the great battles chiming in,—that every accent of criticism was drowned, the very Bourbons applauded, and, as Mohammedans date from the Hegira, so did Frenchmen of all colours, Royalist, Catholic, or Liberal, date from 1789. It was the sacred year of a new epoch.

Saint Simon had not yet come. There was a Joseph de Maistre, indeed; but he babbled of St. Louis, the Inquisition, and the Middle Age; who would listen to his homilies? Rousseau had intoxicated all men. Chateaubriand was Rousseau; Victor Hugo was Rousseau; George Sand was Rousseau; M. Thiers was Rousseau; Michelet was Rousseau. It has been profoundly observed that the anarchic spirit of the Revolution overcame not only those who took part in it, but those who described it; an infection of madness seemed to dwell in its name and reminiscence; the picture wrought as if it were a living thing on every one who lifted his eyes towards that immense and lurid canvas; passion so preterhuman had inspired the original that even from the copy it flowed out again, troubling the heart and the judgment. But reason or philosophy, which in Burke had governed the highest flights of imagination, was not to be looked for in Hugo, Sand, Michelet, and these Homeric rhapsodists beheld in their dreams a Golden

Age,

Age, the eclogues of Jean Jacques disporting in flowery meads, and Law transmuted to love and liberty.

Such is the power of enthusiasm that it scorns to be trammelled by facts, and it laughs at philosophy. Edmund Burke was a very dull writer in the eyes of one who had long been gazing upon these cataracts of flame and fire, caught up in the tempest of Hugo's fast-flying rhetoric, or drenched with the attar of roses which Madame Sand poured out from her crystal-line flasks in so profuse a measure. Eloquence had its day and ran its course. The documents that would have shamed it into silence were lying dumb and forgotten, in the Royal, or Imperial, or National archives, piled up in thousands, weighing tons upon tons, a world of witnesses behind the screen, independent and irresistible, should they ever be called up to the bar and confronted with one another. It was by accumulation of such particulars, day after day, in all their horrible sincerity, that Saint Simon had put together his enduring mosaic, where 'Louis le Grand Roi,' and his age,—innumerable figures of men and women, alive every one of them,—are fixed in adamant. Saint Simon was the Shakespeare to whom Providence had assigned for his chronicles and his tragedies a real world, not lying in the distant Roman times, or in the centuries behind him, but extant at Versailles, Marly, and Fontainebleau. His task it was to fulfil, as though by anticipation, Henri Taine's formula of writing history:—

'De tout petits faits bien choisis, importants, significatifs, amplement circonstanciés et minutieusement notés, voilà aujourd'hui la matière de toute science: chacun d'eux est un spécimen instructif, une tête de ligne, un exemple saillant, un type net auquel se ramène toute une file de cas analogues.'

The huge volumes of Saint Simon abound in slight details carefully chosen, told at length, and full of significance; they are specimens so instructive that, when we have looked well into them, we can watch the heart of the actor beating—even the close-shut heart of Madame de Maintenon loses something of its reserve—and the tragi-comedy of the House of France lays bare its hideous secrets. The soldiers, clergy, courtiers, courtesans whom we meet in their single figures are types indeed; such as we note them here, others must have been—a great crowd—and in this miniature we know the whole of France. Could a like portrait be composed in its endless petty circumstances of the Jacobin Revolution, we might say confidently that we had now the means of bringing it to judgment. But Saint Simon gave a lifetime to his collection of instances—who would undertake

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an enterprise that, on the face of things, seemed so much larger and more complicated?

This new historian, if he was to persuade the French that Edmund Burke had taken the altitude of their Revolution, must do so almost unawares; he could not begin with a scheme ready made, or propose to himself the elucidation of theory by appealing to evidence, for as soon as his programme was announced his authority would be gone. He must be, in the language of the courts, a witness *omni exceptione major*, to whom none could object as a partisan too enthusiastic to be critical, or incapable of reducing to significant order the particulars beyond calculation which make up this tale of some five-and-twenty years packed as close with incident as any the most stirring period known to history. Let him fail in exactitude, and his reputation is ruined; in clearness, and he will not be read; in proof, and he will gain no credence. He is to overthrow a national belief, to dissipate the halo which hangs round canonized heads, to strike the music of the 'Marseillaise' dumb, to quench these artificial nightlights by letting in upon them a flood of sunshine; but he shall not be an adherent of the old monarchy, or a clerical, or a foreigner; not a Carlyle rapt into prophecy by his own visions; not a Macaulay, picturesque and superficial; not even a colourless Ranke, docketing the protocols of ambassadors; none of all these kinds will suit the modern historian, for none of them is deep enough or as comprehensive as the task requires. He will go back into the eighteenth century, and there in Montesquieu and Condillac he will find the method which he requires, and in the secret biographer of the Regency and 'le grand siècle,' its most striking application on the largest scale.

To observe how fortune has arranged all these things and brought them to a single point is one of the delights of literature. The historian was wanted, and he came. At the age of twenty-one,—in 1849,—says M. Taine with that slight shade of irony which he cultivated in his style, he had found himself entitled to vote, and not a little embarrassed by reason of this unsought privilege. Had it been a question only of choosing between men and measures! But the French way is to choose between theories, to take service under a flag; and the elector was required to become a Royalist or a Republican, a Democrat or a Conservative, a Socialist or a follower of Bonaparte.

'And I,' observes M. Taine, 'was none of these; I was nothing at all; and sometimes I envied those that had the happiness of being something. When I had listened to all their doctrines, I perceived that there must be a vacant space in my intellect. Motives which
appealed

appealed to others did not appeal to me; I never could understand how one was to be governed in politics by one's mere preferences.'

Had he, then, no associations of the home, the school, the church, to mould and direct his youthful mind? Was it that rare thing, a *tabula rasa*, without writing of any sort upon its surface? Not exactly; but the writing was, so to express his condition, in sympathetic ink, which political harangues did not warm into visible shapes and contours. These 'affirmative people,' he goes on to tell us, drew up a constitution as if they were building a house for themselves,—the plan was the newest, or the prettiest, or the simplest; and their choice did not appear to be limited. One liked the hotel of the marquis; another preferred a comfortable middle-class dwelling; a third the labourer's cottage; a fourth the soldiers' barracks; a fifth voted for Communism and collective phalansteries; while a sixth would have gone out with the savage and lived in tents. All this seemed to our wise young student worthy of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. Was the political problem one of invention, and not rather one of discovery? Had any other nation taken an architect's plan, made the ground level, and built for itself a lasting abode by contract? 'First study the nation, then perhaps you will know what should be its constitution,' said M. Taine to his *doctrinaires*. But they took no heed; wherefore in the space of eighty years they have altered the French constitution thirteen times.

'May it not be,' observes the philosopher, 'that you gentlemen have attempted the impossible? You have reasoned in a vacuum and invented a chimera. For my part, if I ever do profess a creed in politics, it will not be until I have made a deep study of France.'

Thus he in the year 1849. Almost thirty years afterwards, in 1878, the first volume of his '*Origines de la France Contemporaine*' saw the light; and he did not live to complete the survey which he had begun. But he kept his promise. He would not invent *à priori*; yet principles of investigation he must have, unless he suffered himself to be driven about at random,—which was, perhaps, Carlyle's great weakness,—by impressions at once violent and confused. Now Taine had learnt his method from a man whose genius may be disputable, but the strangeness and strength of whose character even those will acknowledge that cannot endure his arrogance,—we mean Henri Beyle, otherwise Stendhal, the author of '*Le Rouge et le Noir*.' Beyle had no resemblance to the commonplace Frenchman, whether politician or man of letters. He despised the airs and graces of French rhetoric; if possible, he despised French

French sentiment yet more ; the talent and the wish to please, the amenities of the salon, the gentle falsehoods which spare our guest's feelings as our own, were abhorrent to this rude ungracious man, not because he valued the moral law,—he did not value it in any way,—but because he sought everywhere the aboriginal, the downright reality of things. His hero was Cesar Borgia ; his temperament that of the Italian Renaissance ; and the final word of knowledge, according to his doctrine, was 'energy.' As French literature is always calculated for an audience, Stendhal went to the opposite extreme, and cast from him the tradition of his language, not, as Victor Hugo, by exchanging the classical of one century for the romantic of another, but by inventing a sort of physician's vocabulary, in which the word was no more than a cipher denuded of all its associations. The idea is not Stendhal's ; it was proclaimed by Condillac in his '*Traité des Sensations*,' and wrought up into a system in his '*Traité des Calculs*.' Clearness before all things, said the philosophic Abbé ; and how can there be clearness while terms are equivocal ? Every sentiment, as it is unique and individual, must have its corresponding image in the brain, its appropriate symbol in speech and writing. It would be a fruitful study to pursue this method along the last hundred years, and watch its varied applications, not only in science, where it is legitimate and indispensable, but in the realism of Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, each of whom has aimed at the transformation of romance into natural history. But Stendhal resolved natural history into physical science ; and we owe it to his teaching that the future critic of the Revolution began a remarkable career by assailing the school, then established in all French high places, of the eclectics or spiritualist philosophers, in the name of psychology and analysis.

The analytic mind is sharp and scornful, a sceptic and a humorist à la Voltaire. It feels no reverence, denies all mysteries, reduces the whole of creation to a sum in algebra, perceives the movement of molecules everywhere, and nothing but that movement from first to last. Its psychology is no more than a complex mechanism ; and it would be delighted to explain the world as what is now termed a 'reversible engine,' if it did not draw back from the folly of perpetual motion. All it can acknowledge in its experience, however lofty or tender, is one set of phenomena succeeding another in unbroken series. This, if not necessity, will be at least inviolable order, above or beyond which nothing exists or is known. Energy without mind,—for man alone has mind,—is the sum of all things and their abiding reality. 'Never,' said M. Emile Faguet in his obituary

obituary of Taine, whom he admired and was eulogizing, 'never did any man possess a temper so foreign to the dogmas of religion. On the side of Heaven his windows were all closed.' Twenty volumes dealing with the life and thought of mankind, with Italian or French schools of painting, with English literature from Beowulf to Tennyson, with the sights and suggestions of travel among the Pyrenees or in the Scottish Highlands, with Paris and London and Florence, with mediæval chronicles, and the epic of the French Revolution, confirm this witness while they bring it home to us in detail. Taine seems to have applied in his far-glancing studies, which were all chapters, as he designed them, of a mere natural history, the word of Laplace to Napoleon concerning the system of the Heavens. 'Why do you not speak of God?' the Emperor asked him; and the man of science replied, 'Sire, je n'avais pas besoin de cette hypothèse.' Laplace, however, was considering, not the metaphysical origin, but the development in time and space of the planets from the sun. He might have adored a hidden Deity, while refusing to entangle the First Cause among secondary and finite conditions. But Taine, having learnt his lesson at the feet of Hume, did not allow any 'cause' in the old philosophical sense; and when that notion was exploded, every power, faculty, substance, fell with it into the abyss. 'We delude ourselves,' he wrote, 'so soon as we look upon cause, force, and faculty as creative essences;' they are mere abstract terms which we have drawn, not from an Eternal which reveals itself by its action, but from one group of phenomena viewed as preceding a second. The conclusion is startling enough. Thanks to this pure Nominalism, or theory of names instead of substances, the whole of metaphysics and religion must be swept away, as a false, an obsolete system of signs to which we have attributed a content they never did hold within them. There is no human personality and no Divine; neither an Ego in the consciousness, nor a God in Heaven, nor a life to come, nor an invisible world. 'The being in dispute,' again we are told when asking what is meant by a Cause, 'is simply nothing, and we shall find in it merely an empty void. So it is that we make of it a pure essence, neither extended nor corporeal, and hence something spiritual. Accordingly, philosophers have peopled the universe with such entities.' We are deceived by language and custom; 'the powers or faculties are metaphysical phantoms engendered by words, which flee away when we examine scrupulously into the meaning of our own expressions.' And thus, Condillac defining philosophy as 'a grammar,' a 'language properly constructed,' we are left with our verbal
signs

signs to make the best of them. But the body fares no better than the soul. There is now nothing real in matter 'except movements, present, future, possible, bound up with certain conditions. In the physical world, as in the moral, naught remains of what we commonly understand by substance and force. Chemical body, natural atom, the Ego, and all that we term "being,"—these are always a distinct series of movements,' and they are nothing more.

It is a decided gain whenever, in disputes like these, the question can be clearly stated. M. Taine had the French gift of lucidity,—we do not say of intuition, which is altogether different,—to a degree beyond any other of his age; and in writing the prologue of his first volume, '*Les Philosophes Classiques du XIX^e Siècle en France*,' he has left us a page so instructive that we will set down here at length its chief outlines. Two schools of thought, he says, prevail in France, and with no deep shades of variety may be found among the English and the Germans. One is for men of letters, the other appeals to men of science; and in Paris they are known as the philosophy of spiritualism and the philosophy of Positivism. The spiritualist, if he does not talk by rote, thinks of his 'causes' and his 'forces' in the light of distinct beings or entities, resembling the force within ourselves which we denominate the 'will'; so that beneath our extended, palpable, visible universe a second exists, which cannot be touched, felt, or seen, but which produces and upholds the world we see. But the Positivist considers that all 'causes,' and especially the 'first causes,' lie outside the range of human intelligence. Thus the spiritualist relegates his causes out of phenomena, and the Positivist banishes them from science. Both agree in the confession of a metaphysical world; but one affirms and the other denies that we can come to the knowledge thereof.

'Now,' said M. Taine, 'how admirable should I be, if I silenced both schools by a single argument, proving that the order of causes must be identical with the order of facts, and thus teaching those who follow M. Comte that they need not mutilate science, and those who cling to M. Cousin that they have no right to double the universe! A daring but a necessary triumph; not, however, so difficult as it might seem. All that we require is to guard against the optical delusion whereby we take causes for real and separate entities, transform metaphors into substances, and give to phantoms a consistence and a solidity which they cannot claim. There is no mysterious inaccessible Beyond, as our positive friend imagines; and there is no other world at all except the present; although religious men have dreamt of such with their eyes open. The source of every phenomena is a system of laws.'

Voltaire,

Voltaire, indeed, coming to the end of his long pilgrimage, saw this axiom and stated it a good hundred and thirty years ago, 'All beings, without exception,' he declares, 'are subject to laws invariable;' it is the doctrine of Spinoza, 'defecated to a pure transparency,' by eliminating the ancient metaphysical ghost of substance and giving to the word 'cause' a strictly phenomenal meaning.

Take the world, then, continues our author in speaking of Carlyle, as it is revealed by science. You will find it to be an orderly group; or, if you please, a sequence submissive to a law; beyond this, it is nothing. Now as we deduce the sequence from the law, we may say (if we choose) that it is produced by the law as by a force. Should you be an artist, you will seize by one effort that force, that whole series of effects, and that beautiful order in which they come to light. Such is the reproduction of the world outside us by sympathy; and to my thinking, says M. Taine, it is the most exact and complete. Until knowledge attains that point it is imperfect; when it has reached thereto, it can advance no farther. But there is an imaginary scope beyond where those shadows appear which the intellect has called up and whereby it becomes the dupe, the victim, of its own fancies. Have you some small gift of imagination? You will convert that force into a separate being, situate beyond the assaults of experience, a spirit which is at once the source and the substance of things below. There is your metaphysical reality. But you may add a second power to your endowment of fancy; and then, being an enthusiast,—such as was Carlyle,—you will hold that the spirit, existing outside of all space and all time, is manifest in both; that He is the soul of all things; that in Him we live, and move, and have our being. Rise into vision, be wrapt in ecstasy, you will declare that He alone is real and all things else appearance; you cannot define, or affirm in detail; He is become to you an abyssal depth not to be sounded by clear ideas. You will betake yourself to sentiment, and we shall style you an *exalté*, a Puritan; but you have all the while been transmuting your first poor general idea into poetry, philosophy, mysticism. From the lack of good grammar you change a formula into a phantom; and with tears, prostrations, and rending of the heart if not of the garments, you fall down and worship the creation of your own mind.

An optical delusion, indeed! Who but will be impressed with the amazing coolness of temper which, not once or twice but always, during a busy life in the heart of the modern world, could ascribe to learned and unlearned, to men of genius like

Carlyle.

Carlyle and even Goethe as to the multitude in the churches, a fixed hallucination, founded upon trivial mistakes in language, but leading up to the most ancient, and perhaps the noblest, effort of the creative intellect,—to Religion with all its heroism, its poetry, its beneficence, its high contemplations and self-denying practice? M. Taine had supreme confidence in himself. No misgivings ever clouded the perfect disk of his theory, which clear, and round, and shallow, beamed out upon Positivist and spiritualist alike from an otherwise empty heaven. There is a singular tone of exultation in the victory which his first volume proclaims, of analysis ending in atheism, over the accredited beliefs. He does not sigh for immortality, or lament that the world is no longer a Divine creation, or shrink at the degradation of duty into invariable sequence; and he declines with a strident laugh to measure the truth of systems by their effect on conduct and morality. So far removed is he from suspecting that consequences may contain an argument no less truly than antecedents! Nay, he misses the point altogether. It is urged by those whom he describes as spiritualists, that the nature of things cannot be immoral; that orderly groups imply an ordering mind; that if intellect were sensation transformed, the effect would be greater than its cause. And he answers,

‘Your certitude is an equivocation; God and duty are fine popular names to conjure with; the distinction of just and unjust is rhetoric addressed to the man in the street; we do not insist upon a moral physiology, or chemistry, or geology; why should we strain after a moral metaphysics?’

¶ The days were to arrive when M. Taine, though never yielding an inch of ground to the transcendental, felt keen dissatisfaction with the results of his own teaching and tendency, as they were embodied in the French school-system. On the last page of his monumental work, he brings in the modern young man, a Jules Vallès, for example, whom he quotes, and whose training, though in part rhetorical, was carried out upon the lines of a secular and atheist philosophy. And the youth exclaims in his poignant language,

‘Thanks to the education you have given us, we have come to believe, or have been suffered to believe, that the world was made after a certain fashion. You have taken us in; it is far more hideous, foul, and wretched than we thought; to our senses and imagination, at least, unhealthy, overstrained, if you like, it appears so; and it is your fault. Well, then, we anathematize, we flout and mock, your world and your system. We deny your pretended truths; to us they are nothing but mendacities; and we cast from us those very “primordial and elementary principles,” as you call them,
which

which are manifest, so you say, to common sense, and upon the foundations of which you have set up your laws, your institutions, your social order, your philosophy, your science, and your arts."

There is no want of eloquence here; but why did M. Taine not deduce these groups of phenomena from their antecedent conditions in 1856? His lively, impertinent, and facetious-counterblast to the philosophy which affirmed God and duty would have changed its tone, we cannot but surmise, had a benevolent critic sketched the anarchist of 1871 deriving from its negations a programme such as Jules Vallès endeavoured to carry out during the Paris Commune.

But, in 1856, M. Taine, young, ardent, impetuous, the rising hope, as Stendhal announced, of those extremely scientific coteries which, by a sort of mathematics applied to life, were intent on renovating philosophy,—M. Taine, who had already tried his 'prentice hand upon La Fontaine and Livy, reducing each to a formula that would fit inside the case of a lady's watch;—M. Taine, confident that where he saw nothing there was nothing to see, felt within himself the call to battle, and assailed with sarcasm, with irony, with a whole sheaf of arrows-bought from the remains of La Mettrie and Holbach, the four men who represented, however incompetently, what was left of genuine metaphysics in France. His purpose was to restore Condillac, whom even Laromiguière had abandoned when he gave to the human mind some active power of dealing with its passive sensations. A second school, the Scottish, imported from Edinburgh by Royer-Collard, was honest if somewhat imbecile; and Taine covered these excellent persons with ridicule, on the ground that they were unwilling to accept arguments, the last word of which was a refutation of the first and the suicide of reason. When Victor Cousin advanced, his youthful antagonist lowered his sword in honour of Madame de Longueville, whom the eclectic had chosen for the Egeria of his studies on the decline of life. It was allowable mockery, brilliant and bold, though not equal to Heine's or Voltaire's. The practised stage-play and well-executed bravuras of M. Cousin, a rhetorician who got up his part as tenors do their music, now rehearsing the libretto of Hegel, and anon going back to the *canto fermo* of a less heterodox system, could not brazen it out against a writer who pleaded for some study of experience, and a return from Pantheism in the pulpit to facts in the laboratory. M. Cousin was an impresario that took a leading part in his own operas; and with his exits and entrances philosophy had as little to do as with 'Le Mariage de Figaro' or 'Don Giovanni.'

The case was different when we arrived at Maine de Biran's 'interlunar cave;' it became lugubrious and tragic on meeting the bent figure of Jouffroy. Martyrs of doubt, wrestling with the shadows that killed them at last, these men deserved some consideration. Taine could not know, as we have since learned, that Maine de Biran had moved slowly forward, one step at a time, on the path of Christian obedience, until he seemed within view of the goal that he was never destined to reach. But a more observant, because not so unkind an enemy would have pitied him where he lay bleeding and forlorn, a strong argument that the questions of philosophy were something too deep for grammatical solutions to heal them. And Jouffroy? Jouffroy is a name which has in its very sound, like the name of Pascal, a suggestion of anguish never appeased, a thrill which stirs and excites the listener, awakening some of those mysterious faculties in the soul to which only a world as real as it is tangible, nay transcendental, can yield satisfaction. Of Jouffroy we may affirm that the problem of existence, which he knew not how to resolve, was his death-warrant. Under its burden he broke down; the ardours of thought consumed him. What is man's destiny? What is his duty? These questions Jouffroy made his own. They were the titles of his nobility among metaphysicians,—a great estate, the keys of which he did not learn to use, but still a prospect in front of him, though distant, and often wrapt in storm. He believed that man must be ordained to some high purpose; 'infinite aspirations whisper to us of a state in which they shall attain fulfilment;' all is not lost, though life be exceeding bitter, its earthly hopes a delusion, its joy fugitive. The accents of the speaker, commonly so unimpassioned within his lecture-room, had, when he touched upon this chord, a subduing melancholy. Alone in his day, Jouffroy lamented with a strong cry, with agonized and convulsive sobbings, over the shipwreck of mortal things which must follow upon the loss of faith. He was a Pascal who had taken the other side, as if compelled but most reluctant, driven by reasonings that were absolute unreason, yet, in his thick darkness, not to be overcome. Thus he exhibited a spectacle which from every point of view was tragic; and whereas systems of philosophy rise and fall, passing like waves upon an ever-rolling flood, Jouffroy stands upon his rock, a lonely figure, buffeted by all the winds of heaven, drenched with the salt spray, despairing of scepticism, holding out baffled hands towards belief, a man so individual, so suffering, that we forget to argue and feel pierced with pity, on looking into his sad countenance. He died at the age of forty-six, 'the pale sun shining' as he went down the hill,

'hill, and an icy stream awaiting him into which he must descend. Hamlet himself is not a more typical, a more 'questionable' subject for deep meditations.

M. Taine had in his composition the fibre of sympathy, repressed according to Stendhal's rule, but not absent. In writing of Jouffroy, he is tender, we may say, to the man, though a merciless critic of his attempt at construction. Here, as in a soliloquy or an aside, for one moment the easy-going Nominalist reveals to us that he, too, is wounded; if we stay by ourselves and cultivate the habit of thought, he says, we shall be miserable. The French doctor prescribes society as an alternative to sadness,—to philosophic melancholy, observe, which is the answer made by instinct when we anatomize life into mechanism. Society is the cure,—

'on se dissipe, on s'occupe, on oublie, on rit; bonheur léger et passager qu'il faut prendre ou perdre, sans beaucoup le regretter ni l'attendre et sur lequel il ne faut pas réfléchir. L'homme réfléchi le trouve misérable, et, comme il n'y en a pas d'autre, il juge que la joie n'est pas.'

The psychology of all this, in an unbelieving soul, is admirable. It was an odd saying of Rousseau's when he contemplated the society of his age, that 'l'animal qui pense est un animal dépravé'; Taine draws the inference, 'Fallen Cherub, to reflect is miserable, doing or suffering,' and he concludes against the good of existence as not capable of being passed through his crucible and coming out unharmed. From early days he was more of a Pessimist than the lamentable Carlyle, whose darkness had, far folded within it, some gleam of morning. Neither was that conviction momentary; to the last it endured and its strength increased. When Jouffroy pleaded man's high aspirations, and from the nature of our faculties argued an immortal destiny, Taine replied:—

'Destiny, end, purpose, final cause, are many names for one thing, the distinct group of phenomena which constitute a being. These are but facts, and facts are perishable. The type survives, the individual passes; man is quite as immortal as an ox, and no more; both have tendencies to persist; both lie at the mercy of events, or other facts, which may and do abolish them. You tell me, M. Jouffroy, that you feel within you an infinite demand for knowledge, power, and sympathy. I daresay. But the great universe bears us down, the social order is imperfect, we must undergo endless troubles, and be satisfied with very moderate enjoyments. What more simple or natural? Say not, therefore, that our nature forebodes our destiny; but that all talk of this kind is a superannuated

moral theology, which it is pollution to touch, and let it slumber in medieval folios amid the dust of final causes.'

Thus he wrote when young enough to have felt the charm there is in ideal aspirations. Many years afterwards, a travelled and observant man, successful in his career at the School of Fine Arts, with all the journals of Paris praising him, and in the enjoyment of a reputation for wisdom such as Mr. Stuart Mill had acquired on this side of the Channel, Taine, coming forward as a satirist, a Juvenal and Aristophanes in modern style, expressed the same doctrine, if possible, more vehemently. He was M. Thomas Graindorge,—as who should say, John Barleycorn,—a retired American dealer, enriched at Chicago by the commerce of hogs and petroleum. He had eaten 'de la vache enragée' in his time; he knew the world, not as it is painted in romance and poetry—a vernal landscape—but as a mill that grinds down into powder sentiments, affections, fine principles; out of his pork and his slaves he had contrived to make a fortune; and his philosophy, founded on experience, was pretty much of one pattern with his life.

'Louis XI,' he was wont to say in hours of ease and expansion, 'kept, towards the close of his days, a troop of juvenile swine which he dressed up, some as nobles, others as decent burgesses, and the rest as canons of the cathedral. They were trained at the rope's end to dance; and in this attire they executed before His Majesty. That is how the unknown personage whom you call Dame Nature deals with us; I have an idea that she is a humorist; but when she has taught us with some considerable expenditure of blows to play out the play, and our grimaces have wrinkled up her ancient features, then she despatches the whole company to the pork-butcher's and the salting-tub.'

It is evident that M. Graindorge had looked into 'Sartor Resartus;' but our point is that he accepted the famous 'Pig Propositions,'—or Gospel of Chicago we might now term them,—with a simple earnestness which would have salted down the heavens and the earth were any machine discoverable whereby to extract from the sixty-nine elements of existence all the nourishment they contain. He took Carlyle at his word. These bare 'statements of facts' came as near to a philosophy and 'whole duty of man' as acquaintance with life in both hemispheres would allow. Was it ironical? Yes, in so much as it enhanced by contrast and precision the ridicule attaching to idealism, however charmingly draped; no, if irony were taken to mean a noble doctrine masquerading in grotesque or uncouth vestments, like the soul of Socrates in a tenement

a tenement disfigured by the hand of Nature. M. Graindorge was M. Henri Taine, who thought men and women mostly despicable, society an ill-devised farce played even worse than it was written, civilization moribund as well as imbecile, and the modern mind 'a sparkling French intellect decomposed by experience as a delicate wine is ruined by too warm a sun.' A very complete 'experience,' he says, in which money gives a sharp tone to the music, and scandal treads a measure with speculation on the Bourse. Not that M. Taine loved scandal or speculation; his god was Science; he did not cultivate the pleasures of Paris; but he knew and often declared that the man of to-day is a plebeian; that the young are less enamoured of poetry than the old; that every one calculates, and analyzes, and counts the cost; that competition was never so exacting, or the prose of daily toil so monotonous; that Positivism has transformed the Antony of 1820 into the cold, indifferent, uncivil, and unhealthy Parisian *jeune premier* of these latter days; and the only remarkable fact which he does not know,—this encyclopedic M. Taine,—is the part which he and other men of genius resembling him have taken in the consummation that he satirizes and deplores.

But no *experimentum crucis* will persuade him to revise his first principles. If, on turning back to the past, he sets eyes in the Museum of Roman Antiquities on the sad serene figure of Marcus Aurelius, and pauses to contemplate him, the suspicion may arise for an instant that 'All is well and all is fair,' at least for those who love God. A suspicion only, which soon vanishes into the dark of Pessimism. Nay, he concludes,—

'There is surely an excess of evil in the world. Every hundred years man removes from his path a stone or a bramble; but stones and brambles remain in plenty to tear and wound him. Has he comfort, then his tender feeling of discomfort grows; the body is protected, the spirit falls diseased. One thing adds to its dominion, experience, and with it we advance in scientific knowledge and power. Else, on the whole, we lose as much as we gain, and our surest progress will be in resignation.'

Another time he writes:—

'In the world we suffer; that, too, is according to reason. Will you ask the great powers of nature to change and spare your sensitive nerves, your trembling heart? We kill and we eat one another; is that so strange, considering that there is not food enough for all who would eat? Understand this; you have no right to anything; neither society, nor nature, nor the individual is the least in your debt. If you demand happiness from them, you are a fool; if you think

think yourself unjustly treated when they refuse that prayer, you are a greater fool.'

And he continues in a parable which Montaigne or Swift would have applauded, with a diabolical art of making man contemptible in his own eyes, to liken this ambitious biped to the rat or the mole, and to advise him against putting his trust in 'the monstrous gallop' of things, destined sooner or later to carry him and his fellows down into the pit. And is there no law of progress, after all? None, replies M. Taine.

'By nature as by structure man is an animal; and at no time did these let their first impression be extinguished. Man has teeth like the dog and fox; from the beginning he has buried them in the flesh of others. For a morsel of uncooked fish, his descendants have slaughtered each other with knives of flint. In our day he is not transformed but merely a little less savage. Game is still rare; huntsmen are many; if you think of dining, rise the earliest, lie down the latest, take care to have better arms, keener-scented hounds, stouter nets; look to your larder, be on your guard; teach others that you know how to defend yourself; then you will secure a good meal. That is my advice which whoever is able may follow.'

Quotations, though abridged and summary, but all in a definite key, like these, make us aware in the analytic Pessimist of a poet, certainly far from genial, but intense, picturesque, defiant, humorous, Rabelaisian, and exasperated. We cannot allow to him the light hand of a Voltaire, who brushing the cheek or forehead of an enemy with supreme grace, left a deadly wound, and deprecated misapprehension all the while. There was something too forced or too violent in Taine's sarcasm; a seriousness which might have been Teutonic; making incision as with a surgeon's lancet rather than playfully letting out life at the touch of a diamond-hilted dagger. Stendhal was always truculent; Taine, if he hated mankind less, betrayed in his writings that secret dryness with which Amiel has charged Goethe, and for a not unlike reason,—he was deaf to the harmonies of Revelation. It will be found, we think, on studying even poets of a large and manly temper, as the grave Lucretius, that when they no longer drink from these heavenly springs, they wither away; the everlasting resistance to what is believed all round them estranges and provokes to fierce reprisals; they mock the multitude as insane and themselves as content to move about in a world of lunatics; and soon it is their settled judgment that the universe, for all its beauty and its panoramic riches, deserves, in the language of Mephistopheles,

Mephistopheles, to go to ruin. Human life is but an episode in geology, says Taine in presence of the mighty masses of earthquake which he sees spread out before him along the valley of Luz and which form the heights of Barège.

'Time—a solitude wherein we set down a milestone here and there; its immensity is thus revealed, but we cannot measure it. Our nescience is overwhelming even as our science. And as for ourselves, we exist between two displacements of the soil beneath us; our very life hangs upon a movement of the thermometer, a degree more or less of heat; our whole history will go into a single line of the earth's record; our duration is a moment; our strength a cipher.'

Is it not arresting to read these Hindu-like reflections in the traveller who began with such proud talk of science and analysis? Now he writes, almost fantastically, but with a heavy breath cutting short his words,—

'We resemble the tiny blue myosotis that one gathers moving down the hillside; its shape is delicate, its structure admirable; Nature forms them in abundance and destroys them; she expends all her skill in their making, and all her indifference in letting them perish.'

Voltaire could not have lighted upon such a sad Eastern apologue; the passion, the regret, of a more profound though desolate spirit, has clad these meditations in their mourning weeds. Just such an accent of despair it is which rescues M. Taine from the vulgar crowd who glory in their shame. His mind was atheist; but his eye and his heart were sensible of a meaning, still not grasped or brought down into human language, that gave the lie to blind experience, fumbling over its groups of phenomena, and a sceptic towards the light which it could not handle or weigh in its balances.

The characteristic power of the man was imagination, active and passive. Vauvenargues has declared that 'great thoughts come from the heart.' M. Taine's heart was not large enough to bring forth sentiments of heroic mould, or thoughts on a level with those of genius. But he felt, and he saw, and he could fix in graphic lines, and in colours most distinct and solid, the impressions that laid themselves, as it were, upon his retina. We may reckon the sum of his philosophy in a single phrase; it is 'movement and imagery.' Mechanic movement, causeless, infinite, without end or purpose; and when it reaches the fibres of the brain which it has formed, we know not how, it becomes in these microscopic mirrors a series of images, train upon train crossing, mingling, interweaving, flood and ebb, in a struggle
for

for life which passes through more adventures than a Japanese novel, from the dimmest dawn of sensation, though sleeping and waking, up to the triumphant arch of manhood in its prime and downward thence to old age, oblivion, and the stillness of the tomb. What we imagine vividly we affirm to be real; but all sight and sense are, in fact, hallucination.

M. Taine published in 1870 his treatise, '*De l'Intelligence*,' to prove that man was this animated picture-gallery, at once the artist, the canvas, and the paintings. When his hallucinations corresponded with the rest of his experience (by what test we never could learn, though seeking it diligently), then they were true and might be relied upon; but the train of images that prevail in a mortal's magic-lantern thus prepared are always affirmed by him as real, and his habitual memory of them is the Ego. How shall we define 'moral personality'? M. Taine replies that it is 'a polypus of images;' and he crowds the court with physicians, dreamers, madmen, somnambulists, and the hypnotized, as witnessing to the fluent, decomposable nature of this hitherto acknowledged substance and sovereign being. The picture-gallery may be shattered by a physical accident; half the sketches may lose their colouring; or a single figure eclipse the rest by its fascination of loveliness or disgust; then we find the ancient ego no more; a new one has emerged from the sea of impressions, and the individual cannot be held answerable for what happened in that previous avatar. When we would comprehend the man, we must follow the development of his life along the path which these transformed molecular movements have travelled.

And what is applicable to one is true of all. A nation is but the immense exhibition made up of these chambers of imagery connected together in time and space. So that we may now translate our painting into analysis, and complete our analysis by painting; these are the under and upper surfaces of all the reality which modern science can allow. The philosophy of art is likewise the art of philosophy. And its elements, whether in life or in literature, are these three—'the race, the environment, the moment.' In combination they develop a 'ruling faculty,' as they have themselves grown up out of a 'primordial sensation.' Given the formula, let induction verify it in each particular case; then we hold the mind of a people complete and manifest, summed up within so few terms that algebra itself cannot vie in brevity and clearness with our living history, now become a science. The wall of partition between concrete and abstract, which divided human events from the phenomena of molecular changes, and appeared to be insurmountable

insurmountable, has fallen before M. Taine's miraculous trumpet. 'We are justified in affirming,' he declares, 'that the cerebral event and the mental event are, at last, one sole event with two faces,—one intellectual, the other physical; one accessible to consciousness, the other lying open to the senses.'

Had we the power of establishing these details with exactitude, we might even deduce from our three 'primordial forces,' not only the politics, religion, morality, literature, and economic level of a nation at this present, but the civilization of the future. Is not the circle of possibilities complete when we know the spring that is acting from within, the pressure from without, and the velocity acquired? The entire movement of humanity lies inside this ring; it begins, it goes forward, it expires by a law of mathematics, above or beyond which there is nothing transcendental. Religion, art, philosophy,—the 'three great achievements of intelligence,'—fall under this all-embracing view. What, indeed, is philosophy? An abstract conception of Nature and its primitive causes. What is art or religion? The same conception thrown into symbols and incarnate in personages which faith declares to be real, and the artist knows to be fictitious. There is a common element manipulated by a special faculty in all three. And so we return to our 'ruling passion,' our formula, and our synthesis. With a small number of types selected according to these prescriptions we can paint, analyse, and reproduce the infinite variety of phenomena, from an apparently chance expression occurring on a single page, or the dull and otiose sensations of a rustic in his mountain-hamlet, to the whole busy scene of the Strand or the Boulevards; we can unfold the Great Rebellion out of its causes, and follow the French Revolution from the hatching of the egg to the full age of the cockatrice.

It is only too clear that we can do no such thing. Ambitious formulas defeat their own aim by simplifying facts and overlooking all that declines to be explained by them. M. Taine could perceive this limitation in other French philosophers; why was he unconscious of it when writing his '*Littérature Anglaise*'? He is never weary of pointing out the 'classic spirit' as peculiar to his own nation, and therefore, one would suppose, not unlikely to have shaped even his ideas during youth and early manhood. Now the classic spirit, defined as it is by this writer, has the most marked affinities with his analytic science; for of each we may affirm that it consists of 'abstract expressions, contiguous notions, and a regular deduction, step by step, from the composite to the simple and back again.' Neither 'permits our words to follow one another according

according to the variable succession of images and emotions; for both will have a rigorous order of ideas, and transposition is strictly forbidden. 'An aim is fixed,—some truth to be demonstrated, or persuasion to be driven home; and we must march forward, and march straight.' Was it not Condillac who said that the French language, written upon these lines, might be termed a scientific method like the calculus? But, remarks M. Taine, it was only the calculus of reasoning, which has no power to embrace the plenitude and the complexities of the actual world. Certainly, and what else can we think of his own too simple rubrics,—the race, the *milieu*, the moment,—except that they too have the merits and the defects of a calculus applied where it is sure to fail, by its 'thin unsubstantial commonplace'? Not only is it fatiguing and monotonous; it leads astray as a Will-o'-the-wisp dancing lightly over wide surfaces where no footing is possible. It darkens by not leaving the eyes to accustom themselves in the gloom of 'primordial causes,' where a little may be traced by patience, genius, and the most exquisite caution. Now comes this wandering light to dazzle and mislead, as if we knew all that was meant by a 'race,' and could fully grasp the circumstances, divine as well as human, under which prophets, kings, crusaders, poets, legislators, have put forth their energies! 'Encore faut-il ajouter que ces personnages ne sont réels qu'à demi.' Never did M. Taine write a more apposite word. If in every man that lives there are two sorts of qualities, those which he has in common with his kind, and those which make him to be himself, distinct from his kind, and if the individual features are the more numerous,—undoubtedly they are the more important,—we cannot simplify a nation into a formula without committing the mortal sin charged by M. Taine upon his native literature and the French intellect at large. 'Erudition, critique, bon sens, exposition presque exacte des dogmes et des institutions, vues philosophiques sur l'enchaînement des faits, et sur le cours général des choses, il n'y manque rien, si ce n'est des âmes.' Precisely. These are, with one remarkable exception to be dwelt on immediately, the qualities, both good and bad, of M. Taine's own writings, which he surely intended to differ from the writings of Voltaire, Duclos, and Mably, by their seizure of reality beneath all disguises. But in religion and philosophy we have ascertained that he has either no experience or very little insight. He is of one mind with his classical and scientific ancestors of the eighteenth century.

'In its description of nature,' he does not hesitate to say, 'that century has drawn the general outline, the order of the perspective, and

and the principal groups so successfully, that even to-day the chief lines remain intact. Save for some partial corrections, there is nothing to efface. It is a vast treasure-house of truths, certain or else probable, demonstrated or already foreseen.'

Now, we say, it stands to reason, that when a disciple has accepted his master's methods he will work by his master's rules; and Taine has done so, not revolutionizing his eighteenth century at all, but merely developing a vivid sense of colour, instead of the faint touching up of those lineaments which, in the old French style, was usual. To the classic treatment he brings no new principles, but a robust constitution, an eye inflamed with romantic visions, and a love of minute but telling particulars,—all which exhibit the artist who is not, in any genuine sense, much more than a painter of the outside. In French classic style we follow up the lines of regularity; in M. Taine, as in Balzac, we are invited to contemplate large masses of colour, impressions gained by watching individuals under a strong light; but if we think that we have caught the soul we are grievously mistaken. No, it is 'mental pathology' or 'multiplied vivisection;' it is not pure thought, the religion of the heart, feeling disengaged from sensation; for according to the *philosophes* in whose footsteps M. Taine walks like the humblest of French schoolmasters, 'our sensations are the substance of our intelligence.' But whereas the eighteenth century was, even in its history and romance, mathematical, the nineteenth is Impressionist. Voilà tout! We remember an eccentric philosopher who once, in a dream, heard the solemn aphorism, 'Colour is the outside of motion.' If M. Taine had been acquainted with the words, he might have taken them for his literary device and inscribed them on those five eloquent volumes to which he has consigned his opinions of Chaucer, Marlow, Spenser, Shakespeare, and our other English glories. His first and last ambition is to spread out in the sun a thousand gorgeous hues; and to resolve our imaginative and high-soaring literature into hallucination.

'Properly speaking,' he tells us, 'man is mad, as the body is sick, by nature; reason, like health, is in us the success of an hour and a happy accident. If we do not recognize this as a truth the reason is that we are now put under rule, languid, half dead, reconciled in some measure to the movement of things around.'

Analyze Shakespeare; no one, not even Molière, has penetrated so deeply beneath the appearance of good sense and logic wherewith our human machine is clothed to the brute forces that compose its substance and set its springs in motion. How did

did he succeed,—by what extraordinary gift did he arrive at the most extreme and profound conclusions which are now drawn in the works of physiologists and psychologists? He was, in M. Taine's estimate, of imagination all compact; with his mind's eye Shakespeare saw, not the poor label of a living creature set down in the catalogue, but the creature itself, all its parts together, an organism continually in action, ever being transformed, an image so entire, so solid, that from its outward show he divined the passions and the sentiments within. But disorder, and abundance, and contradiction, and the fortuitous,—a chance-medley, in short, where no reason reigns,—that is the character of life when we imagine it truly. The poet who can picture all this will plunge into a 'debauch of fancy and excitement'; he ought not to be reasonable; his eyes, heart, senses are all on fire; his language passes the bounds of moderation, grammar, decency; to be amazed, excessive, violent, tempestuous,—a torrent of feeling and a frenzy of passion,—is his very nature, if he would seize in the moment of its brusque and transient apparition, that only substance of life, which burns, and wastes, and is mere dead ashes before the common mortal can lay hold of it. 'A circle of delusions and of sorrows,'—Shakespeare must have fled round in that prison once and again; he worships and he is betrayed; he falls into the mire but is still supreme of artists; delicate, sensitive, gay, loving, headstrong, melancholy, not learned, but full of lights and wings, he was a thousand characters in one, but all beyond the rule of reason. He had a universal kindness which opened to him the hearts he would interpret. Extreme in pity, in despair, in affection of every sort, how could he refrain from dashing 'the pure light of logic' into fragments numberless with his profusion of fantasies and metaphors that would not stay for one another, but came leaping and battling in splendid disarray when he began to call up his invention and to create a fresh drama? Strange and terrible visions in which no object is ever beheld with tranquillity! Convulsive images, written down by the hand of fever in a night of delirium! Pictures that cast flame into the eyes they would enlighten! Paradoxes violent as the words in which they are expressed; verses pitched above the key-note of harmony, too high for a just ear to approve them, but intelligible, charming, or heart-breaking as the spirit takes their significance! We may speak of concentration, force, rapture; we must not expect in so preterhuman a temperament the skill that plans or combines; for all is genius without law. His syllables are exclamations brief and full; behind them lie, dimly visible to us, long trains of argument; ideas

ideas thick as ants in a nest; the reader must exercise a fancy like that which is rousing and tormenting him with these live hieroglyphics; or he will be lost in an enchanted wood, and in any case it is only too probable that the language of Shakespeare will be foreign even to those who pride themselves on their visualizing power. 'His dominant faculty was the passionate imagination set free from the bonds of reason and morality.' He paints us as we are. Good sense requires measure in what men do; Shakespeare has no measure. He takes all reality and finds it beautiful; for pure Nature is violent and carried away by every breeze, it allows neither of excuse nor extenuation, cares naught for circumstances, is obstinate and imperious, and has all the unreasonableness, ardour, and rage of a child. Brutal, obscene, bloody, the play of madmen let loose and action prompted by atrocious instincts, such is that Shakespearian theatre 'full of abominations.' Yet on a ground so dark, a whole multitude of living personages, distinct, individual, are seen in movement. But the world in which they exist for evermore is profoundly and absolutely immoral.

Such is the Impressionist view of our unrivalled singer, a formula dyed in metaphors, so to speak, which testify that in reading him M. Taine was fascinated and not a little shaken. But must we say, henceforth, that Shakespeare was 'of hallucination all compact,' and quite assimilate 'the lunatic, the lover, and the poet?' Or shall we remind the well-intentioned critic of a law in psychology, not unfamiliar to him, that the range and vivacity of ideas which would overturn one man's judgment, driving him into an asylum by their persistence, may, in another of less straitened intellect, be so duly proportioned, that a larger, clearer outlook is the fruitful issue of them? Did Shakespeare stand alone among English dramatists, or were they all, without exception, insane? There was Spenser, too, of whom so noble and fair a portrait is hung in this fine gallery; but he is exuberant when once he begins to narrate and to describe, though in ideal, not dramatic presentation, almost as Shakespeare himself. What shall we say of Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Carlyle, whose grand or impetuous motions bear us along a flood of imagery, not minding the cautions, preludes, and gradual approaches whether of a soul or a system, but demand of us that we should enter into their greatness, not they descend to our mediocrity? Is 'hallucination' the key to open all doors in a vast Colney Hatch, or merely a mistake in psychology and criticism? M. Taine would estimate Shakespeare as being not only what the physician Esquirol was, a deep student of insanity, but also, and

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in no slight degree, the subject of his own studies. Why do not Englishmen think of him thus? We come perilously near to calling the nation mad, when we define its most admired genius as 'possessed of an imagination at once creative and insane.'

One formula is to furnish the equation of English literature: 'It all holds together; certain distinct faculties, acting under certain primitive conditions, have created the whole; and we need only pursue their undeviating course to master the meaning of the nation and its history, past as well as present.' If courage were the heart of criticism, undoubtedly M. Taine would have succeeded. Yet even as regards the French, whom he knows so intimately, it has been a question whether his mould of Roman or classical shape will satisfy every demand, and that in the age of Louis Quatorze. Classic, yes, if we look only to Pascal, Racine, Bossuet; but we must likewise account for La Fontaine, La Bruyère, and Saint Simon, who are not classic,—writers so unconventional that in them we may already forecast the vivid style and the intense passion for movement, colour, and life (though vast or wanting in visible proportion), which came in with the rebels against '*le récit de Thémène*,' led on by Victor Hugo under the Romantic banner. Turn back now to England; will one simple line of figures exhaust a literature that has passed up from Anglo-Saxon times, through Chaucer and the Renaissance, to the Puritans, to the dramatists of King Charles II., to the age of Anne,—by the long hundred years from Addison to Sir Walter Scott, and the still longer period (reckoning by its achievements) which may be said to have ended when Lord Tennyson lay dead, holding in his hand the story of Imogen. We discover, says M. Taine, the spirit of the English people in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the tragic poets as in Spenser, Sydney, and the lyric ballad-singers; it appears to us with a splendour equal to its profundity, and is the offspring of a thousand years. From its first efforts, we become aware of the solemn strength which is characteristic of them all; its wild and gloomy feeling, its scorn of rule and method, its intimate acquaintance with the life within, its anxious foreboding of a world beyond,—instincts which, throwing back human nature upon itself, and concentrating the mind as in a closed circle, prepare it for the battle of Protestant theology.

What an unexpected conclusion! We saw that Shakespeare and his comrades were, if M. Taine is correct, before all things untrammelled by ethics; nor did they look out from the chaos of existence, free, passionate, immoral, to any Divine law which might

might pacify the jarring elements. Yet now, behold us in presence of *la grande idée anglaise*, and it is inexorably moral, 'the persuasion that man is, first and foremost, an ethical personality, endowed with free will; and that, since he has perceived the rule of conduct, he alone with God alone, he is bound to apply it within him and without him, obstinately, inflexibly, by an eternal resistance to others and a never-ending restraint of himself.' It is a description of Milton; not exactly of a Calvinist tending to become Antinomian; and it is the opposite, in every particular, of King Charles's men after the Restoration. But the Restoration was an episode. Granted; shall we then say that the eighteenth century went back to Puritanism? M. Taine sketches it from his own point of view, singularly confined and inaccurate. He says it was altogether 'conservative, utilitarian, ethical, and limited.' Which of these adjectives will qualify Shakespeare? And if none of them, how are we to trace the kinship between his dramas and 'The Spectator' that is to bring them all into a single formula? 'Again, was 'The Tale of a Tub' ethical and limited? Were Shaftesbury and the Deists conservative? Should we fairly exhaust the principles, or sum up the speculations of Berkeley, by fixing on them the epithet of utilitarian? Englishmen in that creeping century still remained 'half bourgeois and half barbarian; they invented mere insular notions, and grew confirmed in respect for their own constitution and tradition.' Well, it has been said, with the too sharp point which epigram demands, that they invented Voltaire; but who will deny that their insular notions have made the tour of the world? Let us go forward to the 'dreaded names' of Hume, Gibbon, Byron, Bentham, Shelley, and the revolutionary throng bent on change at whatever cost, children of the eighteenth century or else its children's children. We may, perhaps, call them utilitarian; but hardly 'conservative, ethical, and limited.' Across the gulf of ages, it will be said in answer, the Renaissance of Elizabeth holds out hands to the Renaissance of Victoria. But these terms, vague, indefinite, and flexible, have not the precision or the light of science in them. A Utopian like Sir Thomas More and a Utopian like Shelley may be ranged in one and the same department by a maker of catalogues; their spirit and the world of ideas corresponding thereto cannot be reconciled by any middle term.

What a hopeless enterprise, once again, to derive from the same algebraic symbols the reason why a Warwickshire lad of Stratford-on-Avon should come to the unparalleled glory of writing 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and Samuel Johnson

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be capable,—at worst of 'Irene'; at best of dramatic conversation, which, by no possible straining or striving, he could have put on paper? Compare, also, the hard prosaic manner of Swift, De Foe, Smollett, Hogarth, Fielding with Spenser's 'Faery Queene'; surely the whole diameter of the circle lies between this allegorizing and that literalism. Not only so; if we grant that Hogarth preaches with an eye to practice, can we affirm as much of 'Tom Jones'? Is there any very palpable lesson to be drawn from 'Humphrey Clinker'? And will 'Robinson Crusoe' be thought 'conservative and utilitarian'? Clearly, M. Taine, during the course of his long journey, had forgotten the inductive canons with which he set out in the morning; he saw visions and dreamt dreams of a regular but deluding symmetry, and has translated by one Puritan rendering the immensely diversified volume of our literature into which so many have poured their inspiration, now of a large and noble freedom in its view of the world, but again as narrow as intense, or excessive and unbridled, the cry of revolt or despair. M. Taine fails to comprehend Johnson; he attributes to Byron a place and dignity far above Wordsworth; and he prefers Alfred de Musset to Alfred Tennyson. Wordsworth, known to us all as supreme in contemplative musing and a painter of spiritual landscape who has no second, is here set down as 'a new Cowper with less talent and more ideas.' So difficult, so impossible, we fear it must be said, is the measurement of a unique English genius on French methods. Johnson, our fine old Socrates, comes out in M. Taine's not malignant tracing, as equally respectable and equally insupportable. And Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' shows the world 'a perfect English gentleman in mourning, with perfectly fresh gloves, a cambric pocket-handkerchief to wipe away his discreet tears, and the attitude of a devout layman as he listens to the burial service.' 'In Memoriam' is cold, monotonous, and much too pretty. Once, indeed, the poet's fancy flamed up into enthusiasm, revolution, lyric ecstasy; it was in 'Maud'; but the austere British public reminded him that he really must not imitate Byron; the Satanic school had gone out; and measure and morals were his appropriate domain. The tame song-bird descended from his heights; he left the storm clouds and flew back into the blue which he ought never to have quitted. And how, we ask in conclusion, does this charming apologue prove that Tennyson and Shakespeare alike fulfil the 'great English idea'? The formula which would unite them has yet to be invented.

Allowing all that we surely must of diligence, observation,
suggestiveness,

suggestiveness, and sympathy in M. Taine as a student of our literature, this too formal and ambitious deduction will be pronounced a mistake in method, and the source of many inadequate or misleading views. Are we not, then, preparing the way to a like judgment on his last and greatest undertaking, the story of the French Revolution? Not by any means, we reply. The cases are in no sense parallel. True enough it is that were we to deal with his criticism of French authors, a protest might well be entered on their behalf against too great a simplifying of the variety which they also exhibit. When, however, we are contemplating the Revolution as begun by Rousseau, continued by Robespierre, and transformed by Napoleon into the modern French system, we have before us almost perfect that amazing apparition of a 'theorem walking about on its own feet,' of which only one other State has furnished an example. That State was Sparta, an austere oligarchy, the creation of law theoretic and omnipotent. 'Sparta,' said Robespierre in the Convention, 'shines like a flash of lightning amid immense darkness.' And by a succession of such lightning flashes he would have created the new France; it was to be Lacedæmon enlarged to imperial dimensions. This was the Jacobin programme.

But M. Taine, who has proved to be its most authentic and detailed historian, was, unlike Michelet, and the rest of that visionary school, a man who had travelled in other lands with his eyes open, and for years he was learning that a people and a country not twenty-five miles distant from France, had known how to prepare for their future, as he says, without renouncing their past. Economic and political reforms have not, in England, awakened the earthquake which with a mighty sound throws down temples and palaces, to leave only the cottage standing with its roof of tiles or thatch. If 'new conceptions of Church, State, industry, art, philosophy, religion,' should be on their way, the English spirit is not likely to be daunted at their coming, so firm as it is, and well practised in the science of realities. There are in a nation individual and spontaneous sources of life which authority may, by the despotism whether of one or more than one, impoverish and even destroy, but which it never can call into being by edicts founded on the Social Contract. M. Taine observed on this side of La Manche what liberty and the 'Great English idea' of respect for conscience had achieved. He went home, explored the libraries, and the archives of Government; journeyed four times round the whole of France; put away from him, when recording his facts and impressions, the doctrines which had

hitherto captivated him, of progress by destiny and philosophy by formula; built up the history of the Revolution as the coral insects build up their reef, inch by inch, line by line, with millions of testimonies supporting, supplementing, correcting: one another; and, when it had arisen to its colossal height, found, or might have found, that he was the architect of a demonstration no less certain than magnificent, of the principles and prophecies of Edmund Burke. Not once during the course of his six volumes does he mention Carlyle. Was it because he did not wish to remember a certain page of his own, implicitly retracted though not blotted out, in which he had likened the Puritans of 1789 to the Revolutionaries of 1649?

'These sceptics,' he wrote in the days of his ignorance, 'put their trust in demonstrated truth, nor would have any other as their mistress. Logicians, they established society upon justice, and risked their lives rather than give up a made-out theorem. Epicureans, they embraced in their sympathy all mankind. They surrendered themselves to abstract truth as your Puritans to the truth divine; they aimed at the salvation of the world as the Roundheads at saving their own souls; they fought against evil in society as these against evil in the heart. Like the Puritans, they were heroes; but spurred on by social feelings and strenuous in propaganda, they have now created Europe, while your efforts have been profitable only to yourselves.'

Of all this tirade à la Michelet, not one shred, not so much as a syllable, is left when the speaker has arrived at those years which bring the philosophic mind:—

'Logical construction of a type reduced so as to confine within it the living man,' he now exclaims; 'public authority usurping on every department of private life; constraint put upon labour, commerce, property, on the family and the school, on religion, manners, and sentiments; sacrifice of individuals to the community; and the omnipotence of the State; such is the Jacobin idea. There is none more retrograde, for it undertakes to throw back the modern man into a condition of society, which eighteen hundred years ago he had passed through and now has passed beyond.'

M. Taine adds this:—

'Not only in Greece and Rome, but in Egypt, China, India, Persia, Judea, in Mexico and Peru, as in all civilizations of the first growth, the principle which governs is that of a community of animals; the individual belongs to it as the bee to the hive or the ant to the ant-hill; he is but an organ in a system. Under many forms, and with divers applications, it is despotic socialism that prevails.'

What has happened, in these eighteen hundred years, to account for the coming in of a higher and more humane conception?

ception? The writer does not leave us long in suspense. He answers with astonishing frankness, 'It is Christ Himself who has separated the two jurisdictions, the union of which made man a slave.' Conscience and honour, motives unknown to antiquity, create the martyr, the gentleman, the Christian lady, the home which is sacred and inviolable. Now comes the Jacobin, and demands that each of us shall deliver up to him as representing 'the numerical majority told by the head,' our honour, our conscience, and our home. In many thousands of pages, where the facts are allowed to bear witness, and the only pleading is in their accumulation of evidence, M. Taine shows us the old Pagan, retrograde socialism undoing the work of ages, dismantling one after another the civilised estates of France, quenching its sources of life and energy, centralizing weakening, emaciating until not a single institution is left which may not be pulled to the ground in an hour of revolt. Then Napoleon constructs a huge barracks in which the people have been ever since interned. The Contrat Social has ended by setting up an army of officials, a bureaucracy, which must impose on the country at large a religion, a culture, a standard of morals, a method of succeeding in life; and, if the Jacobin rules no longer, yet his Spartan Government has made of France the anemic and frail body which we see,—a heart that beats slowly, a head wherein no sane philosophy has yet found entrance, hands that move automatically as the machine directs them; and a heavy unbroken sleep is lying on those limbs to which vigorous motion and healthy liberal exercise have been made for ever impossible.

To M. Taine the conclusion of the whole matter seems to have shaped itself in the following passage:—

'We can now,' he says, 'reckon the value of what Christianity has brought into modern society; how much modesty, sweetness, and kindness; what it there maintains of honesty, good faith, and justice. Neither the reason of philosophers, nor the culture of artists and men of letters, nor yet even the sentiment of honour, feudal, military, and chivalrous,—not any Code, or Administration, or Government, can, in this its function, avail if it be wanting. There is nothing except Christianity which can hold us back on our native incline, or prevent the gradual slipping downward by which, incessantly and with all its weight, our race goes back into the depths; and to-day the ancient Gospel is still the best auxiliary that social instinct can call to its aid.'

In the ranks of Positivism, taking that word largely, no men have acquired a more brilliant reputation than M. Taine, M. Littré, and John Stuart Mill. Alike they were learned,

sincere,

sincere, candid, and self-respecting,—students to whom truth was a sacred thing, and obedience to its declarations the first of duties. M. Littré, a childlike soul, when he was instructed, though late, in the Catechism, became a Christian. John Stuart Mill has left it on record that the example and teaching of Jesus were, in his eyes, the test of a perfect moral standard. M. Taine, beginning with the crudest of mechanical philosophies, and always incapable of the vision of faith, writes as we have seen. Ethical beauty, social efficacy, tender and strong humanity,—an ideal which invites and is eternally victorious; the revelation of a personality now, after so many hundreds of years, the hope of the world; these things our Positive friends acknowledge in the ancient Gospel; and their confession is surely a homage to the truth. Science talks of experiment and induction; was there ever an induction so manifest as this? The Revolution, which prided itself on being science incarnate, disintegrates and cannot breathe a breath of life into its clay-cold images; it is Sparta going down to ruin by theory and on principle. The Christian Society survives and is justified, not only of her children, but in the maturest teaching of those who were, by every instinct and prepossession, her born enemies. M. Taine will endure as long as the French have need of this demonstration; they cannot deny his witness; but many of them might learn from him, if they chose, how destructive are the dogmas that so competent and so cautious a mind was compelled to abandon, when he had looked with clear eyes into their consequences.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Sceptics of the Old Testament: Job, Koheleth, Agur.* With English Text translated for the first time from the primitive Hebrew as restored on the Basis of recent Philological Discoveries. By E. J. Dillon, late Professor of Comparative Philology and Ancient Armenian at the Imperial University of Kharkoff, &c., &c. London, 1895.
2. *Goethes Faust nach seiner Entstehung, Idee und Composition.* Von Kuno Fischer. Zweite neu bearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1887.
3. *Die Erläuterungsarten des Goetheschen Faust.* Von Kuno Fischer. Heidelberg, 1889.
4. *Goethes Faust. Neue Beiträge zur Kritik des Gedichts.* Von Friedrich Vischer. Stuttgart, 1875.
5. *Goethe in der Epoche seiner Vollendung (1805—1832).* Versuch einer Darstellung seiner Denkweise und Weltbetrachtung. Von Dr. Otto Harnack. Leipzig, 1887.

THERE is a story told that Carlyle, having been asked to take the reading at family prayers during a short visit paid to his friend the Provost of Kirkcaldy, and, as chance would have it, opening the Bible at the first chapter of the Book of Job, read on and on to the end of the last chapter; then, closing the volume, he remarked, 'That is a marvellous, life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through.' If any of our readers have ever tried to perform this feat in their study, they will not be astonished at the consternation of the Provost, nor will they wonder, with Carlyle, why it was that he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household. It will be to them still less a matter of surprise that the book should be the subject of such entrancing interest to the author of 'Sartor Resartus,' in which a similar field of enquiry is traversed in the modern way of viewing the same problems. For in this 'all men's book,' as Carlyle calls Job, we have, as he says, 'the oldest statement of the never-ending problem,—man's destiny, and God's way with him here in this earth.' It is mainly on account of this universality that we propose to treat here of the Book of Job, 'the Oriental Faust,' in connection with Goethe's 'Faust,' the outcome of the modern spirit and Occidental modes of thought: for each in its own way gives expression to 'the dissonance of faith and doubt' in the ancient and modern world, and both express the misgivings of noble minds in all ages, East and West, Semitic and Aryan, as each of them tries also to find a solution of the riddle of life.

Since the appearance of Mr. Froude's remarkable essay on Job
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in the 'Westminster Review' for October 1853, no epoch-making work has appeared in this country or elsewhere on the subject. Renan and Reuss, Dillman and Delitzsch, S. Cox and Cheyne, Davidson, and quite lately Professor Dillon, have thrown light on the subject in their scholarly researches; but they cannot be said to have added much by way of new discovery, or striking originality of thought in their comments. The case stands differently with regard to Goethe's 'Faust.' Kuno Fischer, Scherer, Vischer, and other more or less eminent Faust scholars, making ample use of recent discoveries among the papers of Goethe—especially that of the *Urfaust* in the Göchhausen copy edited by Erich Schmidt in 1888—have done much towards elucidating the obscurities of 'Faust,' intentional and otherwise, and have vastly enhanced the interest which attaches to the subject. But there is quite enough of attractive matter in the contemporaneous literature which concerns itself with either of these unique productions of the human mind to render a comparative study of them at this present juncture both interesting and instructive.

In the Book of Job, according to Quinet, we see Scepticism lurking, like a serpent, in the Holy of Holies. This may be taken simply as a bold simile, and, as such, courting admiration without commanding unreserved acceptance on our part; yet it may be admitted that in this 'psychological drama' of the Hebrews we have the highest form of religious doubt stated in startlingly bold language. Its special interest lies in the fact that it contains so much which is akin to modern thought, and that it so 'truly and forcibly states the doubts and misgivings which harrow the souls of thinking men of all ages and nations.' But the Book does more than this. Here we not only catch a glimpse of the darkness beyond our ken; its pages are also illumined by the faint rays of a faith partly, at least, dispelling the gloom, though the flickering flame more than once is threatened with complete extinction—a faith not only in righteousness as tending unto life, which is the main characteristic of Jewish thought, but faith, too, in the righteousness of God, spite of all appearance to the contrary.

It may be conceded that the work belongs to the 'freeminded school of thought,' just as the modern 'Faust,' also a drama of man's destiny, is profoundly influenced by the rationalistic doubt of the century. But in the prologue to the 'Faust' in which Goethe acknowledges his indebtedness to the Book of Job, he also shows that both works have much higher aims than mere negative criticism of the current traditional views on ethics and religion. Coleridge went too far in calling the 'Faust' the
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mouthpiece of the prevalent scepticism, and in saying that *incredulus odi* is its key-note throughout. The Book of Job is, indeed, an attempt to 'humanise Judaism,' and the 'Faust' is the outcome of modern Humanism. But then, one of the tasks Humanism sets itself to accomplish is the positive attempt to indicate the process and to mark out the lines of development in the 'ascent of Man' from lower to higher things. For this reason these two masterpieces of the world's literature are not merely the expression of a Titanic revolt against theological dogmatism, or attacks on the glaring fallacies of theistic optimism. The 'Melchizedek of Hebrew literature,' as Delitzsch calls Job, on account of the mystery which surrounds its age and authorship, has this in common with the person of Melchizedek, that it furnishes sustenance to the faithful in their struggles. It could not do so if it were merely what some represent it to be, the product of eviscerated faith, although it graphically describes the temporary eclipse and revival of faith. So, too, the 'Faust' is not only the expression of 'that restless and corrosive doubt' which consumes souls like that of Amiel, who accordingly sees in it the spectre of his own conscience and the ghost of his own torment; it is also the determined effort to conquer honest doubt and to struggle out of the darkness of desponding scepticism and moral pravity into the light of truth and high effort, under Divine guidance and the regenerative influences of Divine love. Both poems, in short, from the speculative side, may and ought to be regarded in the light of a 'Théodicée,' and from the practical point of view, as Froude puts it, are 'dramas of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it.'

Both poems, then, contain a Philosophy of Religion; and though each of them is the natural outcome of a peculiar period in the history of Eastern and Western thought respectively, they are alike eminently cosmopolitan in conception and treatment. 'Why, Eliphaz talks like Helvetius or Saint Lambert, and Job is the antagonist of Individualism,' cries Pierre Leroux in his strange paraphrase of the Book of Job, and he regards Job as an anti-clerical Socialist,—an extreme instance to show that the ancient writer even now appeals still to the human heart. In the same way the herd of commonplace expositors in all ages, seeing in Job the type of an Eastern saint rather than a Western sage, held him up simply as a pattern of patient suffering, whilst such an enlightened critic as Professor Cheyne speaks of him as

'the first of those poet-theologians from whom we English have learned so much, and who are all the more impressive as teachers because

because the truths which they teach are steeped in emotion, and have for their background a comprehensive view of the complex and many-coloured universe.

Considering, then, the books for our present purpose simply in the light of literary productions, we may now proceed to point out the coincidences and contrasts between them in their statement of the problem of life, and in their attempts at finding a solution of the many moral difficulties which engage the attention of the sceptic, or seeker after truth in every age, and not least so in our own. Such are the origin of evil, the prevalence of injustice, the indefiniteness of moral standards, the uncertainty of man's final destiny. Job and the 'Faust' agree, that poetic justice is done in the end: on the whole they take up the optimistic standpoint, 'All's well that ends well.' The angels carry off the redeemed soul of Faust after his many sad lapses into error and sin. The epilogue of the Book of Job reinstates the hero in his prosperous position after a course of instruction in the sweet uses of adversity. The path and goal, however, are not the same in each. The *Läuterungsprocess* is utterly unlike.

In the Hebrew poem are presented the trials and triumphs of the righteous, who robustly vindicates his innocence to the last. In the German poem we see the mind struggling uneasily to break through its narrow boundaries of knowledge, like Homunculus in his phial, trying to gain freedom from confinement, passing thence through various experiences of moral degradation and mental humiliation, saved at last by honest effort after repeated failures in the attempt to reconcile the real with the ideal, supported and supplemented by Divine grace. In Job we see the human conscience standing questioningly before the shrine of Eternal Justice, demanding, at times too daringly, a full explanation of the discord between righteous conduct and the strange dealings with his faithful servant by a judge *ex hypothesi* righteous, but taught at last humble acquiescence in the inscrutable designs of a Power whom finite reason cannot comprehend. In 'Faust' there is no question about God's justice; it all turns on the possibility of man's triumph over adverse forces in Nature, the artificialities and falsities of life, the limitations of scientific knowledge, the impossibility of getting firm hold of artistic ideals, and the obstacles in the way of social amelioration and philanthropic effort. The final outcome is not success, but the hero is enabled to reach a higher level of purified existence after passing through the mire and mud of moral contamination with evil; and, after a sensuous submergence of his spiritual nature

nature in material indulgence, attaining to higher conception of duty dutifully performed. Job falls from the high vantage-ground of faith and patience. Faust falls from the pinnacle of intellectual contemplation and spiritual rapture, in which he would embrace the whole universe to quench his insatiable thirst for knowledge and take all humanity to his bosom, his heart full of the sorrow of the world. Both, by an act of Divine mercy, are saved from final and irretrievable fall. They recover lost ground and reach a higher platform, after having been humbled and purified by the agonies of the struggling spirit. Both learn to confess, as Faust does, man's liability to error—

'Man errs the while he strives,'

but also in the case of both is verified the Divine prediction of final victory for the good man groping for the right way.

'A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.'

Faust arrives at the goal by a more circuitous path than Job, as the problems of life become more complicated in the nineteenth century. Job's bold self-assertion—

'My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go:
My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live' (xxvii. 6)—

is balanced by his touching resignation :

'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' (xiii. 15.)

We see the spirit of submission taught in the more simple philosophy of Judaism as the only escape from the net of doubt. In Faust, too, resignation comes in as a condition of the higher life of man. Expectation is, by force of circumstances, far in advance of fulfilment, but it is not a voluntary submission to the unavoidable, as in the case of Job. The way of salvation, as expressed by the choir of angels at the close of 'Faust,' is contained in the following lines :—

'Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.'

It is more in the manner of the West ; it is the gospel of work peculiar to an industrial epoch. Job looks back on his past life of active benevolence regretfully. Faust looks forward to redeeming the time, spending the rest of his life in active usefulness for the general good. It is the Arian view of the world's redemption.

Whilst these are the main lines of the two poems where they run parallel or diverge from each other, there are minor coincidences

cidences or contrasts which may be fitly mentioned here, before we proceed to examine more minutely the manner in which they each discuss the problem of life. Both are founded on a historical basis. There seems to be no doubt as to the actual existence of either Job or Faust; yet both are used as types for parabolic teaching in the philosophical dramas which bear their name. Again, the colloquies of Job may be compared with the more disquisitive portions of the second part of 'Faust,' both containing views on contemporary theories, on physical science and natural philosophy. As Job, 'the travelled citizen' of the East in an age of general enlightenment, displays unusual acquaintance with out-of-the-way knowledge, so Goethe, the man of universal attainments, alludes in the 'Faust' to controversies connected with science, literature, and art during the age of the *Aufklärungszeit*. So wide indeed is the grasp of Goethe's mind, and so manifold his attainments, that the marvellous diverseness of his allusions might almost lead to sceptical views some centuries hence as to his being the sole author of them all. He may be then, as Grimm suggests, turned into a myth, and critics will be busily engaged in examining the varied and often ill-fitting portions of the 'Faust' as to which are genuine and which spurious, just as the critics of the Book of Job now cast doubt on the genuineness and integrity of some portions, trying to re-arrange the text, to find the proper place for what are supposed to be dislocated passages, and to purify it from foreign accretions and interpolated glosses, or even to add lost bits here and there to give it greater cohesion and consistency.

Another striking resemblance lies in the emphasis which both books lay on our ignorance of the ultimate reason of things, even as to those phenomena which seem subject to the cognizance of our natural senses, and on the despondency in which a large survey of human life leaves the mind. From this it has been inferred that the authors of both works were pessimistic agnostics of the deepest dye. Yet such an inference is unjustifiable. There are passages in Job and the 'Faust' which point distinctly to a different conclusion. In the case of Goethe, who is so near to us in time, we know for certain that on the whole he was an optimist, especially towards the close of his life—though, like all of us, he had his darker moments, and the first part of the 'Faust' and much in the tone and texture of the second part is in the minor key of melancholy pessimism. In the case of Job we have no independent biographical materials to correct false impressions on this subject: hence the readiness of the interpreters to doubt the genuineness of those passages which are not in perfect agreement with the
somewhat

somewhat pessimistic view of life, which is generally presented by the book.

To add one more trait common to both works, the dark background of the picture they offer is a state of society and social morality and polity which in a great measure justifies that intellectual bewilderment and sad depression of feeling which are at the root of all the sceptical doubts they contain. In such a state of society men ask themselves whether, indeed, the world bears traces of a Divine government, and this is equally true whether it be in the age of national decadence in Judæa or Germany. The more advanced the state of intellectual culture in such an epoch of history, the more poignant will be the feeling of regret on account of the discrepancy between political and social ideals, and their realization in fact.

Now as to the contrasts. In Job we miss what is so obvious and interesting in the 'Faust,' the hints as to the inner history of the author's life; for, by the confession of Goethe himself, here we have an actual transcript of his own life and varied experiences, his inner struggles, his triumphs and defeats. We have no ground for believing that author and hero in the Book of Job can be similarly identified, though there are not wanting passages, such as the touching elegy contained in the 30th chapter, which evidently express the author's own feelings and refer to his personal history. Again, though the friends of Job *may* be real persons and not, which seems more likely, types of the varying shades of Jewish thought with which the writer finds himself in disagreement, yet love and friendship are not treated in all their breadth and fulness here, nor are they regarded as the most important elements of life in the same way as they are in the German poem. Moreover, the sentiments and views expressed concerning woman's power and function in the 'Faust' differ as widely from those contained in Job as the west does from the east. Nor can the Semitic seriousness which pervades the whole Book of Job be brought within reach of comparison with the boisterous humour and sometimes coarse burlesque in such scenes as 'Auerbach's Keller' and the 'Walpurgisnacht,' whilst the sardonic cynicism of Mephistopheles has little in common with the Satan of Job. There is a noble irony in the speech of Jehovah, and critics have noticed passages where Job speaks ironically of the Divine power; Professor Cheyne, too, points out that 'Job distinctly places the Satan in a somewhat humorous light,' and he with others refers to the resemblance of Elihu to the Bachelor in 'Faust.' But the ludicrous
light

light in which the latter is represented there, is very different from the serious dignity with which Elihu is invested in the Book of Job. No one could speak of the author of this book, with its characteristic Semitic seriousness, as Edmond Scherer speaks of the author of 'Faust': 'C'est Goethe qui a écrit le *Faust*, l'œuvre unique tissée de sarcasme et de pathétique.'

Nothing, however, brings out the contrast between the two works so much as the constant appeal to active effort and the restless movement of the principal figures in the modern as compared with the exhibition of passive endurance in the hero of the ancient poem, where the movement of the drama is slow unless disturbed by occasional outbursts of intense passion, when the contemplative tone of expression is interrupted by sudden turns of querulous impetuosity in dialogue or soliloquy. A more important contrast still is the self-will, which throughout characterizes Faust, compared with the sad and submissive attitude of Job's mind, as, indeed, the protestation of innocence in the latter is utterly at variance with the confession of guilt in the former. The temptation of Job throughout is to renounce his faith in Divine justice because of God's incomprehensible dealings with himself. That of Faust is to relax the strenuous effort in the soul's development by saying to the fleeting moment, 'Stay and be my delight.' In short, Faust has too much force of individual will, which brings him into immediate contact with evil and the Evil One, from an insatiable desire of embracing everything in his own personality; he is the embodiment of the eighteenth-century Individualism. Job represents not only himself, but the suffering servant of Jehovah, the Jewish nation. His complaints show the weakness of belief in the force of truth on behalf of his long-suffering compatriots in a critical period of their history. Job is tempted to disbelief in the ideal of Divine justice; Faust is constantly in danger of letting go his hold on ideal truth and goodness. In fine, the chief contrast is that between Hebrew thought, which is mainly preoccupied with moral problems, and Germanic thought facing intellectual problems. Nature in our modern view of it, as governed throughout by law, suggests questionings of time and sense, and raises difficulties of a speculative kind which lead to scientific scepticism. Nature viewed in her most lovely and most awe-inspiring aspects, as the mysterious offspring of the mind of God, defying man to know her secrets, leads back the Jewish thinker from moral scepticism to faith in God with unfeigned humility. So far from being confirmed in his scepticism by a contemplation of 'the sadness of this weary and unintelligible world,'

world,' the consciousness of his own inability to trace its meaning and the power and hidden purpose of God in Nature leads Job to repent himself in dust and ashes. The reign of rigid law in Nature suggests doubts concerning miracles and revelation in modern minds, for these are regarded as supernatural or interruptions of the natural process according to law. In the 'Faust'—we speak here of the first part—we see, accordingly, as in Matthew Arnold's 'Empedocles on Etna':—

'Nothing but a devouring flame of thought—
But a naked, eternally restless mind!'

Herein consists the *nodus* of the tragedy. The insatiable thirst for universal knowledge unquenched, succeeded by unsatisfying draughts at the forbidden springs of sensuous delights, and the subsequent disillusion in the failure of every attempt to give reality to his Eudaimonistic dreams of life's happiness—this forms the subject of the tragedy. Faust never attains to the completion of content in the possession of perfect truth, or the common employments and enjoyments of his varied career. Such thoughts would not have occurred to the Hebrew mind when the Book of Job was written. Here we have not even a shadow of doubt in supernatural Omnipotence; natural monsters and nature myths only add to the awe with which the mind contemplates the works of God. There is not even the approach towards the modern idea of cosmic order, as in any way independent of the ruling power in the universe. Both Job and Faust are struggling for the light: the former for the dim light of faith to guide his faltering steps in the dreary darkness with which undeserved suffering envelopes his soul; the latter for the light of reason which shall clear up the mystery of the universe to his impatient mind. Both temporarily succumb and both triumph in the end; but as far as they do so, it is only by an act of grace from above; and thus their struggles and sufferings leave them stronger than they were before.

And now, to approach more critically the subject-matter of the two poems in its bearing on certain contemporary tendencies of thought, we may consider how far both represent the intellectual revolt of an 'age of reason' against dogmas, or forms of faith supposed to be founded on Revelation. That the Book of Job bears the traces of some such religious crisis, in which the convictions of thinking men underwent a severe sifting process to distinguish truth from traditional accretions, has been already admitted. To speak of it as *Freigeisterei*—Freethought—as Delitzsch does, may be too strong a term to use; and the generalization of Renan, that the Book of Job breathes *l'esprit frondeur*

frondeur du nomade, is too wide in its application, apart from the fact that nomadic tribes are rather the slaves to traditional beliefs than religious innovators. The book bears unmistakable marks of a transition period in the development of religious ethics among the Hebrews. It marks an advance from a more selfish to a more disinterested view of virtue and its reward. And this from the nature of the case. Apparently undeserved national calamities, in complete contradiction to the belief in the common retribution theory, rendered it necessary to correct the old formula by the light of this new fact. This was first pointed out most forcibly by Froude in his well-known essay, though he and others after him have gone too far in identifying Job's way of reasoning with that of the most recent opponents to the Utilitarian system of ethics; for the calculating spirit of 'moral arithmetic' which reckons with the counters of pleasure and pain is different from the Hebrew method of regarding prosperity as a reward of goodness and adversity as a proof of Divine displeasure. Still, the main interest of the poem centres in the controversy between Job and his friends. They are worsted in the argument, and Satan is defeated in his contention. To the question, 'Does Job serve God for nought?' the answer is given in the affirmative by the logic of facts, and the new theory of disinterested goodness has in part at least displaced the old mechanical view of Divine retribution. Thus the point on which Job turns, as Godet justly remarks, is 'the conquest of the truth upon a vital point of monotheism, for we have human conscience in conflict with the justice of God.' The writer's aim is to bridge over the chasm between man's destiny and his deserts by showing that such undeserved suffering serves the purpose of moral education, that it works out his deliverance from the servitude of selfishness. In this way the Book may be regarded as a poetical treatise on the 'ethical significance of suffering.' The revolt, therefore, against the commonly received opinion is not in the nature of a negative criticism, but the search after a higher truth, undiscovered as yet by the orthodox champions of piety and virtue. It is *their* view of revealed truth which Job sets himself to controvert, whilst yearning himself for a Divine revelation, which shall explain the great enigma of human suffering. The problem remains unsolved. He ends in bowing in humble submission to the Divine verdict, the denial of his request to know the hidden reason of things as above human comprehension. But a step in advance has been made in the evolution of morality, whilst the mystery of moral progress being thus conditioned remains undisclosed.

In

In the 'Faust,' the hero, as we have pointed out already, is subjected to a different trial, ease and enjoyment becoming the occasion of diverting him from the path of continuous self-development, or deviation from the line of progress stretching towards the ideal. Momentary satisfaction, in fact, with what is, instead of strenuous effort under the spur of a Divine discontent to that which 'ever is to be,' forms his temptation. It is the weak side of Humanism or Hellenism, which, as Mephistopheles reminds us,

'To cheerful things the heart of man entices.'

Goethe, 'the last Hellene,' is the herald of the New Paganism, the modern Renaissance, the Religion of Culture. The ideal of the 'Faust' is not, as in the Book of Job, perfect holiness, but the perfection of humanity, as indeed the original hero of the Faust Saga is the representative of Humanism, the intellectual rival of the Reformation. But the tendency both of the Renaissance of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries is in the direction of sceptical secularism. This in the nineteenth century becomes crystallized into a belief in the saving power of culture. But the 'Faust' contains, as Grimm puts it, Goethe's own *credo*. Like Job, it too marks a critical period in the history of thought; it gives expression to the conflict between science and religion, faith and doubt, the thirst for universal knowledge and the weariness which comes of baffled attempts to attain it, leading to intellectual decadence and moral turpitude, and finding its way back to better things in following the call of social duty. The Faust Saga did lend itself admirably for giving poetical expression to this, and Goethe tells us how that was the reason why he was attracted by it. 'I, too, had cast about for knowledge in all directions, and soon convinced myself of the futility of the search. I, too, had made experiments of life in different directions, but always came back unsatisfied and tormented.' He is drawn, therefore, by intellectual affinity towards 'the speculator' of the sixteenth century, who 'took to himself eagle's wings to explore the finality of things in heaven and earth.' But the wings do not carry Faust far enough or fast enough into the unknown regions; the sense of failure, accordingly, produces the reverse of happiness as the result of painful intellectual labour and the bitterness of the curse pronounced on all the tantalizing promises of the world, dazzling the mind with false appearances—fame, possession, noble deeds, hope itself, faith, and 'above all patience.' Very different this from Job's cursing the day of his birth, though in both cases existence becomes a burden and death an object of desire.

When

When Faust declares that he is healed from the infirmity of vainly trying to find out the whole truth, and determines to seek happiness in self-indulgent delights and satisfaction in making common cause with human joy and sorrow, he expresses Goethe's own convictions. But as in the 'Faust,' so in the nineteenth century, scepticism hesitates before it takes a final plunge into the abyss of intellectual suicide; it seeks refuge in Agnosticism; it neither ventures to affirm nor to deny that we are capable of arriving at absolute truth.

The scepticism of the 'Faust,' i.e. the scepticism of our century, is less aggressive than that of the eighteenth; it is more ready to recognise the value of positive religion; it is far from servid—saving some exceptions—in its denials; it finds refuge in an undefined mysticism, which, whilst standing aloof from a profession of supernatural religion, seeks refuge in mystic transcendentalism as the ark of the covenant for preserving the spiritual ideal. And what is this ideal if neither truth nor happiness are attainable in life? What is it that gives it any value and makes it worth saving? The answer is, altruistic endeavour. Here, again, Goethe, as 'the secretary of his age,' expresses its highest aims. These are twofold: self-culture, intellectual and moral, for the common good; and active beneficence in giving ease and brightness to the life of others. Neither Job nor the 'Faust' finally relapse into desponding scepticism; Nirvâna is not the goal of either; Death is not regarded as our 'sole redeemer from the terrible evils of life.' This view of life in ancient and modern Buddhism finds no place in the ancient and modern poems before us. There is a passing mood like it which recurs on occasion in the course of the two life-dramas before us, but it is not the permanent attitude of mind in either Job or Faust. If speculation fails to satisfy the mind, if full acquaintance with the little world and the great leave the spirit unsatisfied, if even the pursuit of the ideal in the cloudland of the great classical past and its reunion with the modern and romantic ideal proves futile, what remains then but the cheerful accomplishment of the 'common task,' joyousness in work, the performance of duty, and these, combined with the sweet abandonment to dutiful renunciation—

'Thou shalt abstain—renounce—refrain!
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings,—
That unrelieved our whole life long,
Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.'

All

All this is in curious agreement with the new scepticism, which tries to combine honest work with honest doubt. We see it most clearly expressed in the following passages taken from the first volume of Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects':—

'A general doubt is coming up like a thunderstorm against the wind, and blackening the sky. Those who cling most tenaciously to the faith in which they were educated, yet confess themselves perplexed. They know what they believe; but why they believe it, or why they should require others to believe, they cannot tell, or cannot agree. We take refuge in practical work; we believe, perhaps, that the situation is desperate, and hopeless of improvement; we refuse to let the question be disturbed. But we cannot escape from our shadow, and the spirit of uncertainty will haunt the world like an uneasy ghost, till we take it by the throat like men.'

For this reason the 'Faust' has been called the secular Bible of Germany. It is the gospel of work preached by Goethe and Carlyle. If speculation fails in satisfying the cravings of the inquiring spirit, if wisdom and happiness cannot dwell together, as the wisdom-guild of the learned, to which the author of the Book of Job belonged, fondly thought, and taught, we moderns must turn our attention to practice so as to render life worth living; if we cannot be sure about anything, we can at least be useful in our day and generation.

It is the Religion of Deed, Goethe's 'psalm of life,' fit for the stirring age of actuality. It amounts almost, if it does not altogether, to a deification of deed in the absence of firm belief in a Deity. For this reason he gives us in the first part of 'Faust' a revised version of the well-known text from St. John's Gospel:

'In the beginning was the Deed,'

and represents the poet in the second part leading the van in the triumphal progress of the '*Göttin aller Thätigkeiten*.' Practical energy and self-culture for this end are the whole duty of man. 'He only deserves liberty and life who daily strives to conquer them.'

Man is not placed here for the purpose of propounding or solving problems, but in order to act his part creditably. There is one problem, indeed, which has to be faced,—the social problem,—but that is of a practical nature. Accordingly, the concluding act of the second 'Faust' brings the hero before us as a social reformer, whose aim is to reclaim land, to render it fertile, and to found on it a happy colony of organized labour. It holds out the prospect that in the ages to come millions of human beings will be rendered happy. This sheds an afterglow

of light on the dying Faust, who at last may enjoy, without danger of losing the wager, a transient happiness in the supreme moment of his life.

'In proud anticipation of such high bliss
I now enjoy the highest moment.'

Yet even here the ghost of doubt cannot be laid. Even in this last and noblest attempt the aged Faust is foiled: the working out of his scheme produces more of immediate harm than future good. Here, too, the experimenter fails; blindness and death overtake him, and release him from a burden too heavy to bear. But the ennobled part of him, coming out of the crucible of doubt and disappointment, is rescued before the curtain drops; a mystic beatification takes place; by an act of Divine grace the soul is delivered from its mortal coil, but in process of development, in a state of chrysalis.

Thus the 'Faust,' like the Book of Job, ends with the acknowledgment that we cannot solve unaided the problem of life. 'Here is the key,' said Goethe to Eckermann two years before his death, 'to Faust's redemption: the striving soul alone is capable of salvation.' But it is love which inspires the effort, and love is a Divine gift. When the limited understanding is apt to doubt as to the intrinsic value of life, the spirit of man, saved by effort as a disciplinary force and by grace from above, rises above such questionings on the ultimate reason of things; — 'in old age we all become mystics.'

Here, then, we have the same result as in the Book of Job: there is an advance in moral culture, but not a resolution of intellectual difficulties. The intention in the debates in Job and in the 'legendary spectacle' of the 'Faust' seems to be this, to convey the truth that, whilst it is not given to man to solve the last problems of life and mind, the moral advancement of the race is helped forward by speculative enquiry as well as by practical experiment. To the Hebrew there existed no solution of the problem of fate except that contained in the law and the prophets, and these are not so much as mentioned in the Book of Job, the greatest memorial of Hebrew genius, because the author in his Dungeon Castle of Despair attempts here to solve the problem independently, but fails. He finds no rational exit from the maze of life, but holds fast to the Old Testament ideal of holiness, and in the end makes an act of humble submission to the inscrutable Deity whose ways are past finding out. Goethe, 'the prince of modern letters and modern thought,' in the same way keeps close to his ideal of harmonious development as the result of self-culture, each fall and failure of
the

the hero advancing the process of natural regeneration. But he, too, at the close of the chequered career of Faust, has recourse to a supernatural agency in finally effecting his redemption. In neither case is the intellect left completely satisfied by a logical explanation of the natural and moral order of things. Job is overawed by the mystery of the Divine power and returns to his allegiance in faith and fear. Faust, repelled by the *Erdgeist*, the Spirit of Nature, receives a severe rebuff, and finds refuge in feeling and religious sentiment when reason is baffled; 'Gefühl ist alles.' In neither the one nor the other is it by discussion and argument, conviction and proof, that the dubitations of the mind with which they both start are set at rest. They fall back, one on the revelations of faith and the other on the intuition of love, so that it is not by the reasoning faculty nor by intellectual vision that the secrets of the universe and the mystery of life are discovered. For this reason the writer of the Book of Job seems to hold that whilst doubt, resting on conscientious conviction, has a right to correct the false interpretation of revealed truths, it has no right to supersede it. In a similar manner Goethe seems to convey the idea in his 'Faust' that, whilst it is impracticable to try to solve life's enigmas finally and absolutely, it is not impossible, if in our enquiries we keep within the assigned limits, to make scepticism subserve the purpose of moral culture and spiritual self-conquest.

There are recurrent surds in all human reasoning which defy further solution, and yet they are as important as the surds of algebra to mathematical calculation, and it is well to use them in speculations of this nature. The Book of Job is not, as a modern sceptic has called it, 'a splendid declamation in favour of Agnosticism,' though it is quite true, as the same writer goes on to say, that Job understood what we are beginning to learn slowly in the present day—'that the wisest of us cannot presume to comprehend even a fractional part of the vast scheme of the universe.' It leaves the great problem of the unequal distribution of good and evil practically unanswered. So it is with the wider, all-comprehensive problem, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' re-echoed in the 'Faust' three thousand years or so later—

'Who dare express Him?

And who profess Him,

Saying, I believe in Him?'

in both we are left to dwell on the futility of attempting to grasp the idea of the 'infinite unknown.' But the recurrence of such questions in the human mind in all ages of the world tends to

show that, though unable to know all, at least we 'know in part,' and that to desist from asking is impossible; and since 'the real, the only, and deepest theme in the history of the world and of man,' according to Goethe, 'to which all the rest are subordinate, remains the conflict between faith and unfaith,' a relapse into something like dogmatic Agnosticism is as undesirable as it is in the long run impracticable. The same questions will present themselves anew and with greater force in every age of active thought, and with every step in advance made by religious and philosophical reflection. We must accept the answer, which, though not entirely satisfying, can at least for the time being allay doubt; we are bound to accept partial knowledge and probability when complete knowledge and certainty are inaccessible.

But what is gained, it may be asked, in thus harking back to the old argument that, if there are mysteries in nature which we cannot fathom, we must not wonder at still deeper mysteries which enshroud the Deity and our own destiny? Does this not amount to a confession of the Agnostic creed? With one consent, on this head at least unanimous, all modern expositors of the Book of Job agree with the modern men of science in the confession of their *ignoramus et ignorabimus* where the last problems of life and mind are concerned. Is the Book of Job, then, an ancient version of a modern plea for philosophic doubt? Are the ironical enquiries of the Divine Interrogator at its close simply intended to convince us of our own inability to answer one in a thousand questions, or, in modern phrase, that to follow Nature into her hiding-places for the purpose of discovering the origin and essence of cosmic force and law is an impossible task? And is the speech of Jehovah an instance of what logicians call the fallacy of many interrogations employed for the purpose of baffling the human enquirer, simply to wring from him a confession of ignorance and humble submission? Not so. The apparent inconclusiveness of the Book of Job contains a twofold lesson. Philosophic doubt, it seems to say, is intended as a trial of faith, in the sense of a test, as when Bishop Butler speaks of speculative difficulties as the temptation of nobler minds. It also becomes a trial of strength, as a spur to intellectual activity in the sense in which Lessing prefers endless search after truth to its immediate possession. An overwhelming consciousness of the superhuman greatness of truth acts as a stimulant to the truth-seeker—the true sceptic, who is not daunted by the overpowering conviction that, in this voyage of discovery on the boundless ocean, the horizon will constantly shift and widen out before the view of the enterprising

prising mariner. 'Do not expect an explanation of it' (the second part of 'Faust'), wrote Goethe to Reinhard in 1831. 'Like the history of the universe and of man, the last solved problem suggests at once a new one still to be solved.' This is but too frequently forgotten in the present day. The nineteenth century, at once so eager and so hopeless in its fitful ventures of faith and its adventurous aberrations of unfaith—setting out alternately to explore the regions of the natural and to reconnoitre at the boundaries of the supernatural world—attempts too much at times, and, recoiling, loses courage to go on in the search of truth. It forgets the saying of that great religious sceptic, Pascal, that there is just light enough given us to guide our faith, and that there is just darkness enough left for exercising it. Beyond this we cannot go. There are the limits set to human intelligence in its efforts to grasp the meaning of life, but no limitations apparently to further efforts of discovery. There is nothing to hinder us from producing the line of enquiry *ad infinitum*, because truth is infinite. Such seems to have been the conviction in the mind of the author of Job, and, therefore, with inimitable art he leads up to it as the final result of these antiphonal strains, now of lament, now again of despairing passion, of mournful soliloquies and lyrical cries, verging on revolt, until at last, solemnized, subdued, soothed, giving earnest heed to the Divine voice, Job performs an act of homage before the inscrutable Power, bowing in reverential silence before the great Mystery with 'the humility born of doubt.' He makes at last a frank confession of his inability to cope with matters which are too high for him. The stormy agitation within is stilled, and calm resignation supervenes; it is the peace which passes all *understanding*.

'The old blank hopelessness of the earnest sceptic is passing away. When his faith in the theory he has been brought up in has broken down, he does not feel that God has gone with it. All around him testifies to Him, and he has now a power of realizing the greatness of the marvel of His works, and of learning from that realization an implicit trust in Him, that in a past age could scarcely have been more than a misty dream. Out of a bitter lesson of humility come first trust and then peace.' *

In Job and the 'Faust,' then, we may be said to have a moral rather than an intellectual solution of the problem. In Job,

* Roots, 'A Plea for Toleration.' London, 1873. The author, it may be said without indiscretion, was the late Lord Pembroke, though, it is well to add, that the book in question was written when he was a very young man.

the man, we have a sublime example of 'disinterested worth,' but we have not in the Book of Job a strictly logical refutation of 'the dogged defenders of popular belief,' or still less a complete answer to the mental difficulty suggested in his or their questionings. 'Do what is right and ask no questions!' that seems to be the final outcome of the controversy, or, as Carlyle puts it, 'Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light lay this precept well to heart, "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a duty.' As we follow the development of the drama and note the critical moments, we see how each of them becomes a turning-point in the mental struggles of the hero, until at last he reaches the high table-land of hopeful assurance, and with 'the sublime audacity of faith' waits patiently for the final vindication of his own cause. In the meantime, accepting the unaccountable facts of existence as a trial of that faith, he returns to the standpoint of the pious sceptic, 'Fear God and keep his commandments': beyond this the wisdom literature of the Hebrews does not carry its votaries.

In the prologue to the 'Faust' we have an equally decided indication of the ethical idea underlying the whole poem. Here, too, the superiority of an active and beneficent over a brooding and quiescent Agnosticism is clearly expressed. The author of the nineteenth-century drama seems to say: It is of no use languidly to dwell on the problems suggested by science and modern thought, trying to unravel the twisted and twirled tangle of philosophies of life, fit only to occupy the idle hours of lotus-eaters in dreamland; what is wanted is the performance of deeds done under a deep sense of a Divine Presence giving unity to the whole, following out, as far as it may be traced, the Divine Idea in the actual order of things. 'To be active is man's first duty,' says Goethe elsewhere, 'and in the necessary intervals of leisure to get a clear knowledge of outward things which affords help again in further activities.' The same maxim is laid down with reiterated insistence in many passages of the 'Faust.' Thus Prudence, personified in the controversy carried on with Fear and Hope, one leaning to pessimism, the other to optimism, adopts the *via media* in the expression of her belief in the superintending guidance of the 'Goddess of Activities,' whose name is Victoria, and who sits on her throne surrounded by a splendid light of glory. So in the dispute as to the value of a life spent in acts of public utility, Faust declares loftily—

'Deeds are all and fame is nought.'

So

So the great 'Earth Spirit' himself is called the 'world-and-deed' genius; so Homunculus even is proudly determined—

'Whilst I exist, I must be acting.'

In the first part of 'Faust,' when the conflict between the physical and the intellectual nature threatens to end in the victory of the baser over the nobler part of Faust; and when, repelled by the *Erdgeist* and forbidden to unlock the secret of Nature, he expresses his loathing for all science and determines to plunge into the depth of sensuous delights; when he bids adieu to reflection, and in the rush and roar of mundane life seeks a base relaxation after his high effort has been thus baffled, he nevertheless ends by saying—

'Restless activity proves the man.'

In the second part he warns Helena to beware of wasting time and energies in useless enquiries about her destiny, and exhorts her instead to make the best use of her opportunities, and he reminds her that

'To be is duty, though but for an instant.'

Activity, striving, moderation of desire, renunciation—these are the things commended in the moral philosophy of the 'Faust.' As in Job there is a restoration of the former prosperity when he has learned to do without it, so, in the case of Faust, though life is lovely in retrospect, the aim of the higher life is not to enjoy, but to be engaged in active usefulness. No doubt, in both there are intimations of immortality, though, as might be expected, there is a nearer approach to the sure and certain hope in the later poet. He claims posthumous existence as his birthright, and looks forward to endless activity hereafter as a natural consequence of this life: happiness here and hereafter rises out of the same soil of terrestrial activity. 'A useless life,' he says in his 'Iphigenia,' 'is an early death.'

It must not be supposed that, because the solution is ethical rather than logical, the consideration of the attempt to solve the problem intellectually in the two poems is on that account less important or less interesting. On the contrary, looking at it from our present standpoint, what strikes us as the most curious feature in both is not only their mutual resemblance, but the many coincidences of thought they contain with the most recent forms of speculation. One of them is the poetical conception of Nature. The graphic truthfulness of natural description in the Book of Job has often been dwelt upon, not only by poetic minds like Herder's, but
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by scientists such as Buffon in his 'Natural History,' and Alexander von Humboldt in his 'Cosmos.' Yet there is a difference. Nature in the Book of Job is a manifestation of the Divine Power, not a conglomerate of forces in our modern way of speaking; not, indeed, a manifestation of mere arbitrary power, but absolute power moved by love and justice, felt rather than understood by mortals. There is something in Job's attitude towards Nature resembling a devout Theism, not in Wordsworth's sense as enveloping and embracing man's soul in sympathetic contact and communion,—Man and Nature are still things apart,—but still, Nature 'bathed in an atmosphere of emotion.' In the 'Faust' the modern idea of the reign of law is more clearly referred to, and the morphological process in Nature, which is Goethe's way of expressing evolution, is transferred to man's moral nature. Thus it is by 'natural selection' that the Divine order in Nature 'favours the steadfast, the active, the persevering, the self-regulating, the humane, the devout,' according to Goethe. To live by law is following the natural order of things. 'It is Nature,' writes Goethe to Lavater in 1782, 'that confers on man a self-healing power.' Heredity implies not only the doctrine of the origin of sin, but also that of potential goodness in each human being. Such and similar views receive their dramatic expression in the 'Faust.'

Thus, comparing the conception of Nature in the two poems and with our own in the present day, we may trace a progress from a Theism in which Nature is represented more or less as the manifestation of Divine Omnipotence, to a Theism in which God and Law coalesce, when Nature becomes merely a manifestation of infinite vitality, or God the creative energy of the Cosmos. This is the way in which we moderns—no doubt, too, under the influence of the stoical philosophy—would restore spirituality to Nature under the government of natural laws. Applied to man and the process of self-expansion from within, through 'the form-giving spiritual potency' in the organism, it reduced our duty, according to Goethe's phrase, to that of 'living resolutely in the whole, the true, and the beautiful.' That is what Faust attempts. There are frequent failures, but the attempt is renewed with persistence. He does not even in the end succeed entirely, but there is no cessation in his endeavour, the *Conatus* of Spinoza, on which all moral effort is based; it is a copy of Nature's method by means of adaptation and constant activity in the evolutionary process to attain perfection. In the age of Job this close correspondence of the laws of Nature and the laws of human conduct had not as yet been discovered; and when the author, aghast at the apparent violation of the law of
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Divine justice, mingles his laments with the cry of humanity in all ages, he is more in accord with the Greek tragedians in drawing sombre pictures of Divine hostility towards mankind, or even with Lucretius in his description of the calm and distant indifference of the gods to human weal and woe, than with Dante in the 'Divine Comedy,' with Shakespeare in 'Hamlet,' or Byron in 'Manfred,' where 'the small music of humanity,' mingling with the grand symphonies of Nature, give utterance to the sad moanings of the modern mind in its vain endeavour to fathom the secret of the universe and of human life. In both Job and the 'Faust' the truth is symbolized that the cause of all error and sin, and the failure in tracing the sources of undeserved pain and suffering, must be sought in the limitation of human power, moral and intellectual; in the impossibility of the finite creature to become the measure of the universe; in other words, in man's impotence to cope with the difficulties of attaining to either complete knowledge or perfect conduct.

In the fields of science, art, and life—the individual and the collective life—both poems exhibit the same partition wall, dividing off the possible from the impossible, and inexorably refusing to yield to any attempts on the part of mortals to break through or leap over it. That, too, is the outcry of our dying century, not unlike Faust in his dying moments, disappointed at its own achievements as compared with the hopes with which it entered on its career. In its weariness it gives way almost to a hopeless scepticism. 'We are slowly but demonstrably approaching,' says one of its most able exponents, the late Mr. Charles H. Pearson, in his remarkable work on 'National Life and Character, a Forecast,' 'what we may regard as the age of reason or of a sublimated humanity' (p. 336). And what will happen then? 'The world will be left without deep convictions or enthusiasm, without the regenerating influence of the ardour for political reform, and the fervour of pious faith.' Still, he says, we may go on 'till every rood of earth maintains its man, and the savour of vacant lives will go up to God from every home' (p. 338). In 'a world that is mostly secular in its tone, though with a minority who hold a spiritualised faith' (p. 279), the 'Religion of the State' will foster 'the spirit of uncalculating devotion to the common cause,' acting as 'a steady principle of action deserving to be accounted a force, lifting all who feel it into a higher life.' These are the consolations of philosophy as expressed by one of our most recent thinkers of a high order. Take another, a well-known figure in our public life, the late Sir James FitzJames Stephen. He was towards the latter

latter part of his active life something of a pessimist, as his brother tells us in the able biography from which we quote, and yet perfectly happy in himself, 'as happy as a man can be.' Work was almost his religion after casting off the faith in Evangelicalism in which he was brought up. 'Be strong and of a good courage' was the ultimate moral, we are told, which he drew from doubts and difficulties. The thought that a lately departed commonplace barrister went straight from the George IV. Hotel to a world of ineffable mysteries is one of the strangest that can be conceived, he says, and it sets him ruminating after the following fashion:—

'Our life is like standing on a narrow strip of shore, waiting till the tide, which has washed away hundreds of millions of our fellows, shall wash us away also into a country of which there are no charts, and from which there is no return. What little we have reason to believe about that unseen world is that it exists, that it contains extremes of good and evil, awful and mysterious beyond human conception, and that these tremendous possibilities are connected with our conduct here. It is surely wiser and more manly to walk silently by the shore of that silent sea, than to boast with puerile exultation over the little sand-castles which we have employed our short leisure in building up. Life can never be matter of exultation, nor can the progress of arts and sciences ever fill the heart of a man who has a heart to be filled. . . . Why mankind was created at all, why we continue to exist, what has become of all that vast multitude which has passed, with more or less sin and misery, through this mysterious earth, and what will become of those vaster multitudes which are treading and will tread the same wonderful path?—these are great insoluble problems which ought to be seldom mentioned but never forgotten.'

Are we any further, then, in asking such questions, than were the authors of *Job* and the '*Faust*'? On the contrary, their claim to universality, as world-poems, is herein justified, for the problem of life has been stated by them as completely as if they lived in our own advanced age; and if they failed in solving it, so have we. In those words we have quoted from Stephen we have one of the trenchant criticisms by one of the most competent of judges on the philosophy of life in this age of progress. Does it not amount to a humiliating confession of impotence, not unlike to that expressed at the close of the *Book of Job* and throughout the tragedy of '*Faust*'; namely, our incompetency to pronounce a verdict, whilst yet we dare not leave the question alone, or, if we do so, we do so at our peril?

Such being the views of Nature and of Man, as presented in these two poems, what, we may ask in conclusion, is their comparative

comparative value as contributions towards forming for ourselves a provisional philosophy of life, or framing a Theodicy adapted to the present state of our knowledge and the modes of thought arising out of it?

Looked at from this point of view, the Book of Job is not a poem like that of Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, nor a Natural Theology in verse by a Hebrew philosopher under the influence of 'the physical theology of Babylon.' Still less is it one of those productions of Eastern thought in which mystical writers, followed in this respect by Western thinkers of recent times, try to 'evolve a satisfactory creed by a process of logical legerdemain.' It is rather a bold attempt to emphasize 'the explicability of Providence,' a reflective poem containing the 'sacred philosophy' of a pious mind. Much is designedly left in shadow; but the darkness is rendered less gloomy by the penetrating luminosity which comes of intuitive faith. It is unfair to speak of it as a 'confused Theodicy,' for no attempt is made to make an adequate apology for Divine Justice: the Theophany does not amount to this, nor is it intended as an inspired explanation of the problem which forms the central interest of the book. The conclusion is left, so to speak, *in vacuo*, and, as has been well said, a second part of Job is still wanted to supply the deficiency. All we have here may be described as a preparation 'towards a more perfect Evangelical Theodicy;' in other words, it marks the transition from religious thought in the Old Testament to that in the New.

It has been said that, if Leibnitz had only read the Book of Job, he would never have attempted to write his own 'Théodicée,' as he would have learned from its conclusion that God does not regard with favour those who set up as apologists of His inscrutable ways. But the criticism is beside the mark. The author of Job may rather be regarded as one of the predecessors of Leibnitz, whilst subsequent attempts made in the same direction are so many steps towards a solution of the problem, having a disciplinary rather than a didactic value. Thus it was the appointed task of Job to dispel 'the phantom of the current creed' of his own age, still haunting the human mind in Christian lands now, that prosperity is invariably the reward of righteousness and adversity the recompense of evil-doers; that virtue and happiness, vice and misery, are closely linked to each other as cause to effect, antecedent to consequent. There are indications of a restitution of all things, sparks of hope in a Hereafter where truth and goodness shall find their vindication, which serve as a supplement of this imperfect theory. True, they only amount to hints, and are obscured by

by the surrounding darkness of the age. The popular religion deemed it heresy to look beyond the gloomy shadowland of Sheol. For this reason, in the picturesque diction of Professor Reuss, we see in Job the dark cloud hovering over the portal of a future life. But there is also the occasional projection of transcendental faith into the realms beyond man's present existence, and this marks an advance towards the clearer pronouncement of the teaching of Him who brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. In the epilogue the author returns, indeed, to the old standpoint,—whether as a concession to popular prejudice, or from a natural return to rooted convictions, or reluctance to break with early prepossessions, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that this portion of the book would have been omitted, if its intention had been to express a distinct hope of reward hereafter. But, as Renan puts it, '*Qu'importe la récompense, quand l'œuvre est si belle qu'elle renferme en elle-même les promesses de l'infini ?*'

It is curious to note the fact as a remarkable illustration of the uniformity and continuity of human thought that, even supposing that the '*Prometheus Vincit*' and Dante's great poem and '*Hamlet*' had never been written to serve as connecting links between two world-poems here under consideration, the remarkable likeness which they bear to each other makes it quite easy to pass from the one to the other, as if the three thousand years of human thought between them counted for nothing. In the '*Faust*,' the grandest and most perfect product of Germanic thought, we have what looks like a natural continuation of those inner communings of the human mind, in its reflective moods following the course of nature and history to the root of things, on the supposition that both are the outcome of a rational process. In the modern poem we see exhibited the struggle of the two souls in every human being, the higher and lower self struggling for light and freedom from the trammels of sinful propensities. As Kuno Fischer puts it, the '*Faust*' is a '*religious poem having for its theme the guilt and purification of a noble-minded man, attracted, indeed, by the allurements of worldly enjoyment, but never satisfied with it.*' Here, too, we have the presentation of two theories of the universe,—one mechanical, the other dynamic; one materialistic and the other spiritualistic,—and Goethe decides in favour of the latter, though, by reason of his scientific studies and mental prepossessions, tending towards Positivism and a realistic view of things. Himself a master in objective representation and a lover of the concrete, with an utter disrelish for all abstract modes of reasoning, he never loses sight of the ideal, the spiritual

spiritual reality, underlying all phenomena. It is Mephistopheles who represents Realism. In 1776 Goethe, indeed, had written to Lavater: 'I will not be led astray by any of your ideals into being untrue to Nature, good or bad.' He was then in the stage of pronounced Naturalism, and with the rest cried for a return to Nature in that sense, and some passages in the first part of 'Faust' are undoubtedly conceived in this spirit. But as the maturity of judgment succeeds the boisterous ebullitions of young Titanic force, he calmly and steadily sets himself to the preservation of the Ideal in an age of faithless frivolity. In fact, his method is that which has become the prevailing method of philosophy, under the influence of scientific research in the latter part of this century, namely, to bring about a compromise between Realism and Idealism, so as to secure objective truth without detriment to spirituality in the conception of it. Thus the phenomenal world is to Goethe a coloured picture of the actual though unseen universe, as in the closing words of the 'Faust':—

'All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows into event.'

Life itself is compared to the prismatic colours in stream and rainbow:

'Life is not light, but the refracted colour.'

His is not the 'nightlight view' of Nature, like that of the Chancellor, according to whose gloomy dictum—

'Nature is sin and mind is Devil;
Doubt they beget in shameless revel,
Their hybrid in deformity.'

His is the daylight view of things; he admits the reality of phenomena; he regards them as 'the patterns' ('the copies,' R.V.; *ὑποδείγματα*) 'of things in the heavens.'

Again, Goethe, though justly regarded as the founder of what is termed 'the Religion of Culture,' does not in the 'Faust' hold up this new faith as a substitute for the old. On the contrary, a careful study of the second part of 'Faust' leads to a very different conclusion. Thus the change of plan according to which the Helen episode was to form the central point of interest here, though it received a special impulse from the inspiring influence of the Philhellenic movement about 1823, makes it quite clear that Goethe changed his mind on the subject.

subject. It is no longer the classical ideal or the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties which are to effect the redemption of the soul of Faust. Helen represents the abstract sense of beauty, the informing spirit of art and Hellenism, the basis of the highest human culture. But although Goethe gives a moral, even a 'saving power to beauty,' the Helen of the second part of 'Faust' dissolves as a phantom into air,* and the union between Helen and Faust—i.e. the union of Greek and Germanic culture—resolves itself into a phantasmagorical vision. So the recovery of the typical modern man, as of Faust (Goethe seems to imply), must be brought about in some other way; not according to the Neopagan view, by the redemptive power of beauty, but by the redemptive power of love—Divine love, that is, in the Christian sense of the word. True, Goethe wavers between the two points of view, but his final pronouncement in the conversations with Eckermann leaves no doubt on the subject. Quoting the following lines as the 'key to Faust's redemption,'

'The noble Spirit is now free,
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming;
And if he feels the grace of Love,
That from on high is given,
The blessed hosts that wait above
Shall welcome him to heaven!'

he continued:—

'This is quite in harmony with our religious views, according to which it is not through our own effort that we obtain salvation, but through Divine grace added . . . In Faust himself we have an ever higher and purer activity to the end, and Eternal Love coming to his assistance from above.'

In the 'Faust,' too, as in Job, we have a partial solution of the final question whether here or hereafter is the true goal of life. There are indeed passages which suggest the idea that Goethe believed in the promise for this life only; such as when in the first part Faust says to Mephistopheles:—

'The *There* my scruples nought increases.
When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
Here on this earth my pleasures have their sources.'

* In a letter to Zetter, written in 1827, Goethe calls Helena 'ein fünfzig-jähriges Gespenst.' It occupied him at intervals from 1778-1827, and both Schiller and Goethe in their correspondence in 1800 speak of Helena as 'Gipfel des Ganzen,' i.e. the whole second part of 'Faust.'

or the following, towards the close of the second part :—

'The view beyond is barred immutably :
O fool, who then his blinking eyes directeth !
Firm let him stand, and look around him well !
This world means something to the capable !'

There are, however, many other passages—but more particularly in the concluding scene, when the angels carry away 'Faustens *Unsterbliches*'—which establish the opposite theory. We will only quote the one before the Easter morning scene :—

'A new day beckons to a newer shore !'

Was Goethe undecided, then, or neutral in this important question? Was his belief in immortality a 'vague perhaps,' or did he seek refuge in some kind of Swedenborgian mysticism, as an adverse though able critic of the Roman Catholic communion suggests? Fortunately Goethe has left a record of his opinion on the subject which settles the point. In 1829—that is, three years before his death—he said to Eckermann :—

'Man must believe in immortality . . . the conviction of our continued existence comes from the idea of activity. For if I continue to work without intermission till the end comes, Nature is bound to assign to me another form of existence if the present can no longer contain my spirit.'

And what, it may be asked, is the plank thrown across the chasm between the two worlds? By what bridge do mortals pass from the seen to the unseen universe, according to Goethe? Here, again, there are numberless passages in his writings to show how closely he approached, as he does in the climax of the Faust tragedy, to the Christian standpoint. Like one of his own English admirers, in whom, too, a tendency to intellectual scepticism could not eradicate entirely Christian modes of thought, Goethe indicates what Matthew Arnold has happily called 'the method and the secret of Jesus,' i.e. repentance and the inner process of religious regeneration. Those of our readers whom this statement may take by surprise may see a number of passages collected by Dr. Ernst Melzer in his pamphlet entitled 'Goethes Ethische Ansichten' (Neisse, 1890), or in Dr. Vogel's 'Goethes Selbstzeugnisse über seine Stellung zur Religion' (Leipzig, 1888), to bear out this assertion, though we have no room here to quote them in full. But one of them may be made use of for this purpose, which in part is quoted by Matthew Arnold without the sequel, which only

only exists in manuscript, and does not appear in the collected work :—

'Die and re-exist
Or else thou art
A gloomy guest
On this dark earth.

* * *

'Long since have I striven ;
At last have I yielded :
When the old man dissolves,
The new man arises.'

Here then, again, as in the *dénouement* of Job, we note a yearning after a return to some kind of faith in God's moral government of the world, to something resembling the authoritative foundations of belief, resting on a somewhat broader basis than the 'foundation truths' of the vulgar. In Goethe's 'Faust,' then, as a reflection of the mental struggles of its author, we have a gallant attempt to reconcile science with faith, culture with religion, practical views of life with the principles of Christian eschatology. Here at the close of his life, completing the work begun in his youth, almost prophetically the poet expresses the yearning of the nineteenth century, at the moment of its expiration, to find its way back to the buoyant hopes and firm convictions of the ages of faith, and this without sacrificing truth or committing intellectual suicide. In short, Goethe's 'Faust,' his *alter ego*, the most complete and the most reliable history of his own experiences and intellectual vicissitudes, culminates in the idea which is fast becoming the ruling idea of the most thoughtful men of our day, whatever their mental prepossessions otherwise may be, that 'science and faith are not intended to exclude, but to form the complement of, each other.'

ART. X.—*The Transvaal Trouble; how it arose.* By John Martineau. London, 1896.

THE termination of the Trial at Bar marked the close of what we may call the first chapter in the Boer-Uitlander controversy. The Report of the South African Committee of Enquiry marks the close of the second chapter. During the former period public attention was mainly concentrated on the Jameson Raid. During the latter period public interest has been principally concentrated on the issue whether the Boer-Uitlander controversy, of which the Raid was merely a side incident, might not necessitate the direct intervention of Great Britain in the affairs of South Africa. It is this issue which chiefly concerns us at the present moment; and we propose in this article only to deal with the Raid in as far as it bears, for good or for bad, on the relations between the British Empire and the South African Republic.

The result of the trial which ended in the conviction of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-prisoners was received in this country with acquiescence, if not with approval. No doubt public opinion hesitated to endorse the extreme view taken by the Lord Chief Justice of the legal interpretation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. No doubt, too, popular sentiment would have preferred the infliction of a more lenient sentence. This sentiment, however, was satisfied when the action of the Home Office modified the punishment awarded to the prisoners to that assigned to first-class misdemeanants. The general verdict of the country may be said to have been to the effect that a grave offence had been committed against the laws of England as well as against a friendly State; that the offenders, whatever their motives may have been, deserved punishment; and that the punishment inflicted, even if somewhat excessive, was necessary in order to make amends for the outrage of which the South African Republic had just cause to complain. England, it was considered, had fully discharged a painful duty, and, having so discharged it, had a right to expect that the Transvaal would redress the grievances forming the sole excuse for the rash attempt, of which the prisoners at Holloway had been at once the leaders and the victims. The above may fairly be said to have been the opinion of the Man in the Street a year ago; it cannot truly be said to be quite his opinion to-day. It is, we think, worth while to indicate the causes which have led to this change of sentiment.

The prisoners convicted at the Trial at Bar practically offered no defence. Assuming the view of the law taken by the Judges

to be correct, there could be no question as to their legal guilt, and—contrary, as we believe, to the advice of their counsel—no attempt was made by them to extenuate the moral gravity of the offence of which they stood charged. This conduct was only consistent with the extraordinary loyalty all the parties to the Raid have displayed towards each other. The defence which most of the prisoners could have set up might to some extent have told against the others; but in the long run it might have been better if the whole facts had been made known at the time.

The War Office, shortly after the Trial at Bar, informed the convicted officers that they must send in their resignations. We fail to see how any other decision could have been come to, especially after the language employed by the Lord Chief Justice in his summing up and in passing sentence. His Lordship went out of his way to express his opinion that the prisoners had been guilty of a criminal offence in taking part in the Raid; and unless the military authorities were prepared to dispute the verdict and the sentence of the Court, they could hardly allow officers who had been convicted of, and were suffering imprisonment for, a criminal offence, to retain their commissions in Her Majesty's service. This decision, however, gave great umbrage to the officers and their friends. Sir John Willoughby, who had been the military commander of the Raid, felt it his duty to write to the War Office protesting against the justice of this virtual dismissal from the service, on the ground that his brother officers had been given to understand that in invading the territory of the South African Republic they were acting with the approval, or at any rate with the cognizance, of Her Majesty's Government.

If Sir John Willoughby's statement had been capable of being confirmed by legal evidence, his demand that the dismissed officers ought by right to be re-instated in their military rank, would have been unanswerable. The officers in question had been, to use the technical expression, 'seconded' for service in the forces of the Chartered Company. If, as laymen, we may express an opinion on a military matter, the practice of secondment seems to us as objectionable as the word itself is ungrammatical. In virtue of this practice a British officer is permitted, subject to the approval of the War Office, to take service in a force not under the direct control of the Queen or of the Commander-in-Chief, and yet to retain his rank in the Queen's service, and to return to that service, holding the same position as he would have held if he had remained with his regiment. We quite admit that the system
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of secondment has in many cases been found convenient in practice, as it has enabled our Government to exercise an indirect military authority over States in whose fortunes, as in Egypt, this country is interested, and at the same time to avoid any direct assumption of responsibility. The system, however, is unsound in principle. Its unsoundness was exhibited in the present instance. Some half-dozen young British officers were seconded for service in the forces of the Chartered Company. They were subject, we presume, to the ordinary rules of military service. The first of these rules is that of implicit obedience to the orders of their commanding officers. On the Continent this duty of obedience is absolute. In France and Germany, and, we believe, in all the chief Continental States, no legal action can lie against any soldier who commits any offence whatever against the criminal or civil laws of the State, provided he can prove that he committed this offence in obedience to the orders of his commanding officer. His superior officer may be punished if the order was illegal; but the subordinate officer remains exempt from the possibility of punishment. It may be said that in England no such absolute immunity exists; and that a seconded officer ought to know that in taking part in the invasion of a friendly State he is an accomplice in an illegal action. It is, however, hardly reasonable to assume that subalterns in the British army should be acquainted with the intricacies of the Foreign Enlistment Act, especially as this Act has been interpreted by the Lord Chief Justice; and even if they had thoroughly mastered this somewhat obscure document, they could not be expected to act on their own unassisted judgment. They were assured by their superior officer, in whom they had every reason to place confidence, that the expedition, in which they were ordered to take part, was undertaken with the knowledge and sanction of the British Government. No military authority could blame them if their answer was virtually a repetition of Tennyson's famous line, 'theirs not to reason why.' It may be urged again, that after the officers had learned through the message of the High Commissioner that the expedition was illegal, they were bound to comply with the orders of the Government, even if the leaders of the Raid decided upon advancing. Legally, this may be so; but from a military point of view, it is not so. To ask a number of young officers to desert their comrades on the eve of a battle, to persuade the troops they were appointed to lead to follow them in their desertion, and to surrender to the enemy, for this was the only way in which they could effect their retreat, would be to violate every tradition which in the British

army regulates the conduct of officers and gentlemen. The refusal of the seconded officers to desert the expedition after they had learned that it was forbidden by the Imperial authorities in South Africa, may have constituted an offence against the law ; but in common sense and common justice this refusal could not, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, be regarded as an offence of which the military, as well as the legal authorities at home, were bound to take cognizance.

We deem it necessary to dwell somewhat at length on this protest against the enforced resignation imposed upon the officers at Holloway, because though the issue raised thereby is of subsidiary importance, it had indirectly a very great effect on the course of subsequent events. If these statements in Sir John Willoughby's letter were correct, and if the 'seconded' officers who acted under his orders were led to believe, whether justly or unjustly, that the Raid was undertaken with the knowledge of the Government at home, it is obvious that, from a military point of view, they had committed no offence for which they could fairly be deprived of their commission. To hold otherwise would be destructive of all military discipline. Whether Sir John made his statement in good faith, or whether he had adequate grounds for believing his own assertions, is of course a different question. But we are convinced any military authority would support us in saying that, even if the statement in question had been a wilful and deliberate falsehood, the subalterns to whom it was made by their commanding officer committed no breach of discipline, if, on the faith of this statement, they took part in the Raid. So long as these officers were in prison for the commission of what, technically at any rate, was a criminal offence, it was impossible to reverse the decision by which they had been called upon to resign their commissions. Nor was it possible at the date at which this protest was made to institute the necessary enquiries into the evidence, on the strength of which Sir John Willoughby had declared to his brother officers that the Jameson Raid was undertaken with the knowledge, if not with the actual sanction, of Her Majesty's Government. This impossibility was due to the fact that a Parliamentary Committee had been appointed to examine into all the circumstances of the Raid. Any immediate action on the part of the War Office was therefore not called for. But the Minister for War felt it necessary to inform his colleagues of the protest made by Sir John Willoughby, and of the grounds upon which this protest was based.

At a later stage we shall endeavour to offer some explanation of the circumstances, under which a statement, not in accordance with

with fact, was made, as we believe in perfect good faith and with considerable *a priori* reasons for the belief in its truth entertained by its author. For the present we are only concerned with the indirect results of this protest. The communication made to the War Office necessarily called for the grave attention of the Ministry. It was obvious that if there was any adequate foundation for the assertion that the Raid had been undertaken with the tacit approval, or even with the knowledge of any leading member of the Ministry, the Government was placed in a most false position, alike towards Parliament, the South African Republic, and the country at large. Suspicion, if such a term can fairly be used in this connection, pointed at once to the Minister for the Colonies. If we are correctly informed, Mr. Chamberlain was communicated with by his colleagues on the subject, and replied forthwith that there was not a word of truth in the charge, in as far as he himself was concerned; and that to the best of his belief and knowledge, there was as little foundation for the charge as affecting any of the officials of his department. Mr. Chamberlain's denial settled the question for his colleagues, and the result has amply justified their reliance upon his good faith. If the matter had rested there, no great harm would have been done. Unfortunately it gradually got bruited abroad that Mr. Chamberlain was charged, by persons who had taken a leading part in the Raid, with having been cognizant beforehand of the rising at Johannesburg, of which the Raid formed an incident, and had, in conversation, if not in writing, expressed his approval of the attempt to upset the Government of Pretoria by an armed demonstration supported from without. The fact that the War Office had received a letter from Sir John Willoughby, impugning the justice of the removal of his brother officers from their posts in the army, was magnified by popular rumour into a statement that there was evidence in existence convicting the Colonial Office of complicity in the Raid. Later on, when it became evident that the Ministry had not withdrawn their confidence in Mr. Chamberlain, it was currently asserted that no real enquiry was to be held, in order to avoid the production of evidence which, it was alleged, would, if produced, convict the most prominent member of the Liberal Unionist Section of the Ministry of complicity with the raiders.

These floating reports and rumours were seized upon by the sometime editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' in the days of its crusade against the so-called Maiden Tribute, to create a new sensation in his 'Review of Reviews.' We have no wish to say

say anything unkindly of Mr. Stead. He is a writer of considerable though crude ability; he is a sincere reformer, though his zeal is without knowledge; he is a genuine philanthropist, though his charity covers a multitude of errors. *A fin du siècle* Peter the Hermit, he preaches crusade after crusade, conducted with head-lines, leaded-type, sensational paragraphs, and all the artifices of latter-day journalistic advertisement. These artifices were all called into requisition in order to attract attention to Mr. Stead's 'History of a Mystery,' which was to form the Christmas Number of his 'Review of Reviews.' In the inaugural advertisement Mr. Chamberlain was depicted on the frontispiece as cowering before a closet in which a skeleton was exposed. The article professing to contain the promised disclosures was found, on its publication, to contain nothing beyond vague insinuations unsupported by evidence. Its publication was excused on the plea that the object of the editor was to furnish Mr. Chamberlain with an opportunity of learning and contradicting the reports which were current as to his connection with the Raid. The excuse offered may have been seriously intended; but, if so, it only confirms our conviction that Mr. Stead, if formidable as an assailant, is still more formidable as a supporter. All we need say further on this subject is, that after the publication of the 'History of a Mystery' the Government had no option except to insist on a Parliamentary Enquiry taking place in due form, whatever might be the consequences. The decision thus forced upon them was regrettable in the public interest.

Meanwhile the events which had occurred in the interval between the Trial at Bar and the meeting of the British Parliament in February last had had a considerable effect on public opinion at home. Apart from any question of the intrinsic justice of the sentence passed upon Dr. Jameson and his officers, experience had shown that the sentence was not of the light character which it was originally represented as being. The confinement of a prison had proved prejudicial to the health of almost every one of the prisoners, and in Dr. Jameson's case it promised to be fatal. One after the other the prisoners had to be remitted the major portion of their sentences, and in the case of Dr. Jameson, his release, we have the best authority for saying, was only granted just in time to save his life. Of course, the fact that the sentences passed proved to be unduly severe, does not affect the abstract justice of the conviction or of the sentence. But the fact tended undoubtedly to create a general impression abroad that there was no need for any further enquiry. The chief offenders on the Raid had been convicted

convicted and punished. Mr. Rhodes had resigned his seat on the Board of the Chartered Company, and by his resignation had been apparently deprived of the authority required to carry out the enterprise to which his life had been devoted. It was therefore felt that enough had been done on our side, and that the time had come for President Krüger to meet the conciliatory action of the British Government by corresponding concessions in the Transvaal.

The Raid had never commended itself to public opinion at home. The armed invasion of the Transvaal seemed more outrageous to Englishmen within the four seas than it did to English residents in South Africa—a country in which raids have been of frequent occurrence, and whose history might not unfairly be said to consist of a series of raids. Our national aversion to illegal action was increased when it was found that the attempt to upset the South African Republic by violence had not only failed, but had not been prosecuted with the reckless daring which is required to dignify a failure; and that the pleas, on which the Raid was alleged to have been undertaken, were more or less of a fictitious character. Then, too, the publication of the so-called ‘flotation’ telegrams created, however unjustly, a general impression that both the rising and the Raid had been the outcome of Stock Exchange speculations; while the release by President Krüger of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-prisoners was regarded at home as a proof of the magnanimity of the Boers. We do not hesitate to say that, if at this period, the President had accepted the invitation of the Colonial Office, and had come over to England to discuss the matters at issue between the British Uitlanders in the Transvaal and the South African Republic, he would have been certain of a cordial reception on the part, not only of the British Government, but of the British public.

During the interval which had elapsed between the arrival of the Raiders in England and the Trial at Bar popular sentiment in respect to President Krüger had undergone considerable modification. The questions, whether Dr. Jameson’s forces had surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, and whether the leaders of the Johannesburg insurrection had agreed to lay down their arms on the understanding that the insurgents were to receive a full pardon, are never likely to be answered conclusively one way or the other. It is certain there were misunderstandings on both sides. How far these misunderstandings were due to accident or deliberate design, is a point which will always remain doubtful. But the general impression left on the mind of the British public by these controversies

was that the Boers had, to say the least, displayed sharp practice in dealing with our countrymen in the Transvaal, and that British interests had been most inefficiently defended by the High Commissioner and by the then British Agent at Pretoria. Again, the needless condemnation of the chief insurgents to death, the irregularity, as it seemed to Englishmen, of their trial, the conditions on which the death penalty had been ungraciously commuted, and the enormous fines inflicted indiscriminately on all the prisoners accused of having participated in any way in the abortive rising, were distasteful, not only to our British pride, but to our British sense of justice. With the trial, conviction, and punishment of Dr. Jameson and his officers, the common opinion of his countrymen was that we had done our duty, and that the Government of Pretoria had now, in their turn, to do what was right and fair.

We are bound to say that such an expectation was not unreasonable. But whether reasonable or otherwise, it was not fulfilled. The Boers, in common, for that matter, with all ignorant and semi-civilized communities, do not comprehend the notion of abstract justice. Their idea of 'public duty' is that every one should stand by his own people, and when they saw that the British Government did not stand by the British insurgents or the British Raiders, they attributed this forbearance to some sinister motive. It never entered the Boer mind that our action could be the result of principle. In consequence the attitude of our Government inspired distrust rather than confidence in the Transvaal. The feeling of the ordinary Boers was that the time had come to assert the permanent supremacy of the Dutch over the British in the South African Republic for once and for all. This feeling was shared by President Krüger, though he may have doubted the possibility of its gratification. It is a mistake to suppose that the President is more kindly disposed towards England than the mass of his countrymen. On the contrary, the general dislike of the Boers to the English interloper is intensified in the case of the President by his personal animosity towards Mr. Rhodes, who time after time has baffled his designs, and whom he regards as the living personification of the courage, energy and mastery which have created the British Empire. But though a fanatical foe to England, President Krüger has more knowledge of the world than the common Boer, and knows that if it ever comes to war England is bound to win. His policy is therefore to undermine gradually the hold of Great Britain upon South Africa, to strengthen the power of the Transvaal both at home and abroad, as far as this can be done without giving any ground for direct intervention

intervention on the part of England, and if ever England should display any serious intention of intervening, to avert intervention by partial concessions.

The prosecution of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-offenders by the Government, and the acquiescence of the British public in their conviction and imprisonment, confirmed President Krüger in his conviction that England is so averse to the idea of another Transvaal war, that, in the case of the Transvaal, provocation may safely be carried to the utmost limit short of an actual declaration of independence. In this opinion he was confirmed by the news that the Liberal party and their organs in the press were persistently denouncing the British Government whenever it displayed any desire to uphold the rights of the British Uitlanders. From the date of the Jameson trial the policy of the South African Republic became therefore more distinctly hostile to British interests. Arms and ammunition were purchased in large quantities in Europe. Forts were built at Pretoria and Johannesburg, and special encouragement was given to German emigrants—that is, to men in the prime of life—who, having passed through the compulsory military service of the Fatherland, could at a very short notice be converted into soldiers in the Transvaal army. The Volksraad, at the President's instigation, passed a number of laws, all deliberately framed so as to check British immigration into the Transvaal, to render the position of the Uitlanders almost intolerable to men of English birth, and to assert in every way possible the legal, political and social supremacy of the Boers. By the Aliens Act the South African Republic claimed the right to expel any Uitlander not a burgher of the State at her own free will and pleasure, while no appeal against the justice of the expulsion was allowed to be made to the Courts of Law. By the Immigration Act no Uitlander could enter the territory of the Republic unless he could satisfy the local authorities that he had private means of his own, or had secured permanent employment; and even if he could comply with these conditions, he was not allowed to enter unless he was provided with a passport in due form from his own Government. By the Press Act any newspaper could be suppressed, and its editor and contributor might be expelled without trial, if, in the opinion of the Executive, the newspaper contained anything detrimental to the welfare of the commonwealth. By the Public Assemblies Act political meetings were practically prohibited, and any criticism of the action of the Government, whether written or spoken, was sufficient to justify the arrest and expulsion of its author. As some ninety per cent. of the

Uitlanders

Uitlanders are British subjects, these alterations in the laws, though nominally directed against all foreigners, were really directed against Englishmen.

Meanwhile nothing whatever was done towards according the Uitlanders any sort of effective franchise. No sincere attempt was made to redress the practical grievances of which the mining industry, or in other words, the Uitlander Industry, had to complain. A law, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to natives, was indeed passed, which was excellent in theory, but which proved worthless in practice, owing to the fact that the Boers are the chief illicit purveyors of liquor to the natives, and that the local courts refused to convict any Boer who was accused of having sold liquor surreptitiously to the Kaffirs. The Volksraad made a grant for the purpose of providing English teaching for English children in the State schools. This grant, however, was insignificant in amount compared with the grant for the teaching of the children of the Boer minority, while whatever benefit it might have conferred was neutralized by the provision that the tuition given to English children must be imparted either by Dutch teachers, or by English teachers who were conversant with Boer-Dutch. The dynamite monopoly and the privileged position of the Netherlands Railway Company were maintained unimpaired. The exorbitant import dues were increased rather than diminished; and a new tax was imposed which, under the guise of a provision for unforeseen war expenditure, was skilfully framed so as to fall exclusively on the various Transvaal Land Companies, the shares in which are held by Uitlanders, and mainly by Uitlanders of English birth. All these and many other acts of a similar kind pointed to the conclusion that the South African Republic under President Krüger's administration was actuated by deliberate hostility to England and to Englishmen. The conclusion commonly drawn from these facts was that, though the Uitlander insurrection might have been a blunder as well as a breach of the law, the Reform Union was in the right in their contention that the grievances of the Uitlanders could never be redressed till the British residents in the Transvaal enjoyed the same right of Parliamentary Representation as colonists of every other nationality enjoy in all the various provinces of British South Africa. The weight of this conclusion was strengthened by the publication of Lord Loch's despatches on the occasion of his visit to Pretoria in 1894. By these despatches it was made clear that long before the Jameson Raid had been even contemplated, the then High Commissioner considered the contingency of an
Uitlander

Uitlander rising at Johannesburg as certain of occurrence, and foresaw the possibility that, in not improbable circumstances, British intervention in the affairs of the Transvaal might become a matter of absolute necessity. We do not say that the evidence we have endeavoured to summarise justified either the Insurrection or the Raid, but we do say that the production of this evidence had a very marked effect in leading the British public to consider that the offences of the Insurgents, and even of the Raiders, were far less heinous than their countrymen had originally been led to suppose.

This reaction in favour of the Uitlanders, as compared with the Boers, was increased by Mr. Cecil Rhodes's action in Matabeleland. Immediately after the ex-Premier had had his celebrated interview with Mr. Chamberlain, he returned to Rhodesia, to look after the interests of the provinces which he had added to the dominion of the Queen. In as far as the public are aware he had worked harmoniously and loyally with the Imperial Administrators, whose authority had been substituted for his own. But for one reason or another little progress was made towards the suppression of the native rebellion so long as the campaign was conducted solely by the representatives of the Imperial Government. At last Mr. Rhodes took the matter into his own hands, proceeded, unarmed and unprotected, into an assemblage of savages, and concluded an arrangement with the native chiefs which virtually brought the rebellion to a close. The coolness of head, the daring courage, and the knowledge of native character, which he exhibited at the Matoppo interview with the insurgents, enlisted once more on his behalf the sympathy of his fellow-citizens in South Africa, to whom the presence in their midst of an enormous and increasing native population, is, with or without reason, a cause of constant apprehension. Any statesman in South Africa, who shows himself capable of dealing successfully with the native question, is always certain to command the confidence of the white community, whatever may be their race, or however much they may differ from him on other matters. The fact that in the Cape Colony, which had grave cause to complain of Mr. Rhodes's participation in the Raid, and in the abortive rising at Johannesburg, the ex-Premier was obviously regarded as the coming man, could not fail to produce a considerable effect in this country. The enthusiastic reception which Mr. Rhodes received throughout the Colony on his return from Matabeleland, opened the eyes of the British public to the truth that his offences, whatever their intrinsic gravity may have been, were not condemned in South Africa with the same severity as they had

had been condemned at home. Common sense pointed to the conclusion that Englishmen in the Cape Colony are more likely to understand South African affairs than strangers, who know nothing of coloured races in general, or of Kaffirs in particular. Moreover it is only fair to add, that the tone assumed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, during his triumphal progress to Cape Town, and in his speeches on the eve of his departure for England, though open to criticism as a matter of taste, had considerable effect on the British public. Englishmen have always a certain sympathy with a man who does not know when he is beaten, who is 'ready to face the music,' and who, when the game seems lost, declares his determination to go in and win. This may not be logical; but popular sentiment is not regulated by logic; and popular sentiment in this case was on the side of the statesman who was denounced by the opponents of British supremacy in South Africa because, as he declared, he had served the interests of England only too faithfully.

On account of the grounds we have endeavoured to indicate, public opinion in England at the commencement of this year questioned the expediency or even the necessity of the Commission of Enquiry which, according to agreement, was to be re-appointed at the commencement of the Parliamentary session. Our own opinion is that if it had not been for the collateral issue, raised by the alleged complicity of the Colonial Office in the Raid, the Government would probably have coincided with the above view which was entertained by almost all persons interested, either politically or financially, in South African affairs. Unfortunately the hands of the Government were tied. The rumours which had been circulated concerning the existence of documents implicating Mr. Chamberlain as an accomplice in the Raid, rendered it absolutely impossible for the Ministry to recede from their engagement to reappoint the Committee without laying themselves open to the suspicion, and still more certainly to the accusation, of having shirked the enquiry in order to screen a distinguished colleague. The Committee had indeed been appointed under a misapprehension. The whole truth about the Raid was practically known. The danger that the investigation would retard, instead of promoting, the restoration of amicable relations between the British and Dutch colonists in South Africa, was manifest to all. Yet notwithstanding these considerations, the Committee had got to meet, because its non-reappointment would have been taken advantage of by the Opposition for party purposes. In saying this we make no special charge against the Liberals. We do not dispute the fact that, if, in similar circumstances, the Conservatives

servatives had been in opposition, they would probably have made the failure of the Government to fulfil its engagement matter for party attack. All we assert is, that government by party has its defects as well as its advantages, and that one of these defects is that the real interests of the country must, under this system, be frequently subordinated to party considerations.

It is difficult to imagine a body less qualified to conduct a complicated enquiry affecting grave interests, treading on personal susceptibilities, and stimulating political animosities, than a Parliamentary Committee. The partisan character attaching to any enquiry of this kind is indicated by the fact that the Opposition is considered entitled to be fully represented and to select their own representatives as a matter of right. It would have been easy to find a dozen, or possibly a score, of men in the House of Commons who knew something about South African affairs, who understood the conditions of colonial life, and who were familiar with the practical working of Companies engaged in the development of uncivilised countries. But no attempt was made, especially on the side of the Opposition, to select, as members of the Committee, men who had any acquaintance with the subject-matter into which they were appointed to examine. Mr. Labouchere, for instance, who had distinguished himself by the virulence of his persistent attacks, not only on the Chartered Company, but on Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues, was nominated by the Liberal leaders, and was necessarily accepted by the Government in virtue of the principle that the Opposition has a right to nominate any member of their own party whom they may think fit to select. From the beginning, the Committee was divided into two factions. The Liberals, led by Mr. Labouchere, assumed the function of Counsel for the Prosecution. The Conservatives, directed by Mr. Wyndham, took upon themselves the function of Counsel for the Defence. Indeed, the members of the Government, who sat on the Committee, were the only persons who made any attempt to conduct the enquiry impartially. On almost every occasion when a question was put to a vote in the Committee, the division was taken on strictly party lines. Such a tribunal so constituted was assuredly not calculated to elicit the truth or to command public respect. The result of the enquiry has so far brought very little that is new to light, in connection either with the Chartered Company, the Johannesburg Insurrection, or the Jameson Raid. But the result has indirectly shown that many of the charges brought against the main actors in the drama, which came to so sorry an ending at Krugersdorp, were either exaggerated or baseless. For instance,

instance, we can now form a fair estimate of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's connection with the Raid. He himself acknowledged, with the utmost frankness, that he had aided and abetted the Uitlander rising, that in conjunction with Mr. Beit he had contributed the funds which were required to supply the insurgents with arms, ammunition and organization, and that he had arranged with Dr. Jameson to place a force composed of the Chartered Company's troops on the borders of the Transvaal, with instructions that this force was to march to the assistance of the insurgents in case of need. He admitted also that he had done all this without the knowledge of the London Board of the Chartered Company, without communicating his designs to his colleagues in the Cape Ministry, and without informing the Governor of the Cape Colony, who, as High Commissioner, was the direct representative of the Imperial Government. For having done this he expressed no contrition, other than an expression of regret that the rising had not succeeded.

His defence amounted in effect to this: he considered the system of administration introduced into the Transvaal under President Krüger to be unjust and oppressive to the Uitlanders, fatal to the development of the Transvaal, detrimental to the welfare of South Africa, and dangerous to British interests. This system must therefore, in his opinion, be radically reformed. Experience had shown that the system could only be reformed if the Uitlanders obtained political rights, and that the President would never consent to accord these rights unless the Uitlanders rose in insurrection. For an insurrection to be successful it must be kept secret, and this particular insurrection could not be kept secret if he communicated his designs to the High Commissioner, to his fellow-Ministers at the Cape, and to his co-Directors in London. Granted these premises, Mr. Rhodes's conclusion was logical enough. But whether the premises are admissible is a matter which must be decided by the view taken, as to how far sympathy with a political cause justifies aiding and abetting an insurrection in order to effect its triumph; and as to how far the 'Sacred right of Insurrection' is consistent with a strict regard for veracity or with a rigid observance of the rules which, in normal circumstances, regulate the relations between members of the same Board or the same Cabinet. These are issues upon which every man must form his own judgment. Mr. Rhodes has clearly formed his judgment, and holds that in acting as he did he was justified by the considerations to which we have already referred. However this may be, we see no reason to doubt that Mr.

Mr. Rhodes spoke the truth when he declared that the Raid itself was not carried out with his approval or even with his knowledge. Persons who consider that the aiding and abetting of the Uitlander insurrection was in itself a culpable act on the part of Mr. Rhodes, may justly argue that his culpability is not materially diminished by the fact that the Raid took place under conditions he had not foreseen. The moral difference between placing a force on the frontiers of the Transvaal to march to the aid of an insurrection, and the employing of this force in order to precipitate, if not to create, an insurrection, is too small to produce any great impression except upon persons who are more intimately acquainted than we can profess to be with insurrectionary ethics. Still, as a matter of fact, the whole evidence adduced before the Committee served to show that according to the original plan arranged between Cape Town and Johannesburg, the forces of the Chartered Company were only to invade the Transvaal if, and when, the Uitlander rising had reached such a stage as to justify, or at any rate to excuse, intervention from without. This stage had not been reached at the period when Dr. Jameson, to quote Mr. Rhodes's own words, 'took the bit in his mouth' and crossed the frontier. If this was so, it is intelligible enough that the news of the Jameson Raid should have been received by the Cape Premier with genuine astonishment and unaffected dismay.

The truth appears to be that Dr. Jameson never quite appreciated the issues involved in the question of the flag, a question which really upset the insurrection. We have no doubt ourselves that there was a very strong and general feeling amongst the white population of Johannesburg, the vast majority of whom were Britons, or British subjects, in favour of an insurrection which should give them the status enjoyed by Englishmen, as a matter, not of favour but of right, in every other part of South Africa. Miners, artisans, foremen and clerks, who compose what may be called the white working class on the Randt, are not likely to trouble themselves much about constitutional theories, and would probably have preferred that the rising should take place under the British flag. A different view, however, was entertained by the Randt capitalists and mine-owners, who, it should be borne in mind, only joined the insurrectionary movement in its later stages. Men who have large fortunes of their own at stake, and who have the charge of still larger fortunes committed to their care, are naturally averse to insurrection, and are always anxious that any insurrectionary movement, in which they may take part, should bear in name, and if possible in reality,

reality, the aspect of a constitutional agitation, not of a revolution. Moreover, the Randt millionaires had special reasons of their own for desiring to keep the insurrection within the limits of a popular demand for constitutional reform. The annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain would have necessitated the placing of the State under the rule of Downing Street; and after the long experience our South African colonies have had in times past of the vacillating, vexatious and unintelligent policy of the Colonial Office, they had every reason to view with apprehension the substitution of the British for the Transvaal flag at Johannesburg. The idea of what we may call the Capitalist Section of the insurgents was, if the insurrection had proved successful, to have maintained the Transvaal as an independent State, with the difference that the British element in the population was to have had equal authority with the Boer element in the administration of the South African Republic. This idea was obviously incompatible with the insurrection being conducted under the Union Jack. When, therefore, a telegram was received at Johannesburg on the eve of the insurrection—by whom sent and for what purpose has never been clearly ascertained—instructing the leaders of the revolt, who were in the main local capitalists, to raise the British flag, it can easily be understood that they should have desired to postpone immediate action, till the question of the flag had been discussed with their confederates at Cape Town. It is possible also, and indeed probable, that their desire for postponement may have been augmented by the nervous reluctance felt by men of wealth to resort to violence, when the time for discussing a revolution has given place to a time for immediate revolutionary action.

Our impression is that this latter interpretation was the one placed by Dr. Jameson on the proposed postponement. Knowing, as he did intimately, the leaders of the Reform Union, he must have been aware how, by instinct and by interest, as well as by personal character, they were likely, as a body, to shrink at the critical moment from armed action; and he naturally attributed their proposal to postpone the rising to a want of nerve, which must prove fatal to success. He therefore determined to force their hands by entering the Transvaal, and thus committing the insurgents at Johannesburg to immediate action. This view, which seems to us to be confirmed by the evidence given before the Committee, accounts on the one hand for the action of the Reform Union at Johannesburg, without attributing utter recklessness to Dr. Jameson and his officers, or culpable lack of courage to the Uitlander leaders. There

was,

was, it is clear, an unfortunate misunderstanding on both sides; but there was not necessarily any serious breach of faith on one side or the other.

In a somewhat similar fashion the result of the enquiry has tended to disprove the charge of complicity brought against the Imperial officials in British South Africa. It is obvious that Lord Rosmead was purposely kept in the dark as to the so-called plan of campaign. It is indeed impossible that he should not have known that there existed a state of disaffection amidst the British Uitlanders in the Randt, which might at any time, and must at some time, culminate in insurrection. But he had no reason to know that this disaffection was subsidised from Cape Town, or was to be supported by the forces of the Chartered Company. It may be said that Lord Rosmead ought to have known more than he apparently did know. It may, however, be urged with justice that in a self-governing colony a Governor can know very little beyond what his ministers choose to tell him, that Lord Rosmead was an old man in failing health, suffering from a painful and debilitating malady, that he had returned to the Cape against his own wishes, and regarded himself merely as a *locum tenens*, and, what is more than all, that he was in fact a nominee of Mr. Rhodes, appointed in order to support and advance the policy of his distinguished Premier. Sir Jacobus de Wet was manifestly incompetent to hold the responsible post of British Agent of Pretoria, but beyond general incompetence no specific charge can fairly be brought against him. The only British officials who were distinctly proved to have committed any breach of their official duty towards the Imperial Government are Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton. But, in estimating the gravity of their breach of duty, it is only fair to remember that Mr. Rhodes was, and had long been, the virtual Governor of the Cape, while the nominal Governor, who also was in name the High Commissioner of British South Africa, was a mere figure-head. This being so, their position was one of extreme difficulty, and this fact should be taken into account before we condemn too severely two officials of high character, who have both done good service in past times.

These considerations bear indirectly on the far more important issue of the alleged complicity of Her Majesty's Government. All the idle rumours, which at one time were current, as to the plan of campaign having been known beforehand to some of Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues, have long since been dropped. The only charge, which has ever been seriously formulated is, that the Secretary of State for the Colonies was, to

speak plainly, an accomplice in the rising and in the preparations for the Raid. Now it is manifest that the representatives of the Crown in South Africa could not have communicated to Downing Street the knowledge which they themselves did not possess. There are, therefore, only two possible ways in which the Minister for the Colonies could have been made acquainted with the plan of campaign. The first is by current rumour; the second is by direct communication from Mr. Rhodes, or his agents. No sensible man can doubt that Mr. Chamberlain was well aware of the general state of feeling at Johannesburg. For months previous to the Raid it was matter of notoriety in all circles connected commercially, politically or socially with South African affairs, that the disaffection entertained by the British Uitlanders towards the Administration of the Republic under President Krüger was so intense that, if no concessions were made, this dissatisfaction must at no distant date lead to an armed demonstration. It was known, too, that in view of this contingency, military preparations were being made at Johannesburg. To suppose that Mr. Chamberlain was ignorant of all this is to question—what nobody yet has ever questioned—his ability and his energy. Rightly or wrongly, the British Government were not prepared to take in their hands the redress of the grievances, of which, with or without adequate reason, the Uitlanders complained. On the other hand, it was manifestly impossible for any British Government to support the South African Republic in her refusal to grant British subjects the political rights to which they were morally, if not legally, entitled. All our Government could do was to remain neutral and to give no encouragement either to the Uitlanders or to the Boers. At the same time the sympathies of every Englishman, and especially of so staunch an Imperialist as the Minister for the Colonies, could not fail to be on the side of our countrymen in the Transvaal in their struggle for political emancipation; and even the most embittered of Little England Radicals could hardly blame Mr. Chamberlain for having sympathised with an English community fighting for the rights of free men in a country, in which they form already a great majority of the population, which they have enriched by their industry, and in which they pay nine-tenths of the taxation. What then was the outlook in South Africa, which Mr. Chamberlain, as Minister for the Colonies, had to contemplate in the months preceding the Raid? The outlook was this. A rising at Johannesburg was imminent. If, as Mr. Chamberlain had every reason to believe, this rising was the spontaneous act of the British Uitlanders, and if the
Boers

Boers attempted to suppress it by force of arms, it was absolutely certain that the insurgents would command the active support of their fellow-countrymen in South Africa. It was hardly doubtful that they would enlist on their behalf the good wishes of the vast majority of their countrymen at home. In the peculiar circumstances of the case the British Government was bound to observe neutrality; but it was also bound to see that this neutrality, in as far as our own people were concerned, was a benevolent neutrality. Of this attitude of benevolent neutrality, Mr. Chamberlain, in virtue of his official position as well as of his personal character, was the authoritative exponent.

Now, given this attitude, it is not difficult to explain the misapprehension which arose between the Colonial Office and the agents of the Chartered Company, or, more strictly speaking, of Mr. Rhodes, without imputing deliberate deception to either party. After Khama's visit to this country, and after the support he had met with from the missionary organizations and from the Aborigines Protection Societies, it was only natural that the Chartered Company should send over representatives to see that, in any agreement made with Khama, the Company's interests should be duly protected. The person entrusted with this duty was Dr. Rutherford Harris, the Secretary of the Company in South Africa and the confidential agent of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. His instructions were to obtain the cession to the Company of a strip of land lying between the Transvaal and Khama's country, in order to facilitate the extension of the Northern Railway along a route lying exclusively in territory belonging to the Chartered Company. He was, as he himself admits, fully aware also that one object of securing this strip of land was to provide a site on which a force could be organised and equipped, with a view to giving armed assistance to an Uitlander rising in the Transvaal in case of need. Mr. Chamberlain, as he himself asserts, was ignorant of this ulterior object, but approved of the avowed object of the cession of country demanded by the Company. On the other hand Dr. Harris was not, as we gather, exactly aware to what extent Mr. Chamberlain had been made acquainted by Mr. Rhodes with his intended policy in respect of the Boer-Uitlander controversy. Under these conditions it is easy to understand that a misapprehension should have arisen. It seems that there were a number of interviews on the subject of the cession of territory demanded of Khama between Dr. Harris and the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain at this period was in accord with the general principles of South African policy

policy advocated by Mr. Rhodes, while the late Under Secretary of the Colonial Office, Mr. Fairfield, was strongly in favour of upholding British supremacy in South Africa. Dr. Harris was, it seems, assisted in his negotiations at Downing Street by Miss Flora Shaw, a lady who had acted as a correspondent of the *Times* in South Africa, and who was an extreme partisan of what we may call the Rhodesian policy. We should be extremely sorry to say a word in disparagement of a very intelligent, and a very charming lady, with many of whose opinions we are greatly in accord. But we are old-fashioned enough to avow the opinion that in matters of business, whether in offices or in newspapers, the introduction of the female element is always a mistake; and we cannot help thinking that a misapprehension would have been less likely to have occurred, if a newspaper correspondent had not been allowed to take part in the negotiations, especially when this correspondent belonged to a sex whose political views are always, and properly, subordinated to their personal predilections. Be this as it may, there is no disputing the fact that both Dr. Harris and Miss Flora Shaw took an unduly sanguine view of the utterances made by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Fairfield, and that their reports to their principals were consciously, or unconsciously, affected by their personal desires. Mr. Chamberlain has very little regard for the reticence of ordinary statecraft, and it is quite possible he may have employed language in expressing his sympathy with the grievances of the British residents in the Transvaal, which led his interlocutors to imagine that he knew more about the plan of campaign than he was willing to avow. There is no truer proverb than the one that the wish is father to the thought, and as both Mr. Rhodes's representatives were personally anxious that the plan of campaign should have the support of the Colonial Office, it is easy to understand how expressions of general sympathy should have been misconstrued into informal approval of specific plans. The telegrams giving an account of their interviews at Downing Street were therefore necessarily tinged by their own personal wishes, and it is not difficult to realise how, on the same principle of the wish being father to the thought, the significance of their telegrams should have been over-estimated by their recipients at Cape Town. Thus it is quite possible that Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby may have had adequate excuse for believing that the plan of campaign had received the practical, though not the official, approval of the Colonial Office, and yet to be at the same time convinced that
neither

neither Mr. Chamberlain nor his subordinate officials were aware that the plan of campaign was being organised and subsidised from Cape Town, and included amongst its arrangements the invasion of the Transvaal by an armed force, under the orders of the Chartered Company. It seems to us matter for regret that any difficulty should have been raised about the production of all the telegrams which passed between London and Cape Town during the period immediately antecedent to the Raid. But we can see no cause to suppose that these telegrams, if produced in their entirety, would modify in any way the views above expressed.

The enquiry, again, has knocked on the head the allegation that the rising and the Raid were simply the outcome of a gigantic Stock Exchange speculation devised in order to depreciate for a time the value of Transvaal securities, and thus to allow Mr. Rhodes and his confederates to buy up Transvaal stocks at a depreciated price, and to resell them when they had returned to their intrinsic value. We have never doubted that one of the considerations which induced the capitalists of Johannesburg to support the insurrectionary movement was a belief that this insurrection, if successful, would improve not only the permanent value of their mines, but the saleable value of their stocks. We do not think this was their main motive, but it was undoubtedly one of the motives which influenced them in identifying themselves with the proposed rising. There is nothing discreditable in their being actuated by such a motive, but it would have been distinctly discreditable to them if they had plotted and planned a revolution in order to depreciate Transvaal securities, to induce people who, in City phrase, 'are not in the know,' to part with their securities at an alarming sacrifice, and then to enrich themselves by snapping up the securities for less than they were really worth. This is the charge which was brought by Mr. Labouchere and by the organs of the Radical Party against Mr. Rhodes, his colleagues, and the Chartered Company. The charge was ridiculous in itself. The millionaires of the Randt would never have gone into the revolution unless they had believed in its success. If they had so believed they would have bought for a rise, and not for a fall. Yet though a most cruel and unfounded accusation was brought by Mr. Labouchere and his associates against a number of men of high character and standing in the City, and though this charge broke down utterly during the Committee's enquiry, it has never been apologised for or withdrawn.

Even if the limits of space permitted, we should not be disposed

disposed to enter at any length on the altercations, charges and counter-charges, virulence of invective, and recklessness of incrimination which have discredited this most ill-advised and unfortunate Committee of Enquiry. Mr. Labouchere has undoubtedly been the main offender, and by a not undeserved irony of fate he has been the chief sufferer by an enquiry, appointed and conducted at his instance, in order to expose the iniquities alleged by him to have been committed by the Chartered Company, its directors and officials. We are far from saying these charges were utterly without foundation. What we do say is, that the Company are indebted to Mr. Labouchere for the extravagance of his wholesale vituperation. He outstripped the mark, and by his own violence closed the mouths of sober critics whose criticism might have proved more difficult to answer.

We have endeavoured to point out as impartially as we could the general conclusions of the Enquiry in so far as they point to the main actors in the plan of campaign. The Committee has not yet entered on the most important branch of their enquiry—the consideration of the future relations between the Chartered Company and the Imperial Government. It is obvious, however, from the general tone of the proceedings, that there is no intention on the part of the Committee to recommend the cancelment of the Charter, or the forcible prevention, if such a thing were possible, of any further participation in the administering of the Company's affairs by its original promoters, creators, and administrators. What modifications, if any, are desirable in the Charter of the Company so as to secure a more effective control on the part of the Imperial Government is a matter to be considered hereafter; and we trust most sincerely that this consideration will be delegated to a much smaller, more impartial, and more experienced body than the South African Committee of Enquiry.

If our view is correct, the general upshot of the Enquiry has been not so much to justify the Johannesburgers, or still less the Raid, as to show that they were not isolated occurrences, but the results of a long series of antecedent causes. It seems strange to think that hardly ninety years have passed since England finally added the Cape to her dominions. At the beginning of this century the Colony was purely Dutch in as far as the white inhabitants were concerned, and it was only in the year of Her Majesty's birth that the first British emigrants came out to our South African possessions. From this period up to some twenty-five years ago there were any number of Kaffir wars, the history of which was almost identical in character.

character. The Kaffirs attacked and murdered the white settlers in some of the frontier districts; the Imperial troops, aided by the Colonial forces, attacked and defeated the Kaffirs; and then, on the strength of our victories, the Boer farmers raided and occupied the lands of the defeated Kaffirs. With the introduction of steamships the tide of British emigration began to flow towards South Africa, though in very limited numbers as compared to America, Canada, and Australia: but the bulk of our emigrants settled in the sea-coast towns, where they engaged in commercial pursuits. The inland districts, in so far as they were populated at all by white settlers, remained populated by Boers. The abolition of slavery in 1832 was the first cause of grave dissension between the English and the Dutch. Not only did the Boers consider, with some reason, that they had been paid a very inadequate price for their slaves and had been cheated out of that price, inadequate as it was, but they resented even more bitterly the interference with their domestic life, customs, ideas, and traditions involved in the enforced emancipation of their slaves. The result of this discontent was the series of wholesale 'trecks,' by which the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal were formed into Boer States, claiming an ill-defined independence of their own. At this period our Colonial Office had no distinct policy in regard to the Dutch. The various communities formed by Boer 'trecks' were allowed to exist without any formal recognition, were then annexed at the instance of the British emigrants, and then, with the exception of Natal, were finally ceded to the Boers. The plain truth is that in the years between 1820 and 1854, when parliamentary self-government was finally established in the Cape, the chief desire of Downing Street was to have as little to do with South Africa as possible. Up to that time the Cape Colony had been the Cinderella of our Colonial possessions. The development of the wool and the ostrich trades occasioned a large increase in the number of British settlers, who conducted the business relations between the Boer farmers and the outer world, and who, as middle men, made much larger profits than their principals. After the British settlers had made money by trade in the towns they began to buy land in the interior; and as their families born in South Africa grew up to manhood this desire to acquire land became more general. Still, up to the present day, the agriculture of South Africa may not unfairly be said to be conducted by the Boers on the Veldt; the trade by the British in the towns. It was not till the discovery of the Kimberley diamond mines in 1870 that any considerable number of British emigrants settled

settled in the interior. Then followed the discovery of gold in the Transvaal, and with it the incursion into the South African Republic of an enormous Uitlander population mainly composed of British subjects. For the first time the Boers realised a possibility of their being ousted from the Veldt, which they regard as their own God-given birthright; and herein lies the *causa causans* of the whole Boer-Uitlander controversy. Land disputes, terminated in one way or the other by raids, constitute the history of South Africa ever since the Dutch landed in the country. In the present instance this dispute has been envenomed by the difference of character between the rival claimants for the possession of the soil. The Boers are ignorant, stolid, unprogressive, fanatically wedded to their own ideas and customs; the Uitlanders are intelligent, energetic, keen-witted and ready to turn their hands to anything by which money can be made. The result is that the Boer, as a rule, gets the worst in his dealings with the Uitlanders and endeavours in self-defence to redress the balance by excluding the Uitlanders from entering his territory or, if that is impossible, by depriving them of all share in the administration of his country.

We recall these few salient points in the history of South Africa during the century now drawing to its close, because their appreciation is absolutely essential to the formation of any fair estimate of the issues at stake between the Boers on the one hand and the Uitlanders on the other. We may, and do, believe that in virtue of their superior energy, intelligence, and wealth, the Uitlanders must in the long run get the better of the Boers. It is a law of nature that when two races come into conflict with one another, the weaker must in the end go to the wall. But if the Imperial Government were to stand aside, we are by no means certain that for the present the Boers would prove to be the weaker of the two white races in South Africa. Numerically Boers and Uitlanders are supposed to be about equal. But while the Boers are united, engaged in open-air pursuits, and trained to the use of arms, the Uitlanders are divided by all sorts of conflicting interests and aims, are for the most part engaged in trade, and live mainly in towns situated at great distances from one another. The Boers at any rate believe they can more than hold their own against the Uitlanders; and this dangerous belief in their own superiority in arms has been confirmed by the fatuous policy which dictated our surrender to the Transvaal on the morrow of our defeat at Majuba Hill. We are convinced ourselves that President Krüger's hostility to the
Chartered

Chartered Company, though it may be embittered by his personal dislike to Mr. Rhodes, is mainly due to the conviction that the existence of Rhodesia is a peril to Boerdom. For the first time in the history of South Africa an English State has been founded there, whose population, in the country as well as in the towns, is of British race and birth. If the experiment of Rhodesia should prove a success, there is an end to the virtual independence which the Boers have hitherto maintained in the interior. Supposing President Krüger understood Latin, which he certainly does not, he would probably express his sentiments about the Chartered Company in the phrase *delenda est Rhodesia*. From a Boer point of view we can hardly say such a sentiment would be unreasonable, however monstrous it may seem from a British point of view.

Under the conditions we have endeavoured to explain, the question naturally suggests itself, 'What is the duty of England towards South Africa?' It is obvious that, if things ever come to an extremity, the Mother Country must side with her own sons. Whatever else happens, we cannot allow the British population in South Africa to be oppressed, or deprived of their lawful possessions. It is the duty, therefore, of our Government to make it clear to the Transvaal that any attempt to change by force the fundamental relations between the Boers and the Uitlanders will be met with direct opposition on our part. It is their duty also to let Foreign Powers understand that any interference from abroad in the affairs of British South Africa will be resisted by the whole force of the British Empire. Having done this, our Government might appeal with justice to our fellow-countrymen in South Africa not to precipitate matters by premature action. In the dispute between Boers and Uitlanders, time is on our side, might is on our side, and, as we honestly believe, right is on our side also. This belief, however, does not militate against the admission that the Boers have a strong claim on our forbearance. We have every interest in conciliating instead of estranging them. We doubt greatly whether under the altered conditions of South Africa any Boer 'treck' on a large scale is within the domain of possibility. Even if it were possible for the Boers to follow the example of their forefathers, and to make tracks for distant lands north of the Zambesi, their exodus would be a calamity for the British settlers. Without the Boers, there would, practically speaking, be no agricultural population in the major part of South Africa. The Boers are very poor farmers; they grow few crops beyond what they require for their own use; they are as a rule graziers, and nothing more. Still, in default
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of any other agricultural class, their absence would be a serious loss to the South African community. If again British supremacy in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were established by force of arms, the Boers would remain, if they did remain, as a discontented and disaffected class of the community. In order to create any real South African Confederation, it is essential that Boers and Uitlanders should form an harmonious commonwealth. Things are working in favour of harmony. Marriages between Dutch and English, especially in the Cape Colony, have become matters of not unfrequent occurrence. Education is also producing a certain effect upon the younger generation of Boers, though after all the Boer character is an ungrateful soil for culture to take root in. What is perhaps more important, the wealth brought to the Boers by the gold discovery, and the increased value of their farms, has mitigated the almost Spartan simplicity of Boer domestic life, and has thus rendered the Boers far more amenable to social influences.

If it had not been for the revival of racial animosity caused by the annexation of the Transvaal and the Jameson Raid on the one hand, and by Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp on the other, the relations between Boers and Uitlanders would by this time have been as devoid of acute animosity as those existing between the English and the French Canadians. The causes that work for union are, however, more powerful, and more permanent, than those that work for disunion. It is not unreasonable to assume that within the next quarter of a century Boers and British may both become loyal members of a South African Confederation under the suzerainty of Great Britain. This is a 'consummation most devoutly to be wished'; but in order that it may be carried into effect the Imperial Government must not allow the Boers to imagine that in any circumstances they can escape from the supremacy of England. At the same time the Imperial Government must not allow its British subjects in South Africa to offer needless offence to Boer convictions, or even to Boer prejudices. To maintain the *status quo* in South Africa, and to set their face against any violation of this *status*, on one side or the other, seems to us the policy to have been pursued of late years in very difficult circumstances by Her Majesty's Government; and this policy is in our opinion the one most conducive to the interests not only of South Africa but of the British Empire.

The wisdom of this policy is illustrated by the manifestations of loyalty for which the celebrations of the Record Reign have given occasion. If the Jubilee means anything, its meaning

is that the improvement of communications between Great Britain and her Colonies, coupled with the consideration which the Mother Country has displayed for the interests of the out-lying provinces of the Empire, has done much to bring Imperial Federation within the region of practical politics. This Jubilee season is therefore a fitting time to suggest to our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal, with whose grievances we sympathise most heartily, that Rome was not built in a day, and that the Boer-Uitlander controversy belongs to that category of controversies for which the only satisfactory mode of settlement is that of *solvitur ambulando*.

Since the above article was written the Report of the Committee has been practically made known to the public. The Report, which seems to have been agreed to by all the Committee with the exception of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Blake, is understood to declare that Mr. Rhodes was responsible directly for the plan of campaign, and indirectly for the Jameson Raid; that Mr. Rhodes's conduct, in not communicating his designs to the Governor of the Cape Colony, and to his colleagues, does not meet with their approval; that none of the Directors of the Chartered Company, other than Mr. Beit and Mr. Maguire, were shown to have known anything of the plan of campaign, or of the Raid; and that Mr. Chamberlain and the officials of the Colonial Office were equally ignorant. In other words, the Parliamentary Committee substantially confirm the conclusions of the Cape Committee of Enquiry. The Report, therefore, adds little or nothing to our knowledge of the subject-matter into which the Committee was appointed to enquire; and this through no fault of their own, but simply because there was nothing to be known which was not known when the enquiry was commenced. Much cry and little wool seems to us the fairest description of an enquiry which never ought to have been instituted at all, and which never would have been instituted, if common sense could have had its way.

- ART. XI.—1. *Les Mavroyeni*. Par Theodore Blancard. Paris, 1893.
 2. *The Outgoing Turk*. By H. C. Thompson. London, 1897.
 3. *Les Événements Politiques en Bulgarie, depuis 1876 jusqu'à nos jours*. Par A. G. Drandar. Paris, 1896.
 4. *Bulgarien und der Bulgarische Fürstenhof*. Von einem Diplomaten. Berlin und Leipzig, 1896.
 5. *Die Orientalische Frage*. Von Dr. Carl Hilly. Bern, 1896.
 6. *Russisch - deutsche Neutralitäts - Vertrag*. Von einem Deutschen. Berlin, 1896.
 7. *La Turquie et l'Hellénisme Contemporain*. Par Victor Bérard. Paris, 1897.
 8. *La Macédoine*. Par Victor Bérard. Paris, 1897.
 9. *La Politique du Sultan*. Par Victor Bérard. Same.
 10. *Politique Personelle de M. Hanotaux*. Paris, 1897.

ON the morning of the 14th of April, 1861, a strange ceremony, at which the writer of this article was present, took place in the Sixtine Chapel in Rome. Pius IX., in the midst of a large gathering of Cardinals, of distinguished statesmen and diplomatists, and of strangers from all parts of the world, consecrated a priest named Sobolski Exarch of Bulgaria. A mass in Bulgarian was said in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and it was whispered and believed by wise and grave men that the foundation of a Uniate Bulgarian Church was that day laid, and that the action of the Pope would mark a new departure in the ecclesiastical life and politics of South-Eastern Europe.

At the close of the Crimean War a number of Roman Catholic Poles who had fought against Russia, settled in Bulgaria. They soon observed the deep discontent of the Bulgarian clergy and people with the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople. The episcopal chairs were filled exclusively by Greek prelates. This grievance was most keenly felt in consequence of the system of government in Turkey under which the Bishops of the Christian Churches are invested with considerable powers over the temporal affairs of members of their respective communions. The Poles profited by this discontent to insinuate to the Bulgarian clergy and people that they might escape from the tyranny of Constantinople by union with Rome. They were assisted in their work by the money and advice of Prince Czartoryski and some other Polish nobles in Paris, who perceived that a Bulgarian Church united with Rome would be a serious injury to Russian influence throughout the whole of the Balkan peninsula. A movement
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with this object was commenced, and soon gathered considerable strength. Three Bulgarian priests, possessing the confidence of their countrymen, went to Rome to negotiate the terms of union. Their reception in the Eternal City was courteous and personally flattering, but no definite arrangement was come to. The Roman authorities entirely failed to grasp the situation. They hesitated to make concessions to local customs and feelings which would have been quite compatible with the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, and when the Bulgarian envoys returned home they found an altered state of feeling. Russian agents had been active in pointing out the danger to the religious traditions and customs of Bulgaria which might arise from union with the Western Church, and from the encroachments on local ecclesiastical independence which might be expected from Rome, and especially from Pope Pius IX., the policy of whose pontificate was to do away everywhere with the slightest deviations from the Roman rite. The movement, however, against the tyranny of the Patriarchate of Constantinople went on, and the Roman authorities tried to profit by it. They imagined that it was possible to induce the Bulgarians, in their anxiety for independence of Constantinople, to submit unreservedly to the Pope; and they were encouraged in this belief by ill-informed people and also by persons who were keenly interested in preventing the increase of papal influence over any Communion in the Eastern Church.

Thus it came to pass that a priest named Sobolski was suggested to them as a proper person to be entrusted with the guidance of the movement. They received the suggestion favourably, and their rash action in this respect was very inconsistent with their characteristic prudence. They neglected to make enquiries as to the past life and history of the man they were about to entrust with such an important mission. Had they done so, they would have learnt that he was in every way ludicrously unfit for any ecclesiastical charge, and that he followed a calling not very unlike that of the Clerk of Copmanhurst in Sir Walter's famous tale. Shortly after his consecration by the Pope Sobolski returned to Bulgaria, where he remained for exactly one week, administering the affairs of the new church. He then suddenly took flight, carrying with him the papal Bull and other official documents, and disappeared from history, having perfectly played the game of the Russian Government, and brought complete ridicule on the movement with which he was connected. One person at least of those present at his consecration in Rome, and probably the youngest witness

witness of the ceremony, marvelled much at the time how it was possible that men in the position and with the great responsibilities of Pius IX. and his counsellors, should imagine for a moment that an ecclesiastical ceremony, however imposing, would have any serious effect in smoothing away difficulties which had been the growth of centuries. We may all smile now at the simplicity of the Pope, but the same delusion seems to prevail at this moment in the minds of influential politicians, who appear to think it the simplest thing in the world to settle the Eastern question without any reference to the ideas and circumstances out of which it has grown. All such attempts are doomed to speedy and ignominious failure. This can only be avoided by bearing constantly in mind that the present difficulty is a mere episode in the long conflict between Islam and Christianity, complicated by the differences between the Eastern and Western Church, by the jealousies of various communions in Oriental Christianity itself, and by the rivalries and ambition of the great European Powers.

Islam, as represented by the Turks, established itself in Europe by force of arms, and to understand the theory upon which Moslems have invariably rested their policy in regard to conquered countries, it is necessary to realize the fact that the Koran and the received prophetic tradition ('*Hadit*') contain not only a body of religious doctrine, but also a revelation in politics and law. This teaching is no doubt expressed in vague and poetical language, but authoritative interpretation gradually evolved from it definite and fixed principles of action. This development is, however, by no means exclusively the product of Arabic thought; it bears upon its face traces of Judaism and of the action of the Persian mind.

No portion of the Mohammedan system has been more fully and carefully treated by their learned men than that part of it which relates to the '*djchâd*,' or Holy War, and which lies at the root of Moslem policy in regard to conquered countries. The germ of the doctrine of the Holy War is contained in such passages of the Koran as the following: 'Fight against them (the unbelievers) until there be no opposition in favour of Idolatry, and the religion be wholly God's'; and again, 'Fight against them who believe not in God nor the last day, and forbid not that which God and his Apostle have forbidden, and profess not the true religion of those to whom the Scriptures have been delivered until they pay tribute by right of subjection, and they be reduced low.' A doctrinal system has been evolved from these and similar passages under which it has become impossible for any body of men who do not believe in,

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or at least outwardly acknowledge the divine mission of Islam, to live on any terms approaching political equality with the followers of the Prophet, in a state governed on the received principles of Mohammedan theology. This has been explained by Kremer, Tischendorf, and other learned writers, and, especially in great detail by Haneberg, who in his conscientious impartiality, wide sympathies, and profound learning, recalls the most splendid scholars of the Benedictine Order, of which he was in the nineteenth century the most striking figure. The doctrine of the divine mission of Islam to trample on the unbelievers, and that no one has a right even to live except as grace from the Commander of the Faithful, is held most firmly by the present Sultan, and therefore those who have to deal with events in the East should not only have constantly present to their minds the main doctrines of Islam; they must also take into account the character of Abdul-Hamid.

Those who are personally acquainted with the Sultan agree in describing him as remarkably gentle, polite, and amiable, with an active mind, great natural penetration of intellect, and no culture. M. Blancard, in one of the books which we have placed at the head of this article, speaks of him as a prince whose heart is always open to every generous sentiment. He has succeeded in gaining the complete confidence of more than one experienced diplomatist, and amongst them the present Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, who, in a very famous essay in the '*Revue de Paris*,' endeavoured to excuse, or even defend, some of the most sinister acts of Abdul-Hamid.* Midhat Pasha, one of the most remarkable men in the Turkish Empire of our time, and an exceptionally keen observer, spoke to the writer of this article in terms of enthusiastic admiration of the Sultan. His disciple, Mourad Bey, now the leader of the young Turkish Party, acknowledges that the throne of the Ottoman Sultans has not been for centuries occupied by a Sovereign so irreproachable in his morals as Abdul-Hamid, and he admits further that he has on more than one occasion been persuaded that the Sultan has earnestly wished to reform the Empire on the general lines drawn out by Midhat. This is the more remarkable because the key-note of Midhat's policy was the secularisation of politics. He held that the Koran should not be regarded as containing a revelation of the principles of government, a view, not only quite inconsistent with the received doctrine of his religion in Turkey, but totally opposed

* See *Revue de Paris*, Dec. 1, 1895, an article entitled '*En Orient*,' and signed 'XXX.'

to the deepest convictions of Abdul-Hamid. It is difficult to believe that a Sovereign who appears so good and so amiable should be responsible for the wholesale massacres in Armenia and Constantinople. There is, however, little doubt of his complicity. It is proved by evidence overwhelming in character. M. Bérard, in '*La politique du Sultan*,' establishes it on the testimony of persons who witnessed many of the scenes, and who knew where the orders came from. The documents, moreover, to which the responsible agents of France, Russia, and England have affixed their signatures, are conclusive on the point. The explanation seems to be that the Sultan is dominated by terror to such an extent as entirely to have lost the balance of his reason. He is afraid, on the one hand, of the daggers of fanatics who blame him for concessions to Christian Powers and for loss of territory. On the other hand, he trembles lest the young Turkish party should procure his deposition and perhaps compass his death. Fear has cured him of arrogance and pride, passions, and vices, but it has also killed every generous sentiment. He is said to have been naturally good, and to have sympathised deeply with human suffering in all its forms. In the early years of his reign he shrank from allowing capital punishment to be inflicted in any circumstances, but at the first moment when his fears were aroused he sent hundreds of men to a lingering and cruel death. He is a true Mussulman, and respects all connected with Moslem worship, but young Mussulman theologians having made themselves obnoxious to him in 1892, he ordered them to be thrown into the Bosphorus in scores. He is said to be a good father, fond of his children, an excellent master, who loads with favours those dependent on him. A short time ago, however, having to pass through the city of Constantinople, to assist at a religious ceremony, he took the youngest of his sons between his knees in his carriage, to protect him from the daggers of the assassins, and he insisted on Osman Pasha, the old hero of Plevna, sitting on the front seat, hoping that the widespread popularity of the brave old soldier would protect him from dynamite and explosive bombs.

Abdul-Hamid, oppressed by the feeling of insecurity for his life, has acquired all the characteristics so remarkable in the representatives of persecuted races. He is treacherous in the extreme, and is capable of the most cruel acts. He not only holds that no unbeliever has a right to his life, except from the mercy of the Mussulman; he adheres also to the old tradition of the Porte, that whenever any portion of the Christian subjects in the Ottoman Empire become inconvenient, the simplest course

course is to put them out of the way. When the Greeks of the islands became turbulent, they were massacred. When the Maronites in the Lebanon became inconvenient, they were slaughtered. When the Armenian question began to press for solution, the old precedent was followed, and the Armenians were put out of the way. If it had not been for these periodical massacres, the whole of the Lebanon and Syria would have been Christian long ago.

One of the chief counsellors of the Sultan in this matter is a man named Aboul-Houda, a fanatical dervish, whose character bears a striking resemblance to that of Mucklewrath in 'Old Mortality.' This man came to Constantinople, bringing with him from Asia Minor a great reputation for sanctity and wisdom. When he arrived in the Imperial city he was instantly surrounded by vast multitudes, who hung upon his words as he preached against the corruption of the age, the luxury of the great, the lukewarmness of the believers, the concessions to the infidel, and the feebleness of the Commander of the Faithful. The Sultan, frightened at the authority he was acquiring, took him into the palace. Well-informed people say that, at certain hours, the Sultan and the dervish meet for pious exercises and practices of penance, and strange stories are told of incantations and the raising of spirits. This dervish represents the old spirit of Islam, together with the Arabian and Syrian tendencies to separate from Constantinople. He is well acquainted with the centres of Mohammedan activity in Asia Minor, and he speaks in the name of all those whose susceptibilities are wounded by the political decay of the Ottoman Empire. He has frightened the Sultan with stories about the coming revolt in Islam, and of the great multitude of the followers of the Prophet who are to gird on their swords, smite the infidel hip and thigh, and punish all backsliding. He continually reminds his master that the Mussulman alone has a right to existence; that all others only live by tolerance; and when, through the fault of the infidels, the Sultan has to choose between their disappearance from the earth and the security of his Empire—perhaps even the preservation of his life—the slightest hesitation in ordering a massacre amounts to a crime. This feeling of personal terror, combined with religious fanaticism, has been the origin of the series of massacres which began on September 30th, 1895, and were continued almost without intermission in the cities of Asia Minor, and throughout the Turkish Empire generally, for thirteen months.

There is unfortunately reason to believe that further massacres are in store. Some ten years ago there was a Pasha
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entrusted with government in north-western Turkey remarkable for his eccentricities, and many stories are told illustrating his methods of administration. One day, in the depth of winter, when the ground was covered with snow, he passed by a village inn, on the outside of which some donkeys heavily laden were tied to a pole and were shivering in misery and cold. Inside the inn their drivers were comfortably gathered round the fire, engaged in drinking a bowl of heated wine. The Pasha ordered the load to be taken off the donkeys and placed on the shoulders of the men, who were then, by his orders, tied up where the animals had been secured. He then took the donkeys into the inn and offered them himself the heated wine which had been prepared for their drivers. On another occasion, also in winter, he observed a poor woman crying at the door of a church, because the priest would not baptize her child without getting from her a sum of money which she did not possess. The Pasha sentenced the priest to be stripped naked, and then to be drawn through the pond for cattle, in order, as he said, to teach him to baptize for nothing. This peculiar method of government produced widespread discontent among both Mussulmans and Christians.

The great enemy of this Pasha was a man who is now a very important person in the Western provinces of the Turkish Empire, who is known as the Mollah Zéka, and is in character not unlike the dervish who has the special confidence of the Sultan. He was not long ago under detention in Constantinople, and when he returned to his own country he was received with frantic enthusiasm. M. Bérard, in his book on Macedonia, describes his triumphant return and how the Mollah Zéka remained apparently insensible to the homage of his people, as, with his turban forced down upon his brows, his eyes half closed and fixed upon the ground, and his hands engaged in telling his beads, he passed through the crowds of his admirers. This man is destined to play a leading part in the massacres in Macedonia which, there is reason to believe, are even now in contemplation. The massacres in Armenia were organized by men like him, strange compounds of hypocrisy and fanaticism, who spent some time in Constantinople, then returned to their country, spoke to the people as they were gathered round the mosques, and communicated to them the wishes of the Master.

The more the system of government in the Ottoman Empire is understood, and the theory realized on which it rests, the more it will become plain that reforms really satisfactory to the Christian populations cannot be carried out until the whole system of Turkish rule is brought to an end.

But

But if the theological system of Islam, as represented by the Ottoman Turks, renders it impossible to reform the Empire on the basis of perfect equality among all subjects of the Porte, the theological differences between East and West and between various religious communities of Eastern Christians adds greatly to the difficulty of establishing such a system of government as would ensure freedom to all parties without distinction of religious profession.

The theological quarrels which distracted Europe in the fifteenth century and in the last days of the expiring Eastern Empire, insured the triumph of the Mohammedan conqueror, and at the moment when the Empire of Constantine Palæologos was in its death-agony, Christians of different opinions hated each other far more than they did the Mohammedans. The Greeks openly avowed that they would rather see the turban of the Ulema in the church of St. Sophia than the red hat of a Roman Cardinal.

The historian Ducas, who had exceptional opportunities of understanding the feelings and temper of Eastern Christians at the time that Constantinople fell, distinctly says that, if at the very last moment the Greeks could have saved the city by submitting to the Papacy, they would have refused to do so. At a subsequent period when they might have been delivered from thralldom, they preferred servitude under the Turks to freedom under the Catholic Republic of Venice. This hatred exists still. Greek Bishops have been known to prohibit, on pain of excommunication, members of their Church from holding intercourse or rendering service to the members of the Latin Church; and just before the time when Austria took over the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the sympathies of Roman Catholics were entirely with the Turks, and their leaders and spiritual advisers made no secret that, domination for domination, they preferred the rule of the Mohammedan to that of the orthodox Christian. This disposition of the Roman Catholics, which is specially strong in Albania at the present moment, must be carefully taken into account, and exercise a preponderating influence on the councils of the Emperor of Austria in all matters concerning the Balkan Peninsula.

The largest Christian community in the East is the Greek Church; and when Mohamed II. set up his throne in the city of Constantine, realizing the importance of keeping up the hatred between the Greeks and the Latins, he placed in the patriarchal chair of Constantinople a bitter enemy of Rome, George Sclarius, who took the name of Gennadius. The Sultan

presided himself at the investiture of the Patriarch, gave into his hands the symbols of his office, and conferred upon him certain rights and privileges which his successors in the main enjoy to this day. The Patriarch of Constantinople can make and depose bishops at his will, he has absolute jurisdiction in questions of marriage, and is the final judge in all law-suits which, with the consent of the parties, if they are of the Greek community, are brought before the ecclesiastical courts, and any member of the church who does not elect to be judged by these courts incurs the penalty of excommunication. The Patriarch may impose taxes on members of his own church. He enjoys certain immunities from imperial taxation, he has a force of police at his disposal, and he has criminal jurisdiction. These privileges would appear to be very advantageous, but they have been rendered quite nugatory by the general competition.

After the destruction of the empire at Trebizond, which took place eight years after the fall of Constantinople, a large number of noble families settled in the imperial city, and in order to compensate themselves for the loss of their former position they sought to gain the highest offices in the Church. They accordingly set to work to intrigue against the Patriarch of the day; they succeeded in getting him deposed, and the Sultan was offered a large sum of money for depriving him of his office. This was the commencement of a system which has gone on ever since, and from time to time immense sums have been paid to the Sultan for the patriarchal dignity. Sir Thomas Rowe, the English Ambassador in Constantinople in the time of Charles I., tells us that in the case of the famous Cyril Lucar, his deposition cost his enemies 6000*l.*, and his reinvestiture his friends as much as 27,000*l.*

The Turkish Government has done everything it could to foster this corruption. When the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Constantinople, in whose department the business between the Porte and the Patriarchate is transacted, wishes for a new Patriarch, he has only to make his wishes known to persons he can trust. All sorts of intrigue begin at once. The members of the Holy Synod as electors of the head of the Church, and Greek notables and others as the confidential agents of the Turkish Government, hope to profit by the change. The Patriarch is invariably accused of bad administration, and the prelate who pays most is elected in his stead. The expenditure of large sums of money is absolutely necessary for any one who desires to be chosen Patriarch. Each newly elected Patriarch knows that his tenure of office is insecure, and therefore his main object is to get back as quickly as possible the capital sum which he

he spent on his election, with considerable interest in addition. He deposes as many Bishops and Archbishops as possible, or levies fines upon them. He sells any vacant bishopric for as much money as he can get, and the new incumbents in their turn proceed to fleece the inferior clergy and the people, and the means which some of the country clergy have to resort to, to support life, is almost incredible. These Greek Bishops are the scourges of the peninsula; they have caused valuable libraries and records of bygone times to be destroyed and burnt with systematic vandalism. Not only are their own lives often scandalous in the extreme, but they are charged with the darkest crimes. It was their misconduct and tyranny that caused the religious movement in Bulgaria, which, if due regard had been paid by Pius IX. to the opinions, feelings and traditions that had been produced by centuries, might have ended in the formation of a Church, owing allegiance to Rome, that would become the centre around which the forces of an Independent Bulgaria would have gathered. After the failure of the movement towards Rome, a Bulgarian Church was formed in communion with that of Russia, and, the Bulgarian clergy generally speaking being now educated under the Russian flag, it is hardly too much to say that there is scarcely a priest in the Principality, from the Exarch, who receives his consecration in Moscow, down to the most obscure village priest, whose sympathies are not entirely on the side of Russia, and who does not desire to see the new State of Bulgaria directly governed by the counsellors of the Czar.

In point of numbers the most important Church in Turkey after the Greek is the Armenian. Its position with regard to the State is very similar to that of the Greek. The Patriarch is selected much in the same way. He has direct temporal power over clergy and laity. The history of the Church or its present condition is hardly more edifying than that of its sister communion. The political constitution of the Latin Church and the other Churches in communion with the Roman in the Turkish Empire is different. In the Latin Church the spiritual and temporal power are clearly divided, but the Roman Catholic clergy possess considerable political authority in some parts of the Empire.

This ecclesiastical system has led to the formation of a number of corporations having no political ties one with another. The result has been that religion, which in the West was one of the great means by which conquered and conquerors were reconciled, hostile races amalgamated and the nations of Europe gradually formed, became in the East a
barrier

barrier which kept them divided, prevented the formation of common interests and the growth of a Turkish nation, so that Greeks, Armenians, and Turks are as separated from each other now as they were on that memorable day in the fifteenth century when the Crescent replaced the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia. The attitude of Christians one to the other, and the mutual hatred which has grown with centuries, has placed the Turk in the position of being the guardian of the peace between them, and if his authority is to be brought to an end, it can only be done safely by substitution of a control of the European nations for the rule of the Sultan, or by individual Powers accepting the responsibility for the government of different parts of the Empire.

The policy of working out the Eastern problem by creating independent States on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire, will not commend itself to those acquainted with the political situation. If ever there was a State which had a fair chance given it to develop its resources and its political life, it was Bulgaria; and a rapid glance at its history will illustrate the difficulty of forming independent States on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire. It is now eighteen years ago since the State of Bulgaria came into existence. Its history from that period is a miserable record of intrigues, murder and treachery. The first Governor was Prince Tscherkassky, a Russian general, who ruled fairly well, but he was soon superseded by Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff, who was installed with extraordinary pomp and ceremony as General-Governor. He had plenty of money at his command, and distributed it with a lavish hand. Political life was poisoned, and a class of men formed who lived by corruption, and who have placed themselves at the head of various conspiracies which have distracted and ruined the country. They were vehement supporters of Prince Dondukoff. They travelled from one end of the country to the other, and they preached the doctrine of abject submission to his orders. Public positions and offices of all sorts were sold or given to men who were ludicrously unfit for any public employment. The great mass of the people at first bore all this quietly. They had never known political and personal freedom, and just as they would have submitted to Turkish tyranny as long as it merely deprived them of political freedom, and only rose against it because of its interference in their domestic and family life, so they submitted quietly to Dondukoff and his agents until they began to imitate the Turks. The result was the formation of a movement having for its object the overthrow of his administration.

This

This was the state of things when Prince Alexander of Battenburg entered Bulgaria on the 14th of July, 1879, and assumed the reins of government. He was chosen unanimously, on the recommendation of Russia, by the assembly of Notables which had assembled at Tirnova, greatly to the disappointment of Prince Dondukoff who was himself a candidate for the throne. The latter hastened, however, to meet Prince Alexander on his arrival, and laid before him a proclamation to the people carefully prepared. It contained some sentences implying that the new sovereign only wore his crown at the pleasure of the Czar, and that as regards his policy he would always accept from St. Petersburg the word of command. Prince Alexander read through the document, turned quietly to Dondukoff and said, 'What am I to do with this?' 'Affix your signature to it,' was the reply. The Prince smiled, and quietly but firmly refused to do so. Prince Dondukoff took back the document, and that very day left Bulgaria for Russia.

The country was in the greatest possible confusion and disorder. Financial difficulties met Prince Alexander on all sides, but the Bulgarian people gradually began to repose their confidence in the young German officer, and his open countenance and genial manners won their hearts. Things seemed to be going well, but in the meantime Prince Dondukoff and all those officers who had returned to Russia left no stone unturned to bring about friction between the Prince of Bulgaria and the Czar. The refusal of the Prince to sign the proclamation which had been presented to him was relied on to prove his ingratitude to Russia. A deputation of Bulgarians which had been sent to Russia to thank the Czar for his efforts in the cause of Bulgarian freedom was used for the purpose of injuring Prince Alexander. Clement, the Metropolitan of Tirnova, was the head of it, and he was induced to insinuate that the Prince of Bulgaria had done all he could to prevent this demonstration of friendliness to the Czar. Notwithstanding that Prince Alexander at the opening of his first National Assembly, in dignified and in proper form, announced his intention to meet as far as possible the views of the Russian Government, these active calumniators began to make an impression, not indeed on Alexander II., but on the heir to the throne, who afterwards became the Emperor Alexander III.

If Alexander III. had never been the Czar of Russia he would have been considered by all who knew him as a well-meaning man of very ordinary abilities. His most striking characteristics were scrupulous honour, an iron will, and exceptional obstinacy. Hence intrigues of all kinds obtained unusual influence with him.

him. His keen sense of honour caused him to feel the greatest disgust and anger at any action that seemed reprehensible or mean; and once he was seized of an idea, his narrow-minded obstinacy made it impossible, or at least extremely difficult, to displace it. This explains the far-reaching consequences which a malicious whisper at the proper moment almost always had upon his policy. It was at the time when the Bulgarian deputation was at St. Petersburg, and in consequence of the calumnies which had been repeated to him about Prince Alexander, that he let fall one day an expression in the presence of one or two people, indicating to them the policy as regards Bulgaria to which he adhered throughout the whole of his reign. 'I shall never,' he said, 'be the friend of my namesake in Bulgaria.' The effect on Bulgaria of his accession to the throne of Russia was to throw the country into the hands of a revolutionary and corrupt party. Space does not allow us to enter with anything like minute detail into the intrigues and the difficulties which immediately beset Prince Alexander. He had to defend his principality against a wanton aggression by Servia in 1885. The Servian army was completely defeated, and at the battle of Slivnitsa, the Prince showed that he possessed not only heroic qualities, but many of the instincts which are necessary to a great commander. He became at once the most popular man in Bulgaria; but that made it all the more necessary for his enemies to deprive him of his Government. Accordingly, a conspiracy was carefully arranged, and in the morning of the 21st of August, 1886, a small number of officers assembled round the palace at Sofia, and forced him to leave the country. A provisional government was formed, but there was the greatest indignation among the people. The troops in all the garrison towns declared against the usurpers. The Prince re-entered Bulgaria, and his journey to the capital was a triumphal procession. During its progress he wrote a despatch to Alexander III., in which practically he placed his throne at the disposal of that monarch. A more humiliating document has rarely been penned, but it is to this day not generally known that the Prince wrote it after consultation with some Russian authorities, and by the advice of one of the leading statesmen of Europe. Alexander III. answered the despatch of his namesake in a letter of four lines, in which he simply said he could not approve of his return to Bulgaria.

It thus became impossible for Prince Alexander any longer to remain in the country. The great Powers had only promised to assist him in case he made his peace with Russia, and the
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fact that he had failed to do so made it necessary that he should abdicate. He was succeeded by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who had as his counsellor Stephen Stambuloff, to whom he entrusted practically the government of the principality. All unpleasantness or trouble was kept away from him. He used to wander about the streets of Sofia, speaking to people right and left; and he sometimes remarked to Stambuloff, how satisfied everyone seemed to be with the change of government. Stambuloff would smile and bow, but took care not to tell the Prince that the citizens to whom he had spoken were policemen in disguise. During one winter an applewoman set up a little stall not far from the Palace. She used to roast apples and sell them to the passers-by. Prince Ferdinand was in the habit of stopping and entering into conversation with those who were standing about the stall. One day a leading diplomatist remonstrated with Stambuloff about the manner in which the Prince seemed to expose himself to an attack from assassins, and particularly on the imprudence of his mixing himself up with such a crowd as sometimes gathered around the applewoman's stall. 'You needn't be alarmed,' was the reply. 'That applewoman and those who surround her are all my people, and the Prince is safer among them than among his soldiers.'

These attempts of Stambuloff to persuade the Prince of the popularity of his Government remind one of the villages which Potemkin constructed on a very famous occasion, to make a good impression on the Empress Catherine. But, at the same time, it cannot be denied that he worked hard to improve the administration of the country, to cultivate a real national feeling, and to knit together the various forces which might have ultimately formed a powerful State. All the world knows the story of his tragic end. Deserted by the Prince, exposed to the fury of personal and political enemies, he was first of all driven from office, and then, on July 15th, 1895, murdered under circumstances of revolting atrocity in the broad daylight in the streets of Sofia. Since the death of the Minister, confusion in Bulgaria has become worse confounded. The conduct of Prince Ferdinand, as regards the religious education of his son, in order to purchase at the expense of his broken word, the recognition of Russia, has been such as will not commend itself to any man of honour, no matter what form of Christianity he may profess. Beyond that, it shows very little appreciation of some of the great problems which interest mankind. He must surely have had a strange notion of the responsibilities, convictions, and duties of the Pope, when he asked Leo XIII. to sanction the change of his son Prince Boris from the Roman Catholic to
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a schismatical Communion in the Eastern Church. This step has, however, been taken, and Prince Ferdinand has received the recognition of Russia in consequence; but it is most unlikely that he will ultimately gain any substantial advantage by it. His attempt to play at present a part in Macedonia, similar to that which his predecessor played in Eastern Roumelia, is certain to fail; and there is absolutely no reason to suppose that Bulgarian anarchy and corruption are coming to an end.

The history of the kingdom of Greece since its formation is not more edifying than that of Bulgaria. There has been the same corruption and the same systematic use of Government positions for the purposes of personal advantage. No less a man than M. de Tocqueville spoke of the first king of Greece as one of the shrewdest and wisest princes of his day. Some may think this view exaggerated, but it is certain that King Otho undertook the government of the Hellenic kingdom with a sincere desire to promote the interests of civilization and full of enthusiasm for Greece. As time went on he became gradually convinced that methods of government suitable to civilized nations were totally inapplicable to his kingdom, and so cynical did he grow that on one occasion, in the presence of a distinguished stranger, he asked a Minister who was about to take charge of the finances of the country, 'how much he intended to steal during his term of office?' There has been no substantial change since then, and the recently published letters of Prokesch-Osten to Archduke John, written some fifty years since, merely require the alteration of a few names to be an accurate description of men and things in Greece at the present hour. On the other hand there are not wanting many indications to show that Greece, under proper guidance, might exercise an important influence on human progress. What the Greeks have done in the last 150 years, both on the mainland and in the islands of the *Ægean*, shows what, under efficient guidance, their race is capable of accomplishing. Towards the middle of the last century there were only two schools for Greeks in Turkey in Europe. Twenty years ago there were 111 schools, with 5631 pupils. Ten years later there were over 300, with three times as many pupils in them as in 1877. In order to appreciate the value of this effort, it should be known that the Government of Athens has contributed very little to this movement. It has been the work almost entirely of Greek merchants scattered over the Levant, who have provided the buildings, the books, the salaries of teachers, and sometimes even food for the children. In many a village in Macedonia the name of some merchant or commercial agent, who

who has led a laborious life to acquire a fortune, may be seen inscribed on the portal of the school to which he has devoted the larger portion of it. A people which can show such intelligent devotion to its interests as this on the part of its leading members is surely worthy of better things than to be left at the mercy of secret societies and politicians influenced by foreign intrigue. Greece will have to be assisted by the great Powers, if she is to be lifted out of her state of anarchy. The mode in which this is to be done is of vital importance to English trade in the Levant; and while bearing in mind the calls of international duty, it will be a necessity for England to guard her interests, and not allow them to be compromised.

The Congress of Berlin, which gave independence to Bulgaria, handed over Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. The history of the last seventeen years of these countries is a striking contrast to that of Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

It is not an exaggeration to say that no greater change for the better has taken place in any part of the world than in them since the Austrian occupation. In 1876 Bosnia and Herzegovina were in a state of barbarism. Brigandage was rampant, murder a crime of daily occurrence, and religious animosity virulent in the extreme. They are now civilized countries. The new government has established an order of things previously unknown. Roman Catholics, Christians of the various Eastern Communions, Protestants and Jews, are equally treated before the law and are contented and happy, while at the same time a generous and enlightened policy has alleviated the pain which the Bosnian Mussulman felt when forced to submit to the rule of His Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor of Austria. Turks in Albania and Macedonia, who are themselves suffering from the oppression of arbitrary government, look with envy on the condition of their brethren across the Austrian border, and there is a growing desire among them to live under Austrian rule. The splendid success of the Austrian administration strengthens the conviction which, we believe, will gradually be forced upon practical men, that the Eastern question can best be solved by following the precedent of Poland.

This policy was proposed twenty years ago by Count Andrassy, and the precedent is most applicable. There is a spurious patriotism, treachery, and corruption throughout the Balkan States, similar to that which existed in Poland in the days of Stanislaus Poniatowski. Bulgaria and Greece have both shown their incapacity for self-government. If civilization is to spread and law to be established in the Peninsula, the work of government must be undertaken or supervised by others. The discord
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and the jealousies amongst the European Powers have been always a standing difficulty in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the Eastern Question. The Sultan knows that if there is a menace he can afford to despise, it is one addressed him by the concert of Europe. He is perfectly aware that Turkey has never been obliged to submit, except after isolated intervention, like the invasion of Bulgaria by the Russians, or a French expedition to Syria. The circumstances that led to Navarino may seem an exception to this rule, but Navarino was more or less of an accident, and was described on a memorable occasion by the King of England whose arms contributed to the liberation of the Morea, as an 'untoward event.' The pressure of any one Power upon Turkey during the course of these last years would have had far more effect than all the notes presented in the name of Europe. The true policy to follow in dealing with the Porte is to assign a sphere of influence to some great Power who would undertake to use it. This, however, involves practically the partition of the Ottoman Empire.

A few years ago the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' published a very remarkable article entitled '*Les inquietudes du jour.*' It was not signed, but we have reason to believe that its author was no less a person than the Duc d'Aumale. In dealing with the Eastern Question the illustrious writer indicated clearly his opinion that it could only be settled by the division of the Turkish Empire. He then proceeded to point out the necessity of defining with accuracy the shares of the partitioning Powers before any step can be taken. This was done in the case of Poland. Frederic the Great obtained the territory necessary to connect his province of Eastern Prussia with Brandenburg, Pomerania, and Silesia. The Empress Maria Theresa took Galicia, and Catherine II. the province adjoining her Empire. The difficulty of following this precedent in Turkey has hitherto been the attitude of Russia, who desired to be the sole mistress of the Balkan peninsula. This idea found its clearest expression in the secret Treaty of Cettinje of July 25th, 1885, and was held as a cardinal article of political faith by an influential school of Russian politicians, among them Katkow, the most powerful man in the country after the Czar. The immediate object was not merely to force Austria to renounce for the future all interference in the Balkan Peninsula, but to evacuate Bosnia and Herzegovina without delay. Between such designs and the vital interests of the Empire of the House of Hapsburg no reconciliation was possible, and it seemed as if those Austrian statesmen were right, who held that any attempt to come to an understanding with Russia on the basis
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of the partition of Turkey must lead to a repetition of the failure of Joseph II., and to another peace of Sistow which his successor had to conclude. If the Government of the Czar continued to adhere rigidly to the policy of Katkow, which since his death has been upheld by his friend and ally, Podobenszew, the chief of the Holy Synod, a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question would be, no doubt, impossible. This is, however, not the case. Events and interests in the far East have forced Russia to reconsider her position in South-Eastern Europe, and in the spring of the year negotiations for an understanding with Austria were opened and were brought to a successful issue a few weeks ago when the Emperor Francis Joseph was at St. Petersburg. The official declaration afterwards made in the Hungarian Parliament by Baron Banffy proves its completeness, and the manner in which it has been brought about indicates a momentous change in Russian policy. Austria has now a free hand to push forward gradually towards Salonica, and at the present moment she is doing all that is possible to extend and deepen her influence in Albania. She has the Roman Catholic clergy in Albania and Macedonia as her agents. The Religious Orders especially, who are much and justly respected by the people, are working in her interest with ever-increasing zeal, and continually point out to Christian and to Mussulman alike the happy state of Bosnia and Herzegovina, since Austria conferred upon these provinces the blessing of a civilized existence.

There is a wide-spread notion that any policy based on the assumption of the longevity of the Austrian Empire is doomed to early failure. Many think that the States which compose that Empire are held together only by the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and that the day which sees him laid with his ancestors in the Church of the Capuchins at Vienna will witness its dissolution. In order to show how erroneous this view is, it would be necessary to examine in considerable detail the condition of things in the various States of the Austrian Empire. To do so would take us too far from our subject. We are the last who desire to underrate the services the Emperor Francis Joseph has rendered to his people. They have been great and splendid; and His Majesty has won, to an extraordinary degree, the loyalty and affection of his subjects. It must not, however, be forgotten that all Austrians hold in veneration the ancient House of which he is the illustrious head. This feeling has helped the Emperor Francis Joseph himself in days of the greatest trouble and anxiety, and combined with the knowledge of a common danger to be averted only

only by union, it will draw together the people of various nationalities round the throne of his successors. There is no reason to doubt that great days are still in store for the House of Hapsburg, and that Austria will be able to accomplish in the future a work in Albania and Macedonia as remarkable and beneficent as that she has carried to such a successful issue in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

As far as England is concerned, she must spare no effort to remain supreme in the Mediterranean. This is absolutely necessary, if she is to protect the vast volume of her commerce that passes through that sea. Although Austria is her natural ally in south-eastern Europe, it is a matter of comparative indifference to her what Power obtains possession of Albania or Macedonia. Her main interest is elsewhere; Suez is for her the gate to the East, and her efforts should be directed to securing a permanent and unequivocal position in Egypt. In the partition of the Turkish Empire Syria should also fall to her share. She should then construct the railway proposed long ago by Sir George Chesney and others through that country to the head of the Persian Gulf. This would give an alternative route to India to that through the Suez Canal. It would shorten the journey between Bombay and London by at least a week, and would be of immense importance both from a commercial and military point of view. This policy can be best carried out by an arrangement with Russia, Austria, and France, which should be one of a comprehensive character, and involve an understanding, not merely with reference to the Balkan Peninsula and Egypt, but also as regards Syria, Persia, Central Asia, Tunis, and the far East.

It may seem that the Russian Government is too much compromised by engagements with France to enter into cordial relations with Great Britain. But, in truth, Russian statesmen attach much less importance to the French Alliance than is often supposed. Last summer the Emperor Nicholas II. went to Paris, and was there received with great enthusiasm. Wild hopes were entertained of some new departure in European politics. The Czar and his intimate counsellors said little or nothing to the French Ministers of a definite character, but they held language to others which showed they realized that to place their exclusive trust in France would be to lean on a broken reed. On his way home, through Germany, the Czar spoke to a leading European statesman entirely in this sense, and with bitter contempt for a certain Russian Diplomatist, who is the most zealous advocate of a Russo-French Alliance. A circumstance, however, which happened in the autumn will throw more light upon

upon the real relations between France and Russia, as they exist at present, than any casual remarks of the Czar or any of his highly placed Ministers. In October last, the French Government received a communication from Lord Salisbury, in which he stated his views as to the means which should be adopted to put a stop to the frightful state of things existing in the East. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote next day to Count Montebello, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and stated that he had received this communication, which must at the same time have been sent to the Cabinet at St. Petersburg. He said that he delayed giving an answer to it, because he wished, before doing so, to be informed of the views of the Russian Government. He further added that he was particularly anxious to know what M. Chichkine thought of the proposals of Lord Salisbury. Two months passed away, and the Russian Government never took the slightest trouble to give this information. About the middle of December M. Hanotaux wrote again to St. Petersburg, that Sir Edmond Monson had once more called upon him, and that Lord Salisbury was pressing for a reply, but that before answering him he wished to have the opinion of the Russian statesmen. The answer of the Russian Government was curt in the extreme. It simply stated that the views of the Czar had already been communicated to London. This little episode in very recent diplomatic negotiations shows clearly enough what short work Russia would make of France and her interests if the latter country stood for a moment in her way. It is rumoured now that a carefully prepared Treaty is to be signed immediately between France and Russia. If this should prove true, we may be perfectly sure that its main and governing clause will ensure that the former Power will take from the latter the word of command.

There have been many who have thought that the natural alliance for England was that of Germany. The circumstances of the present moment, however, render such an alliance impossible. Germany is driven towards the sea for her expansion, and considers that England is the Power which hinders her from founding colonies, to which she might direct her surplus population. She looks at no distant date to entering into the closest relations with Holland, and through Dutch influence to obtain supremacy at the Cape, and also a considerable position in the Malay Archipelago. This is the reason why William II. is so anxious to increase his navy. No man in Europe more thoroughly realises the truth of the old French doctrine, '*Qui mer a terre*,' which has been brought home

home recently to so many minds by the writings of Captain Mahan. Those who are acquainted with Germany cannot doubt that he will ultimately succeed; and there is no reason in the world to assume that Germany will not become before long a very considerable maritime Power. Since the formation of the Empire, German shipping has been developed to a prodigious extent. Her mercantile marine at this moment is greater than that of France or the United States, and although it cannot be compared to the English in size, it is manned exclusively by Germans, and not by motley crews gathered together from every nation under heaven. The real object in creating a powerful German navy is to prepare for a struggle with Great Britain. Hence hatred of England is being instilled daily and hourly into the German people by learned writers, by professors, essayists, and journalists. Even in the schools the doctrine is taught that England, and not France, is the enemy of Germany. Only a few weeks ago a professor in a gymnasium in Southern Germany, when giving a lesson to the boys on the subject of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, improved the occasion to deliver a tirade against England, and to prophecy the formation of the great coalition that was to compass her downfall. There is no question, of course, of Germany measuring herself with England on the sea. William II. and his advisers are well aware that it would be madness to attempt it. They know that the only chance of overthrowing England is in concert with another great maritime Power. Hence an alliance with France is becoming the governing idea of the German mind, and is the necessary outcome of the policy of colonial extension. The idea of an understanding between France and Germany is also growing in the former country. French writers have urged that British Colonies might be given to Germany in exchange for Alsace and Lorraine; and other schemes have been put forth for the purpose of satisfying French feeling with regard to these provinces. It has been urged that an alliance with Germany would involve a rectification of her Eastern and North-Eastern Frontier, and the possession of Syria and Egypt. The propaganda against England is as active in France as it is in Germany, and political writing, from that in the '*Revue Nouvelle*' down to the smallest print read in the most obscure villages, is directed to form a state of mind much more hostile to England than to Germany.

And should any one think that an alliance between France and Germany is a fantastic dream let him take into account that, when it was much more difficult to form than at present, the idea commended itself to the practical mind of Stöckel and the

the subtle intellect of Ferry. There is reason to believe that such a proposal would not be received with disfavour by some in authority at the present moment in France. It is certain, on the other hand, that Herr von Bulow, the newly-appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs for the German Empire, who was the right hand of Prince Hohenlohe when the latter was Ambassador in Paris, and who is, perhaps, destined at no distant date to succeed him as Chancellor, will employ his considerable abilities to bring this alliance into existence. In order to do so he will make use of complications in the East, and there is no one at the head of any of the Foreign Offices of the great European States who understands the Eastern Question better.

All this points to the advisability of a better understanding being worked out between England and Russia. An idea largely prevails in England that Russia is inhabited by a half-civilized people, ruled by an autocrat who can dispose of them at his will and pleasure. Only those well acquainted with Russia, and who have observed the characteristics of its people and its government can fully realize how erroneous this notion is. It is true that the power of the Czar is in theory unlimited; but it is also true that a strong public opinion exists, which the sovereign and his Ministers have to take into account. How powerful this opinion sometimes becomes was shown several times during the reign of the Emperor Alexander I., as, for instance, in a great crisis in the national history, when Napoleon stood before Moscow, the Czar, contrary to his own judgment, was forced to deprive Barclay de Tolly of his command; and again, in our own day, when Alexander II. was driven to adopt a warlike policy, of which he did not approve, or which he at least thought premature.

The Russian people are essentially clever, liberal-minded, and quick to appreciate kindness, to recognize justice and honesty, and to place their confidence in those to whom they think they can trust, but they by no means resemble the dumb driven cattle to which they are sometimes compared. They do not share that virulent animosity against Great Britain which exists so generally in Western Europe.

England and Russia are now the two great Asiatic Powers. The policy which each has pursued in Asia has been based on distrust of the other. The hour has come when a serious attempt should be made to reconcile their separate aspirations and interests. An alliance between them would form the most powerful combination that the world has ever seen, and be of

immense advantage to both. Russia would gain a free hand to carry out many of her projects, and might reach the ocean at more than one point of vantage. England could secure from all attack her position in Egypt, and obtain an arrangement as regards Syria. She would be able to prevent any combination against her in Western Europe, for friendship with Russia carries with it the friendship of France. She would be able through her influence to maintain the good understanding between Russia and Austria and thus ensure the peaceable solution of the Eastern Question. The former country would extend its influence over Armenia and Asia Minor; the latter in Albania and Macedonia and generally in the Balkan Peninsula. Constantinople could be made a free city. Early in the last century the great Prince Eugene indicated these lines of policy for the House of Hapsburg to follow in the East. That policy, with the difference occasioned by time and circumstances, has now been adopted by the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Government of Vienna has abandoned many deeply-rooted prejudices. England cannot do better than follow this example, and definitely give up unreasonable jealousy of the Empire of the Czars. In the race for Empire she has been decidedly the winner. No disaster now can rend from her the solid and enduring glory she has won in the field of colonization. Rome did great things in planting colonies in antiquity, Spain at the close of the Middle Ages, and Russia in our time. England alone has founded nations.

She is now celebrating the completion of sixty years of a reign of unexampled prosperity and glory. The Sovereign to whom so much of this is to be attributed not only enjoys the love and confidence of her own subjects in every corner of her Empire, but the admiration and respect of the civilized world. What she has done to preserve at various times the peace and to advance the highest interests of the human race, can never be known entirely to the generation now alive. It will be a revelation of the future. One incident, however, as illustrating an imperishable service rendered by the Queen to the whole English-speaking race, may perhaps, after the lapse of more than thirty-five years, be alluded to without indiscretion.

During the American Civil War two envoys of the Confederate States, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, were seized on board an English ship. This insult to the British flag could not be passed over, and a disastrous war between England and the Northern States of the American Union seemed inevitable. The Prince Consort was at that time sinking under his
fatal

fatal illness; but notwithstanding the anxiety of the Queen on his account, her mind was unceasingly active to devise means of preventing war. We are in a position to state, on the authority of one of the most prominent statesmen of our time, and one who had the distinguished honour of enjoying in a special manner the confidence of Her Majesty, that it was the Queen herself, in opposition to the views of her ministers, and of the distinguished man in question among them, who averted the war. She insisted that the despatch, which was sent to America demanding peremptorily the surrender of the envoys, should be communicated at once to all the Powers, and the grave consequences of the conflict, from an international point of view, pointed out. The result was an able State paper sent to Washington by M. Thouvenel, in which he stated that France regarded the act of the American captain, who had arrested the Confederate envoys on board an English ship, as quite unjustifiable, and expressed the hope that the Federal Government would accede to the demands of Great Britain. Austria and Prussia immediately followed suit, and Prince Gortschakoff on the part of Russia urged President Lincoln to surrender the envoys without delay, and with such an explanation as would satisfy English national feeling. These remonstrances from the Powers enabled the Government of Washington to escape without humiliation from an untenable position, and saved England from entering into a war which would, in all human probability, have ended in the disruption of the American Union, and sown the seeds of deathless enmity between England and the progressive and powerful Northern States.

Other instances, some of them very recent, might be mentioned of the moderating influences of the Queen in the councils of Europe, and it would only be in keeping with the pacific character of the foreign policy of her reign if an arrangement were come to which would gradually solve the Eastern Question without war between civilized nations. We feel confident this can be done on the lines we have indicated. England could then devote herself to the development of the resources, intellectual and material, of her vast possessions in Asia and Africa. She could be a help and a stay to small and interesting European states whose existence is now threatened. She must, however, gather together all who live under her flag to aid her Imperial Mission. In the Royal Progress of the 22nd June, nothing was more remarkable than the outward and visible sign of the allegiance of free nations to the old

old English Monarchy. It was not the expression of passing feelings of enthusiasm. It was the outcome of the deep veneration universally felt for the high character of the Queen. The Federation of the Empire is now a possibility; but it has to be gradually formed with administrative prudence and care. We earnestly trust this great work will be completed before the close of the present reign, and that Her Majesty may continue for many years to guide her people in the ways of peace and to use her influence throughout the world for the promotion of the highest interests of mankind.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Cathedral: Its necessary place in the Life and Work of the Church.* By Edward White, Lord Bishop of Truro. London, 1878.
2. *Singleheart.* By Edward White, Archbishop of Canterbury. Second edition. London, 1883.
3. *Boy Life: Sundays in Wellington College, 1859 to 1873.* By E. W. Benson, formerly Master. New edition. London, 1883.
4. *The Seven Gifts.* Addressed to the Diocese of Canterbury in his Primary Visitation. By Edward White, Archbishop. London, 1885.
5. *Christ and His Times.* Addressed to the Diocese of Canterbury in his Second Visitation. By the Same. London, 1890.
6. *Technical Education and its influence on Society.* By the Same. London, 1892.
7. *Living Theology.* By the Same. London, 1891.
8. *Fishers of Men.* Addressed to the Diocese of Canterbury in his Third Visitation. By the Same. London, 1893.
9. *Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work.* By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. London, 1897.

A RCHBISHOP BENSON'S Primacy began with the year 1883. Archbishop Tait had passed away on Advent Sunday, 1882, leaving behind him a state of Church affairs which, though, owing in great measure to his statesmanship, it was no longer one of acute crisis, had special elements of anxiety. The chief of these were, first, the strained feeling between Church parties, and secondly, the general unsettlement in the views of Churchmen of all parties as to the position of the Church and

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their position in it. Disestablishment was supposed to be in the air. The fear of it was growing, and there was a less definite but far graver feeling of doubt abroad as to the very basis of the English Church. The long war over ritual and vestments was practically decided. The Public Worship Regulation Act, neither framed nor used as Archbishop Tait desired, was by this time an acknowledged failure. His last public act was to persuade Mr. Mackonochie, who, after fifteen years of litigation in the Church Courts and Privy Council, was awaiting sentence of deprivation from Lord Penzance for refusal to give up forbidden ritual, to resign his living. The Archbishop's 'legacy of peace' made it clear that while the Bishops were anxious to prevent the Church Courts from being openly flouted, they no longer sought to repress the practices which those Courts had condemned. In other words Ritualism was to be tolerated. So far the situation was simplified for the new Archbishop. But there was great confusion and considerable irritation. Evangelicals were shocked and angry to find that what they had regarded as a monstrous intrusion, successfully baffled all efforts at expulsion and was now admitted to a permanent place in the Church of England. High Churchmen had grievances. Although in a great numerical majority and possessing a preponderance of influence in the Church, their advanced wing was officially condemned by judges whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction and personal competence as to the questions at issue they denied. In addition there was so radical a difference between their general point of view and that of Archbishop Tait, that High Churchmen were constantly uneasy lest the outcome of his practical statesmanship should increase the difficulties of their position. It was in recognition of these grievances and in order to gain time that Archbishop Tait had himself (March 1881) proposed the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The Commission had been at work for eighteen months under his chairmanship when he died. The lines of the Report had, however, to a large extent been already settled.

Internal Church politics thus presented plenty of difficulty fourteen years ago. As to outside troubles, except persistent obstruction of Church Bills in Parliament, as rampant then as now, there seemed to be little going on in the Liberationist camp. The Burials question had been, for the time, disposed of in 1880. There was a great deal of talk about Disestablishment, especially in Scotland, and there was a general impression that a serious attack on Church Establishments was coming; but

but it did not begin to become an urgent question until two years later at the General Election of 1885.

Archbishop Benson was fifty-three when he went to Lambeth. He was in the full vigour of a specially vigorous life. Naturally hopeful, he possessed the great secret of buoyancy, for he had tried difficult things and had succeeded. He had held a Fellowship of Trinity, one of the two objects of his youthful ambition; the other was to be Canon of an English Cathedral. He had seen Wellington College grow up under his Headmastership from a dubious and formless beginning into a great public school, in which his ideas were working triumphantly. He had given up Wellington, and with it half his income, in order to accept Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's invitation to undertake, as Chancellor and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, the re-establishment of a Theological college for the diocese, and the development of his own schemes of life and work in a Cathedral of the Old Foundation. Those dignified bodies of secular clergy, housed under the shadow of the Cathedral and guardians of its fabric and services, were universal in Europe, and in England survived the overthrow of the analogous but very different monastic foundations. Benson, always full of belief in the possibility of reviving old institutions so as to serve new needs, and hating their destruction, had early written in the 'Quarterly Review' * an article on 'The Cathedral,' which he afterwards expanded into a book. Like all his work of this sort, both the article and the book are full of rare knowledge and brilliant thought. He used to describe the delighted confusion he felt when, wanting to pursue the matter further, he appealed to some recognized authority for help, and was referred to the 'Quarterly' article 'written, I happen to know, by ——— [not Benson], and by far the best thing' on the subject.' His Lincoln work only lasted from 1873 to 1877, but it was extraordinarily successful. He loved the place, the associations, the people and the work, and he took Lincoln by storm. He organized the *Cancellarii Scholæ*, started a great night school in the city, and was in the front of every movement, social as well as ecclesiastical. It was a time of brilliant effort in which he was warmed and stimulated by the love and admiration of all around him. To the end of his life his presence at Lincoln was enough to draw crowds of working people. In addition he had the close friendship of Bishop Wordsworth, whose interesting and saintly personality powerfully attracted him, while his keen humour, which somehow never hurt, delighted

* Vol. cxxx. No. 259.

in the quaint Quixotism of the Bishop. On one occasion (in 1870) Wordsworth told him, 'You have this great comfort before you, that probably you may be enabled to live to be a martyr;' and, added the Archbishop when telling the story, 'I believe that is the thing that he would himself have enjoyed more than anything else.'

From Lincoln in 1877 he went to Truro, to organize a new diocese. There again he was markedly successful. He inspired everybody with his own enthusiasm. The Cornish clergy welcomed him. One of them with exceptional knowledge of Church affairs in the county, both before and after his coming, writes:—'Everyone soon felt that with him came the promise and the fulfilment of many an old dream.' The Cornish people understood the keen, clever, affectionate man, sensitive to everything beautiful, gracious in manner, fervent in imagination, eager to work, who believed in 'conversion,' and knew all about Cornish history and Cornish saints. The leading laymen backed him. He soon drew together a band of the sort of men he wanted for the work (some were old colleagues and pupils) and the rapid vitalization of Church life in the far West was so remarkable as to attract general attention. The courageous novelty, as it seemed to the world, though it was in obvious accordance with Benson's long published views, of beginning with a Cathedral, and a Cathedral 'exceeding magnificent' took hold of the public imagination, while the promptitude with which he collected large funds and got to work with the actual building gave him prestige. He became not only greatly beloved in Cornwall, but also a prominent personage in the ecclesiastical world with an enviable reputation for success; a man who was plainly going further. Benson's Truro experience, in his contact with Nonconformists, was of great value to him. He realized what he called the 'latent churchmanship' of numbers of Methodists; he found them ready to give liberally, not only to his Cathedral, but for the restoration of their own parish churches, which he always insisted belonged to them as much as to their neighbours. While the mere political Dissenter found him unequivocally hostile, he had the strongest sympathy with the religious side of Nonconformity in England, which seemed to him, ardent Churchman though he was, immature rather than schismatical, and he delighted in anything, even if it were only sentiment, which gave all a common interest in the National Church. It was on this account that to the end of his life, and contrary to the opinion of many

* 'Christopher Wordsworth' (Weston and Wadsworth), p. 269.

whose judgment he valued, he strongly opposed all plans for turning parish vestries into church councils, with a membership confined to Churchmen. He was even against a corresponding restriction for churchwardens, not from any failure to appreciate the worries which a hostile vestry or churchwarden can inflict on an incumbent, but because he saw in such schemes a surrender of the position of a National Church, as well as the sacrifice of an opportunity to interest Nonconformists in Church work, the value of which his Truro experience had taught him.

The Archbishop of Canterbury combines two distinct functions. He is the holder of a great historical office; he is also the chief manager of a huge 'going concern.' The special qualification, as it seemed to those who knew him best, of Dr. Benson for the Primacy was not merely his ideal fitness to bear an ancient title and to live in Lambeth Palace, nor yet his possession in a high degree of most of the qualities which make a first-rate administrator, but rather an altogether exceptional faculty for harmonizing the two aspects of his position, so as to make the past live again in the present, and the present seem the natural outcome of the past. It requires not only a great deal of knowledge and imagination, but still more a reverence for old ways and things and a large sympathy with all, old and new, to be able to give reality to the past and romance to the present, and to make us feel that we belong to both. But this is exactly what the Archbishop was capable of doing, and indeed could not help doing. He was a great ecclesiastic, a genuine representative of the long line of Archbishops of Canterbury. He seemed to carry the proof of his succession in his face and gesture; while at the same time he was utterly devoid of affected antiquarianism, keenly sensitive to the spirit of the age, and quick to see changes and to provide necessary readjustments. He was just the man to help Churchmen to assimilate the idea of the continuity of the English Church, and to show the way for Church Reform.

But whatever others thought of the Archbishop's fitness for his great post, he was by no means always convinced of it himself. He was no sooner settled in London, and caught, as it were, in the whirl of work and the stress of ceaseless engagements, than his Diary begins to contain occasional entries:—'Why has He put me in this place?' or again, 'Terrible day of hurried and impatient work.' It is probable that the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the Conquest, and perhaps earlier, downwards, have all complained of overwork, and have on the whole enjoyed it. But the special circumstances

stances which now make the Primacy of England a place of overwhelming pressure, are, first, the expansion throughout the world of the Anglican Communion coupled with a great increase of energy in the Church at home; and, secondly, the absence of anything corresponding to a General's staff or a Minister's department, behind the Archbishop. The mere red-tape, so to speak, of the work is provided for, but for dealing with Church matters of substance, whether internal or political, the Archbishop has no one to look to but himself. His resident Chaplains are like a Minister's private secretaries, and have their hands more than full. The increase in the daily letters—a large proportion of them important—is an indication how recently and rapidly this difficulty has developed. In Archbishop Howley's time (he died in 1848) the morning letters at Lambeth just covered the bottom of a porcelain basin in the hall. The Bishop of Winchester, in his 'Life of Archbishop Tait' (vol. ii. p. 556), says that in 1880 the daily average, in the summer, of letters posted was forty-seven. In Archbishop Benson's time it was about the same. To a man of the late Archbishop's high-strung temperament, who went into every detail, and was thorough rather than incisive in making up his mind, it must have been, especially at first, most harassing to have to deal with a succession of absorbing matters coming one on top of another so rapidly as to render almost impossible the complete consideration of any of them. What he did was to work too hard, early and late, until the human machine gave way.

But except during brief intervals of acute depression due to physical causes, and less frequent in the last years than earlier, neither overwork nor his much too modest estimate of his own powers daunted the Archbishop or damped his spirit. There had been committed to him the oversight of the Church of England, and he had faith enough to believe that the Power that put him in the Primacy would shape his course to right ends. For the rest the work was to a large extent most congenial. It seems absurd to imagine Benson anything else but an ecclesiastic. But it was more than that. He had the most complete grasp of, and the most absolute sympathy with, the special position of the Church of England. With him, therefore, there was no forcing himself to take an interest in ecclesiastical matters, because it was his business, and no wavering between the attitude his official position required and that which his private thoughts suggested. The Prayer Book had been his constant companion since the days when as a little boy he was disgusted to discover that the

Morning

Morning and Evening Prayer were so much alike: 'It was so dull.' Of liturgical and ritual lore he early made a study. He took a pleasure in grand services, as it were, for their own sake. They were never too long for him. He arranged and used (on Sunday evenings) in his private Chapel at Lambeth and at Addington, a beautiful service of Compline, in which the old forms, lovingly rendered into English and breathing the subtle influence of his satisfying piety, seem as if specially designed for our days. Church architecture he began to learn as a boy, and his knowledge both of its *technique* and its history and meaning was very wide indeed. It was difficult to name any great church or cathedral in his presence without his being able to tell you something about it, often going into minute detail. An early illustration of his innate ecclesiasticism, and, if we may say so, of other traits in his very varied personality, is the oratory which as a boy he fitted up in a remote room of his father's disused manufactory. All round the walls he hung rubbings of brasses taken by himself from churches he had visited. His brothers and sisters were strictly forbidden to enter this sacred place, but as an additional precaution, and in case they disobeyed, he arranged a booby-trap! Although we have used the word ecclesiasticism advisedly, because there can be no doubt that Benson had a strongly defined taste for ecclesiastical things, in the same sense that a man may have a taste for art or for science, we should be misleading the reader if we did not add that this taste for ecclesiasticism was the mere sign, if it was even that, of a personal interest in religion which was at the bottom of everything the Archbishop did and was, and shaped his life, gave direction to his genius, developed his character, stimulated his study, and was the dominating force of his career. It is difficult to express with adequate emphasis how penetrated the whole man was with the love of God in a literal and matter-of-fact sense. But unless this is well understood no account will convey to the reader's mind anything like an accurate picture of the Archbishop as he really was. His books, a list of which appears at the head of this article, and especially 'Singleheart,' are the best revelation of these deepest things, as to which it is difficult to write and yet, in his case, impossible to be quite silent.

Soon after he had settled into work, the Archbishop wrote in his Diary, 'I do not agree that the Church's work is to be done by my sketching grand programmes for her in public. There are better and stronger ways than that.' And it will be found that, tempting as one might think it would have been to a man identified

identified with so much creative work, to have tried some new departure on a grand scale, he did nothing of the kind. He realized what was wanted from the first, and at the outset he laid his finger on the two points in the Church's then condition which, as we have said, gave most reason for anxiety, namely—(1) the estrangement and bitterness of parties; and (2) hesitation as to where the Church of England stood, some doubting whether it were really Reformed, and others whether it really remained Catholic. In a remarkable speech on the day of his enthronement at Canterbury, the Archbishop said:—

‘The Church of England has made such progress during the last fifty years that, if God continues to us the outpourings of His grace, we cannot know where another fifty years will place us. It is a melancholy thing to observe that in the history of the Church periods of apathy have so often succeeded periods of energy. Activity has been followed by invincible, inexplicable depression. We now pride ourselves upon the energy of the Church. But do let us be deeply in earnest with ourselves: so no root of bitterness springing up shall trouble us. If there be anything but that harmony in the Church which Christ Himself prayed for, clouds of darkness may once more settle upon us. If we determine in our hearts to make a wise unity our aim in the next fifty years, the progress may be as great as in the last fifty years it has been. May this be so!’

And in another address on the same day, he thus touched on the second point:—

‘I think that you, brethren, cannot but of your kindness excuse any semblance of self if I ask aloud, ‘What is this day’s lesson for us who have had part or sympathy in this day’s action—here in the central shrine of England’s Church history?’ . . . It seems to me that the answer is in the thought of the absolute continuity, the underlying oneness, the deep permanence, which the abiding presence of Christ, and this only, gives to His Church. How continuously changing from age to age has been everything that the eyes of successive generations rested on, or the ear listened to beneath these arches. Gorgeousness and bareness, alternating styles, gradually or suddenly changed rites, the languages that have resounded, the very doctrines that have here been emphasized—all these rise and fall like waves; but the grand, sweeping outlines and sweet might of the architecture are unchangeable, and the invisible Christ—Whose Name is upon this house—Who has been unceasingly adored with praises, and has answered in blessing out of the midst of the Throne—is ever One and evermore the same.’

It may not be easy to trace the precise methods by which the Archbishop tried during the thirteen years of his Primacy to allay party spirit and to make the continuity of the English Church generally understood—perhaps the most potent was the

1 unconscious

unconscious influence of his own personality, but the result is obvious. As a matter of fact, he has left Churchmen more at peace with one another, more assured of their position, and with a better understanding of their own history than they have been at any time since the Oxford Movement. His highly successful repulse of the attack on Church endowments, which came in his last years, is in everybody's recollection.

The biographer of a busy public man, always surely a person to be pitied, is driven to many devices. One is to try a sort of chemical analysis of his hero, separating constituents and giving his life in segments. Chapters are headed with neat titles—'as' this and that and the other—and so a career is attempted to be packed up in compartments. Archbishop Benson's life at Lambeth and Addington certainly did not lend itself kindly to this method of treatment. He did not, it is true, dine in public and keep open house as his predecessors did down to Archbishop Howley, but none the less there was no separation between his public and his family life. From January to July or August Lambeth was his home, and for the rest of the year Addington. He got up at seven, and did work in his dressing-room before breakfast. At Lambeth this was served, in the summer months, in the Guard Room, and was generally in progress when the Archbishop appeared at the end of the long room, brisk and smiling, with at least one half-sheet of paper in his hand (he used so many half-sheets, and with such a sense of righteousness at the saving, that they had sometimes to be prepared for him) containing notes, or 'dockets,' as he called them, of things to be seen to or said. He was all life and good spirits, looking at letters, discussing the news in the papers, or his public work for the day; full of banter, ready to tell or hear any good story, observant of everything, the brightest of a brilliant circle, with the special charm of a keen, strong man who just then feels the impulse of a full life without the burden of it. Altogether it was a fine fresh start to the day, and made it clear that the Archbishop enjoyed his work. At 9.15 there were prayers in the Chapel, restored in Archbishop Tait's time, and improved by his successor, who loved to tell you how Laud found it 'lying so nastily' disused and dishonoured, and how one of the painted windows he introduced (the plan of which is still the same) helped to swell the charges against him; and how the vestibule, where the Archbishop and his two chaplains robed, is said to have been Cranmer's parlour, and the room above his bedroom. There was a unique interest about these services. They were very quiet and simple, and the spirit of worship pervaded

pervaded the place. The Archbishop, whose voice sounded to most advantage thus, read some of the prayers and the lesson. His cultivated scholarship and strong histrionic instinct, made his reading of the narrative part of Scripture quite remarkable. The scene moved before you, while at the same time his fastidious taste prevented staginess. The Chapel communicates with the Lollards' Tower as well as with the living-rooms of the Palace, and the Bishops who are allowed apartments there, often attended the Chapel services if they happened to be in town. It was no uncommon thing, for example, to see the white head and erect, venerable figure of Bishop Durnford of Chichester enter through the doorway in the Screen, and noiselessly disappear into one of the stalls.

Unless there was some early engagement out of doors, the Archbishop spent the morning in his study. There, seated at an immense table, or ensconced at one end of a sofa, with a writing-table that had belonged to his life-friend, Bishop Lightfoot, before him, he would deal with his letters, and hold interviews for which appointments had been previously given. These were, of course, most various in kind. His legal secretary or his principal registrar might come laden with official business. This he attended to with almost microscopic care, whether it was provincial or diocesan. His signature was never a matter of course. It would be uninteresting to give particulars, but it is enough to remind the reader that in addition to arrangements for the guardianship of vacant sees, the confirmation and consecration of Bishops, and the affairs of Convocation, the law has given to the Primate a quasi-appellant jurisdiction in the administration of his suffragans' dioceses. A curate whose licence has been summarily withdrawn by his Bishop may appeal to the Archbishop. Dispensations to a clergyman to hold two small livings at the same time are obtained from him. Colonial clergy can only officiate in his Province with his sanction. Absentee incumbents required by their Bishops to reside, can appeal to him; and there are a crowd of other matters connected, for example, with the formation of new districts, the amalgamation of parishes, the provision of parsonages and their alienation, in which the Archbishop, in most cases personally, has to be consulted and to decide. In his diocese, although, of course, much of the work devolved upon the suffragan Bishop of Dover, he nevertheless did a great deal of business. In such matters as the restoration of churches, he was exceedingly particular. He personally inspected the plans appended to the petition for the necessary faculty, and very frequently revised them. His
memory,

memory, though not in all respects exact (it in fact played him all sorts of whimsical tricks), was alarmingly retentive as to such matters. Once, at least, in visiting a church he detected a variation from plans which he had approved long before, and promptly took proceedings in the Church Court.

Next an incumbent from Canterbury diocese might want advice in some parochial difficulty, and knew he could count on the Archbishop's patience to hear and eagerness to help. Sometimes the matter might seem not worth so much and such precious time, but he would have borne anything rather than let a visitor of this sort feel he had been cut short or snubbed, and exceedingly valued such opportunities of seeing his clergy and learning the minutest details about their work. The missionary work of the Church of England, it need hardly be said, demands the constant attention of the Primate. To Archbishop Benson no part of his work was more welcome or inspiring, and none was more useful. There were frequent interviews with representatives of the great Missionary Societies. He did not regard the 'Society system of carrying on Missions' as ideal, but he was too practical a man not to see that for the present it was the only possible way, and he gave his help and counsel and stimulating encouragement without stint or hesitation. Of the Church Missionary Society, with which as an institution under the control of the Evangelical party in the Church he might have been supposed to be in less thorough sympathy than with the more ecclesiastical Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he nevertheless rapidly became a wise and trusted friend, and, when occasion required, a warm advocate. Representatives of both Societies were frequent visitors to the study at Lambeth.

The missionary enterprise with which his name will probably be most closely identified is the Assyrian Mission. He inherited this work from his predecessors, but he gave it so distinct an impulse that he is often credited with having been its founder. The nature and purpose of this Mission, which were specially characteristic of the Archbishop's constant effort to vitalize old things rather than replace them with new, will be best stated in the words of the Rev. R. M. Blakiston, the Honorary Secretary of the Mission:—

'Amid all his work as Archbishop and Primate there were few things which occupied his thoughts more continuously or to which he gave his time and attention more unstintedly than the Mission to the so-called Assyrian Christians. Whether engrossed with Diocesan work or work for the Church at large, he always found time to bestow upon this Mission, with every detail of which he was thoroughly familiar.

familiar. These people—Syrians they call themselves—form the remnant of the once widely extensive and powerful Nestorian Church. At the present day it is estimated that there are perhaps 20,000 in the Persian province of Azerbaijan around the lake of Urmi, and a little over 100,000 in Kurdistan under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey. The following paragraph of a letter which Archbishop Benson addressed to Gerasimus, the (orthodox) Patriarch of Antioch, when he sent out Messrs. Maclean and Browne, indicates the scope of the Mission:—"Our object in sending out these two priests, of whose piety, learning, and aptitude for the work entrusted to them we are well assured, is not to bring over these Christians to the Church of England, nor to alter their Eucharistical customs and traditions, nor to change any doctrines held by them which are not contrary to that Faith which the Holy Spirit, speaking through the Ecumenical Council of the Undivided Church of Christ, has taught as necessary to be believed by all Christians, but to encourage them in bettering their religious condition and to strengthen an ancient Church which, through ignorance from within and persecution from without, cannot any longer stand alone, but without some assistance must eventually succumb, though unwillingly, to the external organizations at work in its midst."

There were other entirely different kinds of interviews which entered into the morning's work. Perhaps a negligent or contumacious or suspected clergyman had been sent for, and the painful duty of rebuke or investigation was discharged with sternness and thoroughness. The lines of the Archbishop's curiously mobile face hardened, his upper-lip lengthened, and he became a very formidable person. Or some one was minded to 'draw' the Archbishop on a public question, and it was needful to step warily. He did it all very cleverly, generally very successfully, but with a great expenditure of nervous energy. The morning ended with the arrival of the Chaplains, with the baskets of letters to be gone through and considered. One of them writes:—"We were generally received with mock indignation for interrupting him. He often took refuge in his dressing-room (adjoining the study), where I believe he did most of his big works." At last the letters were finished, and this particularly trying part of the day's work over (according to a late well-known doctor most modern bishops have been killed by their correspondence), the Archbishop adjourned, often very late, to lunch.

The mornings were by no means uniformly spent according to the orderly routine just described. Public business such as the Ecclesiastical Commission on Thursdays, the meetings of the Trustees of the British Museum (of whom the Archbishop was one) on Saturdays, Committees and Meetings of societies, often

often made it necessary to go out in the mornings. But the afternoons were usually filled by engagements of this sort, too various to be written down. When there was a sitting of the House of Lords, the Archbishop was generally there. He did his utmost to get his suffragans to bestow more time on their Parliamentary duties, sometimes lamenting that the English Bishops, however much they were 'Bishops of their dioceses, were not so much Bishops of England' as formerly. The little robing-room set apart for the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London was often used for interviews, especially with public men and officials, and there, too, during the session the Archbishop sometimes stayed after the House had risen, discussing matters with some friend, such as Bishop Temple, his trusted colleague, for whom the Archbishop's affectionate respect of earlier years never varied, although their relative positions changed. When the Archbishop could do so, he returned to Lambeth, and got an hour or two for work in his study before dinner, often, however, broken or altogether absorbed by interviews. Again, late in the evening he set to work once more. This was the time he devoted to reading and study, especially in connexion with his book on Cyprian. He used to say that without this break he could not keep going, and probably it helped him to maintain the extraordinary freshness which up to the last was one of his most marked characteristics. It had, however, the drawback of keeping him up till the small hours of the morning. He had accustomed himself even in the early Wellington days to a very short night's rest, and during the last year or two of his life he suffered at times the penalty of sleeplessness. Although it was his own practice to be late, if, on his way to bed, he met one of his chaplains, he always reproached him with what he called, quoting an expression of John Wesley's, the 'lust of finishing.'

At Addington the Archbishop's daily life was more uniform and, of course, somewhat less pressed, though there was still more than enough to do. Diocesan work, with its necessary accompaniment of long journeys by road or rail to visit distant parishes at times, took the place of town engagements, and on the other hand these continued to some extent, and necessitated frequent days in London. At first he did not care for Addington. 'I have not much heart for the place as yet (June 1883); I wish for a much smaller one.' But he grew to love it with all his heart—*cara ubi tot cara**—and was strongly convinced of the wisdom of retaining Addington as the Archbishop's country

* 'Cyprian,' Preface.

house. At Addington, and also at Lambeth, the Archbishop's main exercise was riding. He was fond of all animals and a good judge of a horse. The Rev. L. J. White-Thomson, a former chaplain, writes:—

‘Once on horse-back the Archbishop seemed to forget the daily cares, and talked in the most delightful manner about everything except work. He had many favourite rides; one especially to the top of Croham Hurst, which commands a fine view, enjoyed in silence. He was a perfectly fearless rider, almost rash, and over-confident in the intelligence of his horse. I have seen him ride over a high heap of stones, instead of going round, and fallen trees in a wood would often fill us with anxiety on his account, which he did not share in the least. He liked short gallops and then long walks and talks. He knew the country and the short cuts and paths well. Sometimes we used to start with a canter round the twisting paths of the park.’

Apart from what may be regarded as the ordinary administrative work of an Archbishop, there are three special enterprises with which the Primacy of Dr. Benson is particularly associated, the Lincoln case, Church Reform and Church Defence. But before discussing these, the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission must be mentioned, of which he was from the first a member, and on Archbishop Tait's death became the chairman. He drafted what he called the ‘Proem’ to the Report, and in the following sentence touched characteristically the governing idea of his Church policy:—

‘We desire to point out that throughout our scheme, whenever existing processes are shown to be satisfactory in working, or when the desuetude of old ones is due entirely to accidental causes, we have sought to preserve the continuity and restore the vitality of what was there in principle.’

The Report was presented in August 1883, and excited a great deal of comment and criticism. It was on the whole satisfactory to High Churchmen and certainly did something to soothe the feeling of irritation and grievance amongst the Ritualistic party, if for no other reason, because its historical appendices, written by the present Bishop of Oxford, seemed to justify the rejection of Lord Penzance and the Privy Council, a view which was confirmed by the fact that Lord Penzance himself declined to sign the Report of the Commission. It would be outside the scope of this article to enter on any discussion of the matter. Archbishop Benson, though he neither took the leading part in the work of research which Dr. Stubbs and Dr. Westcott fulfilled, nor influenced the substance of

of the recommendations to the same extent as Archbishop Tait, was in thorough harmony with the historical views on which the Report was founded, and, unlike most of his colleagues, agreed without reservation to the Report. In the winter of 1884-5, a Bill was prepared under the eye of Archbishop Benson, to give effect to some of the Commission's recommendations. The Bishops, however, were not unanimous on the subject, and the Archbishop, following his policy of keeping Churchmen together, would do nothing 'disunitedly,' so while 'regretting deeply that there should be no legislation after all the preparation for it,' he gave up the idea of introducing his Bill into the House of Lords. It will probably now be admitted that there was too much difference of opinion both inside and outside the Commission for legislation on the Ecclesiastical Courts to have had much chance of success. But the most important outcome of the Report was the notable support it gave to the principle that the Church of England is in regard to law as well as to succession a society existing with effective continuity from the first age until now. It was, perhaps, the first official negation of the proposition, 'We ought not to go behind the Reformation,' formerly so often and now so seldom heard. To this extent the Archbishop and the extreme High Church party were in agreement. Both refused to regard the sixteenth century as the point of departure. But the difference between his view and the view of a section of that party lay in the way they regarded the Reformation itself. While to them it was an interruption and a disaster, or at the best 'a limb badly set,' the Archbishop was as strenuously opposed to this denial of the principle of continuity as the other. To him 'the Reformation was a ripe and long-prepared and matured movement in an era of illumination, the greatest event in Church history since the fourth century.'*

But a further and more striking opportunity of impressing the public mind with the principle that the Church of England belongs, not to one, but to all the centuries, was afforded Archbishop Benson by the Lincoln case—the most conspicuous ecclesiastical event of his Primacy. In June 1888, the litigation began with a petition praying the Archbishop to summon the Bishop of Lincoln before him. But the Archbishop was unwilling to proceed unless it were made clear that the decision of his Court when given would be recognized by the State as a legal decision. The Judicial Committee, however, decided that he had jurisdiction to try one of his suffragans for ritual

* His last Charge, 'Fishers of Men,' p. 125.

offences, but expressed no opinion as to whether he was bound to exercise it or had a right of 'veto.' The Archbishop, according to his manner in important matters partly ecclesiastical and partly political, sought and obtained the advice of various distinguished persons. They did not all think alike, but in the end he decided to follow what had been his own first opinion, and to accept the jurisdiction which the Privy Council held to belong to his office.

The case, after being argued for eighteen days, came to a close in July 1890. The Archbishop reserved his judgment. He spent a great deal of time and research on its preparation, and completed it during his summer holiday in Switzerland. It was submitted to his Assessors on his return. They all agreed except as to one point, on which one Assessor dissented. The judgment was pronounced on November 21st, 1890, while the Archbishop was under the shadow of a great bereavement. His elder daughter had died after a short illness in the midst of a bright and most useful life. The judgment, while condemning the Bishop of Lincoln on certain charges, acquitted him in respect of his use—(1) of the mixed Chalice; (2) of lighted candles; (3) of the eastward position during the ante-Communion Service; (4) of the hymn 'Agnus Dei;' all of which were declared legal in the Church of England. As to the first three, the Archbishop's decision was in the teeth of previous judgments of the Privy Council, while as to the last it negatived a judgment of the Court of Arches. On appeal to the Privy Council, however, the reversal, confidently predicted by some learned critics, was not obtained, but instead their Lordships (except as to one point left open) affirmed in a rather weak judgment the Archbishop's bold decision, and so the matter ended. It was undoubtedly a signal triumph for the Archbishop. His success greatly increased his prestige and silenced the protests against his assumption of jurisdiction, which at one time threatened to create fresh divisions. But the significance of the Lincoln judgment lay not so much in the defeat of the Church Association, for it was already in decay, nor yet in the settlement of the ritual controversy, for the extreme party have not in fact conformed their practices to the Archbishop's decisions. It was rather the victorious assertion of the principle of the continuity of the Church of England with regard to its customs of public worship and the formal withdrawal of the State from the contrary position hitherto insisted on by the lawyers. Each one of the ceremonies legalized by the Archbishop had been condemned by the Courts as the necessary result of applying to our Church ritual the rubrics

rubrics of the Prayer Book unsupplemented by earlier law and custom. It had been laid down by great judges that 'Omission was Prohibition,' or in other words, that pre-Reformation Service Books and customs were to be put aside as inapplicable to the Church of England to-day. But the Archbishop's judgment silently ignored the cramping but convenient canon of the lawyers of thirty years ago, and on a review of ancient practice in England and elsewhere, cancelled the former decisions; and in doing so actually won the almost submissive approval of the Privy Council, who readily admitted as 'new light' what their predecessors regarded as irrelevant. From the date of the Lincoln Judgment the English Church has, as it were, resumed legal possession of much that she had been supposed to have lost, and this result has followed from the adoption of the wider view of the Church in its relation to the past which, perhaps always held by learned students in an academic fashion, the Archbishop made real by applying it to the Church of to-day in a highly practical way. Nothing better could have happened to reassure those whose doubts whether after all the Church of England was not created by Henry VIII, have been already referred to. Those doubts were raised or confirmed by the Privy Council Judgments and their marked disposition to start with the Reformation and not to go further back. The validity or invalidity of the actual points of ritual was a small matter compared to the settlement of men's minds when it was made clear that the Church appreciated the importance of her own history and asserted her continuity.

Although it seemed suitable to mention the Lincoln case at this point, it in fact happened after the beginning of the Archbishop's Church Reform campaign. No Archbishop in modern times has identified himself so markedly and so persistently with attempts to obtain ecclesiastical reforms through the action of Parliament as Dr. Benson. From 1886 until his death in 1896, he never ceased to be at work on Church Bills, either in the way of preparation or in Convocation or in Parliament itself. Efforts for Church Reform were made, we need hardly say, before the late Archbishop's time, but the adoption of what may be called a policy in accordance with which Churchmen, headed by the Bishops, go on year after year laying their needs before successive Governments and claiming legislative help, dates from the Dissolution in the autumn of 1885, when Mr. Gladstone having resigned, Lord Salisbury took office, though in a minority in the House of Commons, and went to the country. The

prospects of the Conservative Party were not at that time very bright. They had nothing better than criticism of their opponents to offer to the new electorate, remodelled and re-enforced by the Reform Act of 1884. On the other hand, the Liberal Party were still united. Mr. Gladstone had not announced his conversion to Home Rule, and it was not even suspected by the public. But the issue under the auspices of Mr. Chamberlain of the 'Radical Programme,' in which 'Religious Equality' was a prominent feature, and the discovery that a large majority of Liberal candidates were more or less pledged to support Disestablishment, introduced a fresh element which swiftly altered the situation. Churchmen were up in arms from one end of the country to the other. There was a great agitation, the formidable effects of which, foreseen by Mr. Gladstone in his almost passionate protests to the electors that the Church was not in any danger, were obvious in the Returns. Instead of a great Liberal victory, it was practically a drawn battle. Mr. Gladstone resumed office, but was dependent for a working majority on Mr. Parnell's support.

With the sudden adoption of the Home Rule policy by Mr. Gladstone, the consequent fall of the Liberal, and rise of the Unionist party, and the new political era that has resulted, we have nothing to do in this article. But the moment was one of new departure also in ecclesiastical politics. Church matters had acquired a greatly quickened interest in the country, and while on the one hand Disestablishment by becoming a current question seemed not unnaturally to her enemies to have been brought much nearer, on the other the Church's friends saw in the attitude of the public mind an opportunity to press forward the internal reforms which the Church had long needed. On December 12th, 1885, a memorial, promoted by the Archbishop's intimate friend the present Bishop of Durham and signed by most of the leading resident members of the Senate of Cambridge University, was presented to the Archbishops and Bishops, expressing belief that 'the Church of England has long suffered serious injury from the postponement of necessary reforms,' and urging immediate action as to Patronage, Redistribution of Clerical Revenues, and Clergy Discipline, while the 'most urgently needed' reform of any was stated to be 'the admission of laymen of all classes who are *bonâ fide* Churchmen to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs.' There were numberless other resolutions, memorials, petitions, letters, and speeches to the same effect, but the Cambridge address was probably the earliest and certainly the most influential of them all. Arch-
bishop

bishop Benson readily accepted the burden of leadership. In February 1886, he formally opened the House of Laymen, which after much consideration and at the request of Convocation he called into existence, as an attempt to supplement the clerical Convocations and to form a consultative body of lay Churchmen drawn by a system of election from each diocese of the province. In a carefully weighed address he stated both the need and the difficulty of the Reform of Convocation, and of dealing with 'the most important, historically, of all questions of Church order, namely those which relate to the voice of the laity in the controlling of Church affairs, whether for the larger or the smaller areas of administration.' He pointed out that in calling together the House of Laymen he was, perhaps, as far as then practically possible, making 'some initiation' of a central organization of lay power.

He announced that he proposed forthwith to submit to Convocation and to the House of Laymen a Bill for the reform of Church Patronage with a view to its early introduction into Parliament. This was the Archbishop's Patronage Bill of 1886, on which he spent a very large amount of time and labour, seeking and obtaining assistance in many different quarters, especially from the great lawyers in both Houses. There is one name which it seems right to mention in reference to this and almost all other similar work of the Archbishop, that of the late Lord Selborne, on whose judgment he placed great reliance and to whose help he was profoundly indebted. This Bill, which in the Archbishop's opinion was the best of the many Patronage Bills, before and since, abolished the traffic in livings by making all sales of Church patronage invalid unless made to, or with the approval of, a Patronage Board constituted on representative lines by the Bill. The Bill, introduced into the Lords by the Archbishop himself, was well received. It passed successfully through a Select Committee of which the Archbishop was chairman, but was never considered in the Commons, owing partly to the Dissolution which followed Mr. Gladstone's defeat on the second reading of his first Home Rule Bill. In 1887 the Archbishop introduced another Patronage Bill, which differed materially (especially as altered in the House of Lords on the suggestion of Lord Salisbury) from the earlier Bill. It was no longer sought virtually to abolish sales by restricting the class of possible purchasers within narrow and jealously guarded limits, but to allow sales as freely as before, only subject to the supervision, by authorized persons, of every transaction. Patronage Boards disappeared on account of the difficulty of devising a satis-

factory constitution for them, and the prohibition of sales was given up on account of the compensation question which it obviously raised, and as to which no practical solution was offered.

Again the Patronage Bill fell to the ground between Lords and Commons, and for a few years, until 1893, was not again introduced. Its place was taken by the Clergy Discipline Bill, to which the Archbishop applied himself with equal zeal, and was rewarded with better success in 1891 and 1892. This measure, which became law in the latter year, provides for the prosecution of clergymen accused of immorality by a procedure more speedy, cheaper, and more satisfactory than existed before. The Archbishop himself piloted the Bill through the Lords, and it was made a Government measure in the Commons, and, with the powerful personal assistance of Mr. Gladstone, was passed in the teeth of much factious opposition from a few Welsh Liberationist members. The Act, which has now been in operation five years, has fully answered the expectations of its promoters.

The Archbishop was greatly pleased at having at last accomplished a definite part of his Church Reform programme, and, in recording that his Bill had passed, characteristically adds, 'Now we'll have a try at Patronage.' Accordingly, he set to work at once, and after the usual consultations with a little committee of influential helpers he, early in 1893, introduced his Patronage Bill of that year. It was on the lines of the scheme of 1887, not that of 1886, and it did not advance beyond the House of Lords. Before the next year (1894) the Church Parliamentary Committee had been formed in the House of Commons under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Webster. The Archbishop, though it must be owned that he regarded this step with some doubt as to its ultimate effect, co-operated with the Committee most cordially. He readily consented to his Bill being introduced in the House of Commons, where in the Session of 1894 it reached a forward stage, but, being blocked by Liberationist and other opponents, never had a chance of a third reading. In 1895 the Archbishop once more carried his Bill through the House of Lords, but the Dissolution made further progress hopeless. In 1896 the Patronage Bill was combined with another Bill, which had been devised in the House of Commons for dealing with worn-out and negligent incumbents, and the two together were launched by the Church party in the Commons as the Benefices Bill. The Archbishop consented to this course, but with some reluctance, partly because the result was a very long and complicated

plicated Bill, and partly because he thought the added clauses required considerable modification and would raise serious opposition. The Bill passed second reading by an immense majority. Its consideration by the Committee on Law led to a variety of alterations, and there were points which caused the Archbishop a good deal of anxiety, but they were on the whole successfully surmounted, and the Bill came back to the House improved rather than otherwise. Its enemies were, however, vigorous, and after two days spent on the first few clauses dealing with Patronage, it was plain that the obstructive tactics of the so-called defenders of property could only be defeated by the Government taking up the Bill, and either devoting a great deal of time to it or sacrificing a large portion of it. The Archbishop strained every nerve, and brought every influence he could think of to bear, but it was in vain. The Government found themselves unable to add to their responsibilities, and so what turned out to be the Archbishop's last session ended, and the most hopeful opportunity that had occurred during the Archbishop's long struggle to obtain this reform passed away without anything having been accomplished. He was greatly disappointed, but not the least daunted, and had already begun to consider how the fight should be renewed, when he was taken away.

It is very hard to say how far, if at all, Archbishop Benson's failure to carry through the Reform of Church Patronage was due to any defect in himself or his management of affairs. The inherent difficulties of the task were very great, and had foiled many other champions of reform before he took it in hand. Certainly it is impossible to conceive anybody taking more pains than the Archbishop did to succeed. Moreover, he had fine tact, the tact of a courageous and transparently honest man, with quick insight and a powerful brain. In matters where he felt at home his energy and tact again and again produced success where failure seemed inevitable. But it must be admitted that Archbishop Benson was not one of the class of men out of which successful Parliamentarians are made. He was less effective in the House of Lords than on the platform or in the pulpit. His natural dignity and grace of manner helped him, and he was always heard with respect, though not always with full appreciation of what he wished to convey. His notes contained only the heads of his speech, with here and there a carefully packed sentence, much too full of ideas—as his writings were apt to be—which he would read from his paper without the emphasis of manner essential to make a listless audience attend, and without due allowance for their
mental

mental pace. Under more favourable circumstances the Archbishop was a charming speaker, as, for instance, when addressing a crowd of working people, with whom he was in complete sympathy, upon some historical or social subject. On such an occasion he would stand pouring out stores of picturesque knowledge with absolute simplicity and telling effect, speaker and listeners alike too absorbed to take count of time. Again, at the meeting of his Diocesan Conference every summer at Lambeth Library, when the Archbishop felt amongst friends and comrades, his speeches had a freedom and piquancy and kindliness which made them far more effective than more studied efforts. From quite early days he had a considerable reputation as a preacher. Both his sermons and great speeches were written. It is, we venture to think, a pity that so few of the former have been published. Those few, together with his three Visitation Charges, may without exaggeration be described as permanent additions to the religious literature of the country. A study of them gives, perhaps, the truest impression attainable of the Archbishop's individuality and character, of the strength of his convictions, the range forwards as well as backwards of his outlook, and the largeness of his heart. But they are not to be read half asleep, nor are they effective in the sense of 'that blessed word Mesopotamia.' They demand the reader's attention in a larger degree than many people are willing to bestow upon books. There is, especially in his later works, the same tendency which we have noticed as to his speeches, to overcompress, and to squeeze into a single adjective ideas which might well have filled two or three sentences; but nevertheless we doubt whether the Church of England has in recent years produced any books, which, when once mastered, will seem more indispensable to the devout Churchman or more effective to infuse great purposes into working life.

On the 6th of October, 1891, Archbishop Benson spoke at the Rhyl Church Congress. The Church in Wales was then threatened by the official Liberal Party, and there was considerable agitation in Wales itself. The Archbishop ended his address with these highly characteristic words: 'I come from the steps of the Chair of St. Augustine, your younger ally, to tell you that by the benediction of God we will not quietly see you disinherited.' That may be considered as the start of the Church Defence movement which the Archbishop personally led from that time until the crushing defeat of Lord Rosebery's Administration at the General Election of 1895, and the consequent collapse of the Disestablishment policy. The General Election

Election of 1892 placed Mr. Gladstone once more in office, and the Queen's Speech at the beginning of the Session of 1893 announced the Welsh and Scotch Suspensory Bills, which were subsequently introduced in the House of Commons; but the exigencies of the Home Rule Bill prevented any progress from being made with them. The Archbishop inaugurated the defence agitation by a striking service of Holy Communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which nearly all the Bishops, both Convocations, both Houses of Laymen, and Churchwardens specially invited from all parts of the country, attended in solemn state. It was followed by a monster demonstration at the Albert Hall, but the St. Paul's service is significant of the special attitude of Archbishop Benson towards the Church and State question. To him it was an essentially religious question, and his influence was constantly used in securing the recognition of this fact. In 1892 he wrote with reference to the Scotch Established Church: 'My future support of the Established Church will be, with me, not policy but religion too.' His reason will be found in one of the many modern applications and autobiographical touches which give his book on 'Cyprian' a special flavour and interest:—

'The maintenance of a position unallied with the State, and outside it, independent, indifferent, unaggressive, would have involved a faithless worldliness inaccessible to reform. . . . The Donatist cry, *Quid Christianis cum regibus*, was the earliest and earthliest real sectarianism. It gives up Christianity and it gives up the world. It is content to leave one of the world's "three measures of meal" unleavened. It is content that States should have no profession of the Truth of Christ. The kingdoms of this world must perish without ever becoming the kingdom of God and of His Christ. It gives up Christianity, for it confesses that there are powers in the world which Christianity cannot and dare not deal with, gates of hell which must be left to prevail.'*

In 1894 Mr. Asquith introduced his Welsh Disestablishment Bill which, although, as it turned out, the Government found themselves unable to take seriously in hand that year, yet gave the country the actual scheme of Disestablishment and Disendowment which the Liberal Party proposed to apply to Wales. On April 19th, 1894, immediately after one of his visits to the Villa Palmieri, Florence (visits which were the real holidays of his last years), the Archbishop summoned a confidential meeting of a few leading Churchmen to Lambeth, to consider how Disestablishment should be opposed, and it was then decided that Church Committees should be formed

* 'Cyprian,' p. 529.

in, as far as possible, every diocese and parish in the country. The Archbishop at once set to work, and probably his genius for organization never had greater effect. He first settled the lines of the organization in accordance with his consistently followed principle of action. In the words of the first circular he put out, signed by himself and the Archbishop of York, it was intended that 'the movement should not take the form of a new Society, but of the Church acting upon itself, for the purpose of extending instruction, information, and encouragement as to the obligations and position of the Church.' The Welsh Bill was to be defeated, and, looking beyond the exigency of the moment, as the Archbishop always did, Disestablishment in the future was to be made impossible, by educating the nation in the history and claims of their Church. It was the remedy in which he felt absolute confidence. In its application he desired to use the Church's own machinery, and most strongly deprecated Church Defence and Instruction being left to political organizations. He established a series of committees of ladies as well as men, personally directed the labour of organization, and of providing literature in the form of leaflets, set everybody to work, working himself harder than anybody, infused something of his own energy and spirit into his helpers, smoothed difficulties, roused enthusiasm, and won support with such success, that long before the collapse of Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895, and the subsequent General Election, it was clear to friend and foe alike, that Mr. Asquith's Welsh Bill, reintroduced in that year, and exposed to much damaging criticism in debate, was disliked and discredited in the country, and would count heavily against the Liberal Party at the polling-booths. To what extent their overwhelming defeat was due to this, as distinguished from other causes, is a question as to which each one can form his own opinion, but there can be no doubt that the influence of the Church agitation, whatever its efficiency, was mainly evoked by the genius and sagacity and hard work of Archbishop Benson. As we have said, he looked beyond the emergency of the hour, and no sooner was the crisis over than he set himself with immense pains to put his organization on a permanent footing, and to carry on the work of instruction. He had just completed the amalgamation of the Church Defence Institution with his Central Committee—an enterprise presenting many difficulties and requiring great tact—when his sudden death left this most useful organization, the embodiment as it were of his own policy, to fight its way alone, without the inspiring influence which brought it into existence.

Another

Another piece of Church Defence work which Archbishop Benson carried through with success, though it was overshadowed by the larger events which followed, was his action with regard to the Local Government Bill, which passed through Parliament during the autumn Session of 1893-4. It is at least probable that the Archbishop's leadership in that matter saved the clergy, or a large section of them, from committing a serious mistake, the consequences of which would not have been transient. The Parish Councils Bill, as it was then called, dealt severely with existing parochial institutions, which it must be remembered had grown up under a system of much closer union between Church and State than now survives. Under the Bill the Churchwardens and the Vestry were to lose their civil status and no longer discharge their civil duties. The Incumbent was to be similarly deprived of his old power, and parochial charities were to be removed from ecclesiastical control. Amongst parochial charities affected by the Bill were in the first instance included some institutions and funds which in origin and in fact belonged to the Church, and were really part of her ordinary parochial machinery. There were two dangers. One was that the clergy, especially in rural parishes in which the Bill operated, would rush into an unwise opposition of the Bill, and put themselves in antagonism to their people, in the vain endeavour to preserve a worn-out *régime* and to prevent the natural development of local institutions. The other danger, in a precisely opposite direction, was lest a desire to support what was supposed to be the cause of the people should lead to the loss of parish rooms and other similar institutions through ignorance of the effect of the Bill. The Archbishop was not the man to confound the interests of the Church with such adventitious incidents as the civil functions of vestries and churchwardens, and he accordingly warmly supported the creation of parish councils, and the transfer to them of powers hitherto exercised by vestries. On the other hand he insisted that the parish rooms should not be confiscated. Not only did Churchmen generally follow the Archbishop's lead, but the Conservative Party in Parliament fought the Bill on his lines, with the result that after a prolonged struggle, and a threatened collision between the two Houses, the Bill passed into law with most of the substantial modifications the Archbishop had asked for. The importance of the Archbishop's wise moderation in this matter was shown by the eager attempts made in the Radical press to misrepresent the action of the Bishops. The Bishops and other Churchmen protested against the village school-room being

being handed over as a meeting-place for the parish council when it was wanted for any of its primary purposes, *e.g.* a night-school. But this was made the excuse for a cry which was at once raised, that the Bishops were driving the parish council to the public-house; and even to this day it is sometimes alleged on Liberationist platforms, that the Bishops voted for holding parish meetings in public-houses.

We have given prominence to the Archbishop's public and Parliamentary work because of its direct national importance; but amongst the mass of other enterprises of all sorts and descriptions, some of them perhaps of greater ultimate consequence, in which the Archbishop was at one time or other engaged, the Ladies' Meetings at Lambeth form too special a feature to be omitted, the more so as the idea which underlay these gatherings was an illustration of the importance which he always attached to female co-operation. He and other members of his family were pioneers in promoting the higher education of women. In practice he never seemed to recognize the commonly assumed distinction between a man's judgment and a woman's. In education he treated boys and girls alike, and he was from the first in favour of women being admitted to University degrees. We have already noticed the care he took to form ladies' committees for Church Defence, and he did the same in other movements which he directed. The story of the ladies' meetings, in the words of one closely connected with the Archbishop in their origin and development, is as follows:—

'In the year 1885 a "Mission" was preached throughout West London, and many thoughtful persons desired to use the opportunity for a special effort to bring religious influences to bear on the social world of London. The Archbishop was known to be in sympathy with the idea; his rich imagination worked it out rapidly and surely. In the summer of 1884 a few preliminary meetings were held under the presidency of the Archbishop and the Bishop of St. Andrews (then Bishop of Truro), at Lambeth Palace. About thirty ladies were present. In Lent 1885, the Archbishop issued a short private circular, encouraging a clearer witness to individual convictions, deprecating a mere system of exclusion in social intercourse, and urging the need for a living Christianity which should leaven all grades of society. To this he added a short scheme for special devotional meetings. Such was the origin of the gatherings in Lambeth Palace Chapel, which, beginning with weekly addresses given by himself to meet the needs of the "Mission" year, developed into a series which continued every Lent, and in the earlier years at intervals during the summer months, till the year of his death. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the spiritual depth and intellectual power of these addresses. The subjects chosen were the Gospel

Gospel of St. Matthew, the Book of the Acts, the first Epistle to the Corinthians; and he was engaged on the early chapters of the second Epistle, when the last series closed. The Archbishop was a master in the art of Scripture exposition. He approached it with unequalled love and undying interest. The subject, however remote it might seem to the ordinary student, in his hands appeared as an event of yesterday at which (but for some accident) his hearers might have been present, so vivid was his conception of human character, and penetrating his observation of its recurring phenomena. His was the essentially poetic faculty of interpretation; he *felt* the Divine forces acting upon human things, and to him there was nothing "common or unclean." The heaven was at work, the "lump" was moving. The pages of Scripture exhibited in a unique manner the history and method of this Divine operation; spiritual apprehension of their contents was, therefore, in the truest sense, knowledge of the world. As in the case of all real teachers, he gradually formed his own audience. Those who had ears to hear, heard; and it was observed that during the last ten years, almost exactly the same names recurred in the careful lists which were kept of the attendance. As the sense of receptivity and appreciation grew, he unfolded the thoughts of many years with increasing freedom. The Address was preceded by a hymn, rendered with great sweetness and intelligence by a choir of ladies. A short Collect or two followed, and some subjects for intercession were mentioned. Then Bibles were opened, and the hour of initiation had come for many a hearer. Why was it that it became a glad necessity to face the commonplace trial, to meet the daily care, to grapple with the difficulty, to love the unthankful and the evil? Religion, which to some may have seemed an isolated and somewhat narrow factor in existence, was perceived to cover a wider ground. Henceforth it was felt to give free play to all the best elements of life, which, purified by Divine influences, develop noble character and action. The ideal played about the real, but without the least tendency to become the unreal. Self-centred ends and mean motives shrank away, detected; nor could a narrow piety of a merely sentimental type live in his atmosphere. Sometimes he rose to great heights, as in the setting forth of God's Foolish Thing—*τὸ μωρὸν*—(1 Cor. i. 25), in its contrast to the world's "wise" systems; at another time he would work out (greatly, as would appear, to his own enjoyment) a theory of St. Paul's shipwreck, which had been imparted to him by a Cornish master-mariner in days long gone by. There were touches of weariness as the heavy burdens told on him. In his own note-book, which lies before me, I turn to the last page—"Suffering, light as it is compared to the weight of glory, is actually working out that glory and the capacity of that glory . . . through eyes fixed on *what is fixed* (i.e. invisible, all we see is short), suffering is preparing bliss and a spirit to enjoy it; this will swallow up death into life. That is the true theory of the world." Then, paraphrasing the opening verses of 2 Cor. v., "Would that the hour were come! except for the hope of still helping you."

Although

Although Archbishop Benson was always full of affairs of the utmost gravity, such as we have been describing, and was eagerly in earnest about them all, he never lost a certain freshness, which made him take an almost boyish interest in everything around him, and rendered him a companion with whom it was quite impossible to be dull. Even in the midst of great pressure, which, in the case of a man so highly strung, meant nerve irritation, he would tell you some ridiculous thing that had struck him, or break out into humorous pantomime. It was probably this freshness and the simplicity which went with it that produced what those near him noticed, and what, in fact, his successive portraits clearly indicate—a constant growth in character and power up to the very end of his life, although he had long passed the age when most men become, so to speak, set. His interests were of the most diverse kind. For example, although he did not care for sport, or ‘killing things,’ as he called it, and was not in general a lover of battles, he was deeply interested in Waterloo, and quite in recent years he tramped over the field, identifying the position and recalling the incidents of the fight with all the pride of a British school-boy. The Queen had no more devoted subject than the Archbishop was, with his warm-hearted, chivalrous loyalty. He was full, too, of an old-world patriotism, which, though happily not differing in intensity from modern feeling, found expression in an uncompromising belief in the superiority, as a matter of course, of English ways and aims which somehow recalls the pre-railway days of the great war. His love of old things, though it touched other parts of his many-sided personality, was a kindred feeling. He had a reverence for the past which separated him widely from many antiquaries. For example, he most strongly resented the opening of old tombs which unfortunately has been allowed by the Deans and Chapters in some of our Cathedrals in recent years. With half-comic exaggeration, but very real displeasure, he would denounce all concerned as ‘ghouls, body-snatchers, spoilers of sepulchres.’ If he had had the power, he would have sternly forbidden these unhallowed explorations. His own interest in his Cathedral took a different direction. Out of very modest savings he created an endowment sufficient to pay the travelling expenses of the Honorary Canons of Canterbury when they came up to take their preaching turn at the Cathedral. It hurt him to feel that these ‘members of the House,’ despoiled of their endowments half a century ago, should be treated like strangers in their own home. He possessed a master-key which would open all the doors and gates in the Cathedral; and sometimes when staying in Canterbury he

he would steal away from the Deanery, and shut himself up alone for a long while in the place known as 'Becket's Crown,' where is the marble chair of Augustine. It was in this contact with the Church's sacred places, and through them with his predecessors and their government, that he examined his own work, as it was going on, and formed plans for the future.

If we mistake not, the chief outcome of that work was raising the average level of Church opinion. He succeeded more than others in getting both High and Low Churchmen to see things from his own standpoint, which was higher than their own, and included the essential features of each. In this way he promoted unity and purged party-spirit of its bitterness, because he induced men to stand together, and so caused them to see more nearly alike. It was a real process of education. He neither tried to cajole, or, to use a clerical euphemism, 'manage' people who thought differently from himself in Church matters, nor was he simply tolerant of every opinion because indifferent to all. In consequence he was trusted by all parties, and more thoroughly as time made him better understood and his influence more widely felt. It was impossible not to trust a man who trusted others so absolutely; and the needlessness of separation between the two great Church parties was made conspicuous by the union of so many of their distinctive features in him. No man, for instance, could be more careful of the outward form and circumstance of worship, or on the other hand more jealous of their exaggeration. His hold of Catholic doctrine was not more tenacious than his belief in the work of the Reformation. He saw, and helped others to see, that history harmonizes many seeming differences, and reduces others to their real proportions of insignificance. We may refer, on this subject, to a striking passage in his book on 'Cyprian,' p. 334.

Thus insisting by word and act (as *e.g.* in the Lincoln case) on regarding the Church as a living society with continuity of development, the whole history of which must continually be borne in mind to explain the present and guide our plans for the future, Archbishop Benson, was, we venture to think, the main agent in producing the remarkable subsidence of party feeling within the Church which has been one happy fruit of the last few years. The same belief in history made him regard with hopelessness schemes of reunion or rather reabsorption with Rome. He refers to them in the preface to 'Cyprian' and again in the last sentences of the closing chapter, 'Aftermath':—

'Such Unity as the Lord prayed for is a mysterious thing. It is no fantasy, but it answers in no way to the idea that "One Lord, One

One Faith, One Baptism" can be condensed into "One Rite, One Code, One Chair." . . . A true unity has to take account equally of Christ's Prayer and of Christ's Laws: of the Prayer which He offered over the sacrifice of Himself, and of the Laws which Himself, our Creator, impressed on the intellectual existence of our race. One centre we have, but the approaches to it from without, the radii of thought, are infinite.

'In that saying lies unfolded the germ of Christ's Prayer—" *jus communionis* "—and the germ of Christ's natural law, " *diversa sentire* ."

'The Church which masters that saying, which roots it as the principle of the thought which itself cherishes and encourages, which fructifies it in the action which itself enterprises, that Church was and is the Church of the Future.' ('Cyprian,' p. 534.)

But Archbishop Benson's aim went much further than even the promotion of a better understanding between different schools of thought. His deepest anxiety for the Church of England was to increase its inner vitality. Again and again attendance at an 'advanced' church suggests a misgiving. 'The gain in reverence does not keep pace with all this ritual.' After a 'mission' service he writes: 'I fear the plans of conducting them are wearing very thin. There was too much mechanical up and down.' Finally in his last charge, 'Fishers of Men' (pp. 109-31), he devoted a whole address to 'spiritual power,' in which with unwonted plainness he expressed his sense of the danger in which each party in the Church stands of letting 'working substitutes' creep into the place of spiritual power, to the paralysis of all real work and the prevention of real unity. With reference to this very remarkable address, the Archbishop wrote subsequently: 'It is an attempt to reach, however poorly, the roots of our "unhappy divisions" . . . it was the spring of everything I had to say.'

Whether a man's fame endures when he is gone depends upon so much that is accidental that it is hardly ever safe to predict who will be remembered and who forgotten. Probably the best service Archbishop Benson did for his generation was to go in and out amongst us for nearly fourteen years. Few of those who came under his personal influence will feel any doubt that they have been in contact, not only with a good man, but a man of rare and varied gifts, extraordinary charm of character, and a strange power of making lives more vivid. But whether the work he accomplished be hereafter associated with his name or credited to the mere progress of events matters little; the work has been done, and surely it has been well done. That is all that he would have cared about.

- ART. II.—1. *The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. London, 1896.
2. *Fifty Bab Ballads*. By W. S. Gilbert. London. (No date.)
3. *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges*. London, 1894.
4. *Poems*. By William Watson. London, 1892.
5. *The Tenth Muse and Other Poems*. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London, 1895.
6. *Old World Idylls and Other Verses*. By Austin Dobson. London, 1883.
7. *Ballades in Blue China*. By Andrew Lang. London, 1888.
8. *New Poems*. By Francis Thompson. London, 1897.
9. *New Ballads*. By John Davidson. London, 1897.
10. *English Poems*. By Richard Le Gallienne. London, 'A.D. 1892.'
11. *Poems*. By Alice Meynell. London, 1893.
12. *A Book of Verses*. By Walter Ernest Henley. London, 1888.
13. *Saturday Songs*. By H. D. Traill. London, 1890.
14. *The Lazy Minstrel*. By Ashby Sterry. London, 1886.
15. *Dagonet Ditties*. By George R. Sims. London, 1891.
16. *Lays of a Londoner*. By Clement Scott. London, 1882.
17. *Narrative Poems*. By Alfred Austin. London, 1891.

THERE is a trite thesis of essayists—What is poetry? Poets rarely endeavour to define their art; and Goethe once said, 'People demand exactness and accuracy, and so ruin poetry.' We certainly shall hazard no comprehensive definition. But this much may be averred with confidence. Whatever expresses emotion through words rhythmically musical is poetry. From the remorse of Lamech to the indignation of Ruskin this holds good. Pure thought in its naked ruggedness or fine sound without emotional inspiration are not enough. Some of Wordsworth is not poetry, much of Dryden.

Another consideration may be allowed its due preponderance. The glamour of a distant past lends a certain picturesqueness even to the commonplace. No contemporary regarded toga or peruke as in themselves attractive. In the same way many of the Elizabethan conceits would not have dazzled an Elizabethan. Some of Shakespeare's lyrics abounded in what would then have corresponded to 'slang'—although his pinnacle was immeasurably higher than our own. The perspective of time should be borne in mind when we discriminate both present and

and bygone literature; and not least where the modern affects the language of the antique.

We are told that the age of poetry is dead; that, despite the romance of science, the unquenched thirst for adventure, the growing enthusiasm for ideals, publicity, and machinery have extinguished the poet. We do not believe it. The channels have spread; but the current remains magnetic. And, in face of everything, it is still the poetic element that is required in painting, in music, in fiction. If Millais, if Wagner, if George Eliot had been asked what they strove to be in their several departments, each would, we imagine, have answered unhesitatingly—a poet. The goal endures; it will be interesting to differentiate the methods of pursuit. For we have in our midst a vast number of 'Minor Poets'—versifiers incongruously lumped together under this rather invidious category,—each, we suppose, appealing to a set of admirers, if only to each other. But above all there are Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, both possessed of a special talent, both much more universally appreciable than the rest, each, in his way, supereminent. With these two we propose to begin; and first with the least voluminous. Is Mr. Rudyard Kipling a poet? Does he, whatever else he does, express emotion in musical rhythm?

The affirmative is incontestable. His whole utterance vibrates with an audible, if somewhat coarse, pulse of feeling, is quickened by a bold, if somewhat bravado, passion, is instinct with a buccaneer's daring, an imperialist's idealism, a man's fibre and flesh and blood. And it is resonant with corresponding lilt and rhythm. It swings effects on the reader by its flashing, dashing refrains. Neither sensation nor cadence are ever sustained, and both are seldom delicate. They are earthly, but not earthy; compact of the world, but not of clay. They mirror those—

'Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!'

and they are gleams and glimpses, not rounded wholes. His romance is weirdness rather than mysticism, respiration more than aspiration. His men fight and win; his women love and are lost; he delights in the fiery, furious moods of humanity and nature; he 'rejoices like a giant to run his course,' and, so far, there is something of Byron about him; in fine, he sings (sometimes whistles) of adventure, like an adventurer. And yet he is not destitute of softer intervals, deeper insight, and sublimer flights. The delineator of Hindoos and Anglo-Indians, he has gripped life as he has found it; and wherever
he

he has found heroism, or fidelity, or self-sacrifice, or duty, or a seeking after God, he has worthily repeated it. His whole message is informed with a scorn of the petty and sordid, the sickly and the maudlin; as well as with a most signal humour, liquid rather than dry, if we may coin the phrase. His defects are a lack both of conspicuous depth and subtlety, an intemperance, an impatience of 'quietness and confidence,' an occasional sub-redolence of the tap-room, a want of real culture both of soul and mind, which has goaded him to retort against his detractors in the telling 'It is pretty, but is it Art?' His enormous directness of animal vigour, his absolute sincerity and magic insight, above all his impetuous audacity, are qualities of these defects. He is truly and powerfully himself. Of course in his treatment of Tommy Atkins he employs the *argot* of his subject and the music of the soldier's music-hall; just as in his representation of the Indian civilian, he wields the slang of the station club-house. But he is able to raise these into poetry and carry them aloft with himself. For example, in 'The Story of Uriah,' what can sound more vulgarly prosaic than the opening?—

' Jack Barrett went to Quetta
Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
On three-fourths his monthly screw.
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
Ere the next month's pay he drew.'

Continuously printed, these lines might well be extracts from a newspaper; not so, the culmination—

' And when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black book of jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.'

A pugilist's poetry, may be, but none the less poetical to the core. Mr. Kipling, though often a swashbuckler, is never a charlatan; his passion is not hysterical, nor his sentiment twaddling; nor is his sarcasm levity. He reaches the climax of his peculiar method—his emotional illumination of a so-called 'common' man's common talk in a lilt catching the common tunes he loves to hum—in 'Mandalay.' Everyone will remember the wonderful manner in which these stanzas commemorate the

spell of the East over the ordinary British soldier. It is within our knowledge that a retired private of the line, who had certainly never heard of the poem, did actually so speak, and so regret, and so summon back the bewitching dream of Oriental womanhood in contrast with the matter-of-fact stolidity of his married happiness. We mention this as a proof of Mr. Kipling's talent for intuition, which, like a divining-rod, marks almost unerringly the wellspring of emotion. What a rhythm is that of the commencement. How familiar it sounds at once, like the chime of accustomed bells, or some haunting strain which we can neither quite remember nor ever wholly forget. How, by strokes at once sudden and subtle, it puts us into the heart of a strange world!

'By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin' and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say,
Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

• • • • •
'But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there aint no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells;
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin' you won't never 'eed naught
else,"

No you wont 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells
On the road to Mandalay.'

And what a rhapsody of rebellion is condensed in the thrill of the close!

'Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there arent no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise
a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay—"

Milton would not thus have delivered himself. Of course not; nor Dante, nor Æschylus; nor in days less remote, Goethe or Schiller. Objections of this kind are very futile.

A waterfall

A waterfall is one thing, and a snow-mountain another, but both swell the chorus of Nature. Poets modelled on the 'exemplaria Græca,' aim high and with restraint; diction is to them a marble for the sculpture of noble statues; and there are others, like Keats, who transfigure and transform existence. But Mr. Kipling is purely a lyric poet, nor does he rank among the first. A far greater lyrical poet, Heine, has so delivered himself in his magnificent outburst of 'The Two Grenadiers':—

'Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind!

Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen.

Lass sie betteln gehen wenn sie hungrig sind.

Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

The note is identical—that of enthusiastic feeling poeticizing the soldier's rough words. The same note, too, has been constantly struck by Burns, whose songs are the Scotch plough-boy's, racy of the soil, recalling by their very shape the folk whose feelings they have immortalized. So too, however differently, Browning intersperses his philosophy with ejaculations of the soul, abruptly blurted, but convincingly real, and not any transcript from another age.

And here we may observe a very significant contrast with Wordsworth. Wordsworth has rendered the poetry of peasant life, but scarcely in the English of the peasantry. His meditative Williams, with their patient resignation in Sunday guise, are expurgated editions, and remind one of Wilkie's rustics whose consumption of soap is incredible. Wordsworth was a farmer by temperament, and his labourers are simply himself, often becoming, if truth be told, insufferable by virtue of their very virtues. We do not for one moment compare Kipling with Wordsworth, who, more than any poet, has taught us the consolations and elevations of nature. But when we are told that Kipling is no poet, that his 'smart vulgarity' is that of the 'up-to-date press-man,' and the like, it is only fair to rejoin that, through the very twang of his verse, he has equally revealed to us certain classes of our fellow-creatures in their habit as they live. And, when he is dismissed, as so much else is now dismissed, because he is 'modern,' we are driven to point out that his method is not new, as nothing in art, if we will only reflect, is 'modern'—except the past.

Another merit of Mr. Kipling is that he respects his limits. He rarely attempts an imitative or merely sportive vein, and when he does, he usually fails. His offences against rhyme and rhythm, against 'good taste' (which usually means our

dislike of being discomforted), are much more numerous, nor need we particularize them here. And indeed it must be allowed that in three poems of a loftier pitch he has succeeded admirably. We allude to 'The Ballad of East and West,' 'With Scindia to Delhi,' and 'The Last Suttee.' The two former are lays of the wild Indian border. Both Kamal, the outlaw, who, out of admiration for his pursuer, the Colonel's young son, yields him his own, and the flying chief who faces death with the dancing-girl he loves, rather than surrender her to his foe, are fine themes finely handled, while the terse tragedy and savage simplicity of 'The Last Suttee' are the stuff from which great poems are hewn. Nor must we omit to record that in 'The Seven Seas' is a thoughtfulness far in advance of his previous poems. 'The Deep-Sea Cables' is pregnant with the poetry of science, while 'England's Answer,' and 'The Native-Born' with its fine toast,

'To the hush of our dread high-altar
Where the Abbey makes us We,'

idealise England's Colonial kinship; 'The Last Rhyme of True Thomas' accentuates the mission and dignity of the poet—

'I ha' harpit ye up to the throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three,
I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
And—ye—would—make—a knight o' me!'

But 'The Mary Gloster' and 'Mary Pity Women' breathe a pathetic intensity that the author has not yet surpassed. The dying, self-made shipowner begging the only son he despises to bury him at sea in an appeal at once mean and magnificent, and the forsaken soldier's sweetheart with her—

'What 'ope for me or—it?
What's left for us to do?
I've walked with men a bit,
But this—but this is you;
So 'elp me Christ, it's true!
Where can I 'ide or go?
You coward through and through! . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so.'

are picture-philosophies piteous in the *patois* of their colours—pictures too, be it noted, where the people are painted by themselves, and not, as we shall see in the case of his brother realist, Mr. Henley, by the artist.

Through everyone of these varying performances runs a
thread

thread of humour, stamping, however its pattern shifts, the tissue of the texture. Nearly all Mr. Kipling's poems are portraiture, and his sense of humour gives them dialect. We have entitled it 'liquid' humour as opposed to 'dry'; we mean that it is the humour of his *dramatis personæ*, not the reserved humour of the artist outside them. He identifies himself with his characters. Soldier and sailor in the full recklessness and rowdiness of their daily chances, McAndrew the gruesome, canny engineer, Mulholland that converted gospeller who is still very much of a seaman, each utters himself in phraseology which to him is earnest, but to us, under Mr. Kipling's wand, humorous. How good is the familiar—

'We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you.'

and how irresistible the exclamation—

'But the commissariat Cam-u-el when all is said and done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.'

How characteristic, too, is Mulholland's finishing touch—

'The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em wrong,
For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that doth belong—
Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the competition so strong!'

and McAndrews' 'Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong Kong,' and his retort to the viscount's son, who enquires, 'Mr. McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?'—

'Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam.'

But some of his more whimsical ditties are humorous impersonally and from their subject-matter; in others again there is a poignant, satirical flavour, notably in 'Tomlinson,' 'The Story of Ung,' 'The Last Chantey,' and 'The Miracles.' On the whole, however, his humour is based on the personal humours he has crystallized. It is distinguished by a rollicking buoyancy, a boisterous extravagance of expression which recalls, though it does not re-echo, Dickens. Everybody will remember instances; we shall only cite one. It is 'From Soldier an' Sailor too.' In describing 'Her Majesty's Jolly,' Tommy Atkins ejaculates—

'E sleeps

'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot, an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew,
 An' 'e sweats like a jolly—'er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too!
 For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know, nor do—
 You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead to paddle 'is own canoe.—
 'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse—soldier an' sailor too.'

And besides this sense of humour, an exultation in the dare-devilry both of man and the elements is also of Mr. Kipling's essence. This is equally indissociable from the lingo of his characters and is mainly observable in his graphic epithets, as witness:—

'By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies.'
 'The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and hung low.'
 '... The angel of the offshore wind.'
 'He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee.'
 'Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.'
 'And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold.'
 'Churnin' an' chokin' an' chucklin', quiet an' scummy an' dark.'

We have been tempted thus to linger over Mr. Kipling because he is the only one of our modern poets who, with all his emphatic individuality and robust violence, has habitually abandoned himself to his characters, to ideals, to patriotism. This is the fortress of his talent—his coign of vantage. He is good for the flabbiness, for the critical uncreativity of our generation. We do not expect from him a strain beyond his bias; but we believe that his energy will ripen and deepen, for his standard is neither poor nor common.

'And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
 And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
 But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.'

We must now turn to Mr. Gilbert, whom the populace do not regard as a poet at all, but who, we maintain, is the nearest approach to Aristophanes that English literature can boast. Mr. Gilbert has been unfortunate in his century. Had he been a Periclean,

a Periclean, an Augustan, an Elizabethan, even a Georgian, his wonderful talent would have developed on larger lines and with less restraint. As it is there is nothing volcanic about his work, but beneath all his whimsicalities lurks a smouldering fire none the less. A *sæva indignatio* underlies his polished irony, and a truly melodious feeling animates the marionettes of his imagination. So, had he been endowed with the same neatness and sweetness of metrical enunciation, might Swift have dealt with Lilliput, with Brobdignag, with Laputa, with the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos. Like Swift, too, Mr. Gilbert has his 'little language' of endearment and caresses.

It is not without purpose that our review of his verse follows on that of Mr. Kipling's, that the poet-satirist succeeds the poet-humorist. The two have the superficial resemblances, of literary independence, of riotous exuberance, of happy surprises, of manly expressiveness, of a faculty for clothing old feelings in modern phrases—for, as it were, 'letting down' the past. But, fundamentally, they are opposites. First and foremost, Mr. Gilbert cannot be called a lover of mankind, as Mr. Kipling certainly is. The topsy-turveydon of the former invites a gay cynicism; the enthusiasms of a rover through existence are 'another story.' Mr. Gilbert knows much and loves little; Mr. Kipling, in the main, loves what he knows. Then, again, though Mr. Gilbert is a master of stagecraft, he is in truth less dramatic, far less melodramatic, than Mr. Kipling. To the latter all God's creatures have parts in the tragi-comedy of life; but the world to Mr. Gilbert is a farce, and on the whole, a sorry farce withal; he is something of the 'the melancholy Jacques.' Further, Mr. Kipling eyes things, even city things, with the gaze of a reveller in nature; while Mr. Gilbert is always town-bred, even when he views 'the little brook a-gurgling.' Nor are women to Mr. Gilbert what they are to Mr. Kipling; they are neither mysterious Argosies of rare merchandise nor tremulous chattels of the strong; they are simply Judy-puppets in the Policinello of conventionality, and most of them are mercenary puppets too. Finally, for all his democratic onslaughts, Mr. Gilbert's grain is much the most aristocratic. He is no dandy, but he is, in manner and matter, an exquisite; whereas to imperialist Mr. Kipling nothing is common or unclean; he is radically of the people. This variance of outlook tinges their actual skill. There is a reticence about Mr. Gilbert which Mr. Kipling lacks. The former is more artistic, more discriminating in his materials; never slovenly in his eloquence, or *outré* in his deftness, or slipshod in his rhymes,

rhymes, seldom halting in his measures. But we do not wish to detract by contrasts. Mr. Gilbert is just as poetical as Mr. Kipling; perhaps, strictly speaking, more poetical. He has been uniquely creative, and we would emphasize his qualities as a poet rather than as the most dexterous living manipulator of rhyme. We remember Sir John Millais—no mean judge of literature—laying great stress on this aspect of Mr. Gilbert's talent and protesting that the public were ignorant of his poetical greatness. They know him as author of 'The Bab Ballads,' as a librettist of light opera who has now, as they say, 'written himself out.' What they do not know is that his satire of foibles is poetical satire, that his songs are almost the only modern songs inevitably singable, and that, like Aristophanes, while tilting against cant and humbug, unmasking folly and affection, he lifts his labours into an ideal atmosphere of logical illogicality and invests the whole with a raiment of madrigal melody and of graceful raillery that redeem the bitterness and the scorn. Tennyson himself has not indited sweeter lyrics than Mr. Gilbert, who is the master of catch and glee and roundelay—

'. . . Of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
Of dreamy lullaby.'

To choose the best known, how charmingly simple is the ballad of 'Patience!'—

'Love is a plaintive song,
Sung by a suffering maid,
Telling a tale of wrong,
Telling of hope betrayed.

'Tuned to each changing note,
Sorry when he is sad,
Blind to his every mote,
Merry when he is glad!

'Love that no wrong can cure,
Love that is always new,
That is the love that's pure,
That is the love that's true!'

Charming also is Hilarion's Song in 'Princess Ida: '—

'Whom thou hast chained must wear his chain,
Thou canst not set him free,
He wrestles with his bonds in vain
Who lives by loving thee!

'If heart of stone for heart of fire,
Be all thou hast to give,
If dead to me my heart's desire,
Why should I wish to live?'

These breathe a perfume of Herrick, and so does Fairfax's ballad in 'The Yeoman of the Guard.'

'Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, when'er he call,
Must call too soon.
Though foreshore years he give,
Yet one would pray to live
Another moon!
What kind of plaint have I
Who perish in July?
I might have had to die
Perchance, in June!'

And then there is the elegiac duet in 'The Gondoliers.'

'Dead as the last year's leaves—
As gathered flowers—ah! woe is me!
Dead as the garnered sheaves,
That love of ours—ah! woe is me!
Born but to fade and die
When hope was high,
Dead, and as far away
As yesterday—ah! woe is me!'

And there are Mad Margaret's song in 'Ruddigore,' 'Tit-willow,' and many another, more familiar through their accompaniments than of themselves, that abundantly commend Mr. Gilbert's lyrical fantasy. But it is in his 'patter-songs' that he more closely approximates to Aristophanes. These are the only modern counterparts of the *πάροδοι*; they are far above anything else of their kind; Mr. Gilbert has poeticized burlesque; his predecessors only burlesqued poetry. His lightning sarcasm, his finesse, approach the classical models of this *genre* more successfully than even Calverly's scholarship enabled him to do. Repeat, for instance, the lay of the King 'who promoted everybody':—

'Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And bishops in their shovel-hats
Were plentiful as tabby-cats—
In point of fact, too many.
Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers, and such as they,
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a penny.

'On

'On every side Field-Marshal gleamed,
 Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed,
 With Admirals the ocean teemed
 All round his wide dominions.
 And Party Leaders you might meet,
 In twos and threes in every street,
 Maintaining with no little heat
 Their various opinions.'

The 'such as they' is *par excellence* Gilbertian. Equally characteristic are the 'If you're anxious for to shine,' out of 'Patience'; 'My name is John Wellington Wells,' from 'The Sorcerer'; 'A more humane Mikado never,' 'The policeman's lot is not a happy one,' and 'When you're lying awake with a dismal headache,' from 'Iolanthe,' the finale of Mr. Goldbury's song in 'Utopia,' or the forgotten 'I once knew a man who filled a function,' out of the unprinted 'Thespis.'

Now, it may be—it doubtless is—objected that such effusions are no more 'poetry' than Offenbach is 'music;' conjuring tricks in art, and hurdy-gurdy jingle, whether of libretto or score, should be relegated to the streets; you will never find an organ-grinder profaning Bach, and so forth. But these are sciolist objections. Offenbach is not Bach; true. Popularity is no mark of genius; true. Public taste is low; true. But how if the grosser palate be educated by its lighter diet? How if kickshaws well cooked affect more and effect more than indigestible strong meats. Mr. Gilbert has so educated and poetically refined it. There is room in art both for Ariel and Prospero, so long as the wayward elf does not mutiny against a diviner discipline. For, which of Mr. Gilbert's critics would presume to deny that Aristophanes was a poet? Yet Aristophanes does precisely the same things by dint of the same style. And again, who will deny that wit—'But wisdom to advantage dressed,'—when musically discanted, with point, with fancy, with buoyancy, with brightness, is poetical? Otherwise, none of Pope is poetry, and very little of 'Don Juan;' Juvenal and Persius are no poets; in fine, Thalia is not a muse, and poetical satire does not exist; the sportive is bound to be prosaic; and usurping Dullness—that literary Polyphemus—is at liberty to pretend that the Graces are Sirens. So easy is it to belittle the living and belaud the dead. The message may be neither deep nor high; but it may be breezy and healthful; the flippancy of its fence may shatter shams more effectively than weightier weapons; and its very form, its glow and its colour, may lend it ideality. Compare for one moment the worst of Pope with the best of Crabbe; or the

the best of Dr. Watts with the worst of Mr. Gilbert; and the truth of the statement is manifest. For this at least is certain; no verse that is irreclaimably dull can arrogate the crown of poetry. His dearest foe could not refuse gaiety and fancy to Mr. Gilbert, even while he begrudges him colour and charm. His slightest whimsies betray this nameless prerogative of the poet. We will call as witness the Song from 'Ruddigore':—

'Cheerily carols the lark
Over the cot.
Merrily whistles the clerk,
Scratching a blot.
But the lark,
And the clerk,
I remark,
Comfort me not!

'Over the ripening peach
Buzzes the bee.
Splash on the billowy beach
Tumbles the sea.
But the peach,
And the beach,
They are each
Nothing to me!'

If poetry were circumscribed by the interpretation of the universe or of psychology, these would in no sense be poetic; nor would they if, in their context, they were only tickling straws and floating thistledown; nor, further, if his grotesqueries were grimace, or his patter mere parody. But, if the creation of an irresponsible world where surprise and zigzag, mirth and drollery, glow and colour reign supreme be the licence of a poet, then these, and their like, are poetry. Such, in more celestial spheres, was the work of Shakespeare in 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' in 'As you like it,' in 'The Tempest.' And, such, in his plane, is the work of Mr. Gilbert. He transports us into Fairyland—that of a worldling perhaps, but an atmosphere at variance with our everyday world; one where pathos and bathos, caprice and reason, laughingly exchange places.

It is a plastic world of ironic fancy; the big is little and the little big, vanity and hypocrisy become absurd from their disproportions; bores are criminals, and 'the punishment fits the crime;' those Laputan philosophers, 'one of whose eyes,' to quote Swift, 'is turned inwards, and the other directly up towards the zenith,' may, in that world, be humbled and recant; pretence and pretension are teasingly denuded.

The

The words follow suit to the thoughts! The classical conventionalities of metaphor and the sanctioned excesses of sentimentality shake hands paradoxically with the common places of daily parlance. The characters are no types; they are airy, elastic, and protean. Without a moment's hesitation a king becomes a company-promoter, a tradesman, quite naturally, turns sorcerer, a solicitor (whom our author pursues equally as playwright and as unsuccessful barrister) proves a '*deus ex machinâ*.' There is no room for astonishment where a magnet woos a silver churn. Women propose, and man disposes; catastrophes happen every minute, and are as constantly reversed; events have only the sequence of their inverted premises. It is the world of the 'Bab Ballads' which comprise the Gilbertian philosophy in a nutshell—the world of upside-down, where only the poet presides. And he created this world, long before Orpheus lent his aid, in a series of fantastic stage-allegories—'Pygmalion and Galatea,' 'The Wicked World,' 'The Palace of Truth,' 'Creatures of impulse,' and 'The Princess.' No one has been more consistent in his inconsistencies. But these gave him opportunity for deeper touches and broader strokes. For example, when Galatea demands 'What is man?' Pygmalion answers—

' . . . A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her that she may live!

GAL. (*after a pause*). I'm glad I am a woman.

PYG.

So am I. (*They sit.*)

And when King Phanor demands tidings from the Palace of Truth, Gelanor thus replies:—

' . . . Sir, the old, old tale.
Men come and go—and women come and go.
Although the palace gates are opened wide
To rich and poor alike—and rich and poor
Alike receive full hospitality
For any length of time they care to stay,
Few care to stay above a day or two.
Free entertainment in a princely home
Is little valued when it's coupled with
The disadvantage of a dwelling-place
Where everyone is bound to speak the truth.'

But it may be urged that such barbs are tipped with a venom, which, though volatile, contaminates the Castalian spring.

spring. Indeed, Mr. Gilbert is capable of kindlier cleverness than this brilliant cynicism, nor is even that, when it is most cynical, steeped in gall. It is not saturnine, like Swift's; we feel that the author smiles, not grins; his softer sentiment rings true; whatever his shortcomings, Mr. Gilbert never minces or simpers. We claim to have proved him a poet, and not merely an ephemeral poet. He is no little idol of a little coterie. He has the evidence of daily talk in his favour; he has added to the long list of English quotations. Hood might in his day have been sentenced to oblivion as a light singer, and so might the author of *Ingoldsby*; yet both survive. Mr. Gilbert's faculty is unique, and quite distinct from theirs; we may hope the same permanence for his excellence. He is no trifler, though he treats of trifles; if he seldom soars, he never grovels; and what he has done is the best of its kind. Solemnity is not, we reiterate, solidity; a smile may be serious, nor is seriousness indispensable to the poetic quality. 'Your fool's your only wise man' preaches a truth to literature. It might serve as the motto to the 'Bab Ballads,' that matchless *Jocoseria*, which needs no review from us. As Mr. Gilbert has there sung in his 'Dream of Topsy-Turvydom':—

'Still I could wish that 'stead of here
My lot were in that favoured sphere!
Where greatest fools bear off the bell,
I ought to do extremely well.'

But it is time for us to pass on to the rest—singers, for the most part, with a borrowed voice, and, except in the case of Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Henley, of small representative consequence:—

'. . . . I have seen
Small poets, and great prozers, and
Interminable not eternal speakers,'

was Byron's remonstrance, and we fear that it must be ours with many of the batch before us. What the 'Daily Telegraph' is to literature, what the 'poster' is to art, such are some of these to poetry. Mr. Bridges, however, is the most honourable of our exceptions, and he deserves a much wider audience than he has yet found; not that we imagine him to be specially eager for an audience at all. There is about him a shy, pensive strength, a wistful, observant patience, a fastidious expressiveness, which forbid the thought. We think that a noisy age ought to be grateful for his low, soft music. His key-note

is

is not novelty, like Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. Kipling's. He plays the old, time-honoured organ, nor dares to draw its full complement of stops. He would manifestly disdain to thrum a banjo or a guitar; even the lute were too lightsome for him; and he plays the old time-honoured melodies of nature and love and death. It is the touch which is new—at once forcible and gentle, modest and assured. He is much nearer the peak of classical Parnassus than either of the two we have praised. He is entirely free from the vulgarity alike of intrusiveness and of insolence. He never slaps nature on the back nor superciliously depreciates mankind. He is a sort of Christian Catullus, delicately responsive to the sensuous beauty environing him, scholar-like in his worship of rural indolence, plaintively penetrated with a regret for the transitoriness of bloom and delight that leads him to sing of the dead leaves—

‘That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten,
Miry and matted in the soaking wet:
Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten
By them that can forget;’

and exquisitely, as follows, of a dead child:—

‘Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

* * *

‘To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

‘Thy hand clasps, as ’twas wont, my finger, and holds it;
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heart-breaking and stiff;
Yet feels to my hand as if
’Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

‘So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

‘So quiet! Doth the change content thee? Death,
Whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken
thee?’

‘Ah!’

'Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
 To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
 Unwilling, alone we embark,
 And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of,
 fail us.'

There is a subdued sadness, a philosophic purity, an idealist impressionism about these lines that exceed anything we remember of the kind; and the metre, so aptly and subtly handled, with its processional length of line, and lingering, dying cadences, intones a dirge of itself. His sea-scapes and landscapes breathe the same air of listening melancholy, of repressed passion, of sensitive study. They have the fascination of solitude, conveyed by pure word-painting; for throughout we do not call to mind a single metaphor or simile. If the poet owns any alien influence it must be Italian—to infer from treatment and metre; but this is conjecture; at any rate, we are satisfied that Mr. Bridges differs markedly from any other English poet. His quiet virginity of verse is not captivating at once; the public will not fall in love with it at first sight; but it is worth wooing and winning by a circle larger than one merely academic. It has of course its faults. There are no transports either in its raptures or dejections; its effort of conscientious anxiety is over-evident and impedes its movement; but its chief defect is that introspective egoism which Wordsworth inaugurated. The poet rarely manages to step out of himself. There are, however, two instances in this little book of the contrary—one, the weird portrait of an old stranger whom the villagers deem a wizard:—

Since he is come there's nothing wise
 Nor fair in man or child,
 Unless his deep divining eyes
 Have looked on it and smiled.
 Whence came he hither all alone
 Among our folk to spy?
 There's nought that we can call our own
 Till he shall hap to die.
 And I would dig his grave full deep
 Beneath the churchyard yew,
 Lest thence his wizard eyes might peep
 To mark the things we do.'

the other, the tragic, homely complaint of a yeoman's daughter, for years unhappily married to her father's labourer, 'Blue-eyed Willie:—

'No-

'No wonder if words hav' a-grown to blows;
That matters not while nobody knows;
For love him I shall to the end of life,
An' be, as I swore, his own true wife.

'An' when I am gone, he'll turn, an' see
His folly an' wrong, an' be sorry for me;
An' come to me there in the land o' bliss
To give me the love I looked for in this.'

We take the most reluctant leave of Mr. Bridges, and must look forward to meeting him again. In Mr. William Watson, on the other hand, we descry the turgid orator of the platform. He strikes us as a rhapsodical journalist who has taken to rhyme—rhyme often of partizan proclivities and frequently bombastic. His muse is the tenth—that of the Press. It is affluent and effluent; its affluence is that of Boanerges, and its effluence has the ring of Little Bethel; redundant, sonorous passages abound, but there is little daintiness and less discernment. This kind of writer is everlastingly in chase of a grievance. It might have been the unpunctuality of the South Eastern Railway; it is to the honour of Mr. Watson that it was 'The Purple East,' and that he has entered his protest against the horrors of the Armenian atrocities. We are not here concerned with the merits of his cause, or the crimes of 'Abdul the Damned;' it is with his tirades that we quarrel. We do not for one moment mean that his Pegasus is a hireling hack; on the contrary, we give him every credit for earnestness and candour. But we do mean that he has the journalistic knack of blushing for his country and 'spoiling for a fight.' Mr. Watson is in no sense the literary heir of Byron or of Shelley; his indignation is, in Baconian phrase, that of the market-place; their crusade against tyranny was of another stamp, though we cannot help suspecting him of laying claim to their long-lost mantle. It is, however, at his shorter poems that we are compelled to glance. These produce the impression of considerable eloquence unchastened by a sense of proportion; moreover, they are strangely destitute of the individual voice; in them are many memories of many bards still memorable; nor does any depth of thought or width of wisdom atone for their indiscretions. When we are assured that—

'Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Often felicity
Comes of simplicity.'

-or that—

'... Lol

' . . . Lo! the high imperial Past is dead ;
The air is full of its dissolved bones ;
Invincible armies long since vanquished,
Kings that remember not their awful thrones,
Powerless potentates and foolish sages,
Impede the slow steps of the pompous ages.'

we seem to swim in an ocean of Martin Tupper. Furthermore, Mr. Watson is incessantly harping on himself:—

' Of wilder birth this Muse of mine,
Hill-cradled and baptized with brine,'

sighs the giant wearily, and—

' . . . Thine were the weak, slight hands
That might have taken this strong soul, and bent
Its stubborn substance to thy soft intent.'

And once more—

' Great is the facile conqueror ;
Yet haply he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, and covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Smiles foiled, but fighting evermore,—
Is greater yet.'

We may be frivolous, but the 'baptism' of his muse and her subsequent heroism provoke incredulity. For ourselves, we are inclined rather to describe his style by the imagery he has chosen for the '*Mensis Lacrymarum*':—

' March, that comes roaring, maned, with rampant paws,
And bleatingly withdraws.'

His verbiage favours this less ferocious view. 'Wandering wafture,' 'thunderous throes,' 'consentaneous curve,' a voice 'claustral,' and, beyond everything, that rhyme of rhymes, 'unawed' to 'God,' must justify our banter. For, indeed, we do not impugn his great facility and bubbling warm-heartedness. He has penned some good lines, such as 'The loud impertinence of Fame' or 'And spectral peaks impale the sky on silver spears,' which is excerpted from the one real poem he seems to us to have published, 'A child's hair,'—'not sunlight scampering over corn were merrier thing.'

He has also written some telling epigrams, the best being—

' Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.

How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—

The continuity, the long, slow slope

And vast curves of the gradual violin.'

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2 A

But

Lo!

But we think that he takes himself, and has been taken by readers, too seriously; that his brow is not really dank with agony for a pitiful world, and that an absolutely 'minor poet' he is fated to remain.

We think this last also of Sir Edwin Arnold, notwithstanding his many-sided attainments and accomplishments as Orientalist, paraphraser, and transplanter. His poetical works remind us of a Turkish bazaar, whose wares are aromatic and gorgeous, but cheapen on recurrent acquaintance. Sir Edwin is often effective and insinuating; he is rarely solid or elegant; and his sentiment is generally of the sentimental order. He, too, is inspired by the paper divinity whose glories he has hymned:—

' . . . Ephemera, Tenth Muse, sits safe to-day,
Our Lady of the Lamp,
Whom we, of many a camp,
Serve daily—for her work's sake—and obey;
Not holding any grace or any gift
Too precious to uplift
In homage to her; deeming all her right;
Nor ever once ashamed
So we be named
Press men; Slaves of the Lamp; Servants of Light.'

But is 'Ephemera' a muse at all? Is she not too often a housemaid bedizened for her holiday? The Greek muses were free and spontaneous, not free and easy. And then the Press is a caterer for a patron; 'Panem et circenses' is on its banner. Not such is poetry. Such, however, is Sir Edwin Arnold. There is, to be frank, too much tinsel, too little gold about his verse; and there are errors of taste in abundance, the most glaring of which is the self-advertising epitaph on his illustrious namesake. Here again his longer poems are beyond our present limits. They are not great poems; issuing less from the heart than from the head, being more fluent than felt. Our task is to enquire how he fares in his ordinary ebullitions, what is the lyre he strikes at home. The lyre is highly ornamental; gilt and stuccoed; and its badge is a statuette of the minstrel himself who is not unlovingly riveted on his own features. Judge him by one of his best, 'Student's Day'—one fraught with a tenderer fancy. Who can doubt that it would have been better without the last lines—

'This is why—of many rare Madonnas—
Most of all I think on Perugino's;
I who know so many more and love them!'

or the Dedication to his daughter:—

'Because

'Because I know my verse shall henceforth live
 On lips to be,—in hearts as yet unbeating;
 Because the East and West will some-day give—
 When Faith and Doubt are friends at some far meeting—
 Late praise to him who dreamed it.'

It is a large order; a draft on posterity whose acceptance is problematical. We cannot believe that Sir Edwin is of the immortals. Among the ephemerals he ranks; but celebrity is not fame. He is too glib, too officious, too trivial for the future. His real merit is that of an acclimatizer; he has naturalized the East in the West. Otherwise we look in vain for any unity of utterance, any unborrowed light, any leading guidance. He has never eclipsed the level of the Newdigate prizeman; and he has deigned to print verses inscribed in royal albums, whose only excuse might have been the laureateship. 'Crathie Church' is the worst of these. The 'Highland Maid' is curious to learn why the distinguished stranger will not enter and see 'where the Queen prays.' He, 'less bold or more contemplative,' withholds his 'soiled shoes from that sacred floor,' and, as a makeshift, treats the Highland Maiden to a legend of the Mosque of Akbar which must have puzzled even Sir Edwin to translate into Scotch. No wonder that—

'Her blue eyes opened all their blue;
 But still, I think, she partly knew
 Why I, one of those English three,
 The Church of Crathie did not see.'

It is only fair, however, to add that the same volume contains 'The Story of the Snake,' a fine parable of 'Karma,' and 'My Guests,' a pretty and polyglot conversation with the swallows. 'The Passing of Muhammad,' on the other hand, is ineffably tedious and artificial. Sir Edwin has the habit of interlarding his interesting Eastern themes with Arabic, Hindostani or Japanese, as the case may be. French in a French theme or German in a German would be thought insufferable; we think Arabic in an Arabian paraphrase even more wearisome. Jaw-breaking lines like

'Calling to prayer: Ya! Ya! Ash 'had do an
 La illah 'l-lul-la-ho!'

and

'Gone! our resource, our glory! wel-wel-eh!
 Our Lord is dead and gone! A-lal-lal-lai!'

will surely weigh heavily on 'lips to be,' 'in hearts as yet unbeating.' They may help to prolong the linked bitterness,

but then equally so would the names of Welsh railway-stations, and with as much 'local colour.' And so, of Sir Edwin Arnold, to repeat one of his own 'over-words'—'Jam Satis.'

Pretentiousness is certainly no fault of Mr. Austin Dobson, whose Watteau-like idylls and crisp little quaintnesses are neat and finished as miniatures. His muse is suburban in the sense that it exhales the country in the town. A frequenter of libraries and museums, he has made a museum-library of his own; one of old-world *bric-à-brac*, and of old-world curiosities of literature, shedding a faint odour of pot-pourri. Such a collection is naturally artificial; its glamour is derived from the past; its compass is necessarily narrow, even dilettante. But the dainty handling, the loving reverence for his trinkets, the soothing suggestiveness of their forms are all his own—

'This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined—remote—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale.'

He makes the Caliph admonish the carver and the *finale* justifies the advice:—

'He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
Ah! but the Artist that was lost!'

Mr. Dobson has succeeded Praed, but he has not followed him. Both write *vers-de-société*. Mr. Dobson's verse is stronger and more thorough; his *genre* is rather cameo than filagree; he is less of a butterfly and more of a virtuoso; and his society is one of picturesque ghosts; of history gossamered. Through him learning seems graceful, and grace learned; while a refinement, not a languishment of pathos, sentimentalizes his tone. As he sings to 'the Unknown Bust in the British Museum' of one who 'step by step' had—

'... stumbled through
This life-long . . . task of living.'

'Far better, in some nook unknown,
To sleep for once—and soundly,
Than still survive in wistful stone,
Forgotten more profoundly.'

This defines the range of his fancy. He is a rescuer of the forgotten, the paladin of oblivion. A sedan-chair, some old allusion in a mouldering chronicle, a mildewed missal, a revolutionary relic, the legend on a sun-dial, a faded letter, a nameless

less portrait,—these are the pressed flowers among which he hovers,—

‘Finding something through the whole
Beating—like a human soul.’

He does more than fill up the gaps; he creates the void which he peoples. Authors are his servants, not masters, as he attests by his apostrophe to a bookworm.

And he is no mere literary appreciator; character is his *forte*; whenever he touches child-life he is delicious. His *Miss Maries* and *Little Blue Ribbons* enable him to wing, while caressing childhood, his tiny shafts of satire and philosophy.

‘To the end of Time ’twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!’

or to distil a soft melancholy, as in the ‘Child-Musician:’—

“Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!” was the last that he said.’

He is equally at home with the spinster, in the company

‘Of maidens left to nurse alone
Dyspepsia and Despair,’

or of workaday women like ‘The Landlady:’—

‘We can’t mourn much, who have much work to do;
Your fire is bright. Thank God, I have my health.’

And he is one of four only among those now under review who has never employed any medium but verse; no wonder that it is so perfectly sympathetic and malleable.

In his meaning—the undercurrent of his verse—there is a vein deeper than

‘The little great, the infinite small thing .
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.’

He genuinely feels that the world is a phantasmagoria where nature and human nature alone continue unshifting:—

‘So with the rest. Who will may trace
Behind the new each elder face
Defined as clearly;
Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our world to-day’s as good or ill,—
As cultured (nearly)
As yours was, Horace! You alone
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.’

where inexorable law prevails:—

‘The

'The blot that makes the cosmic All
A mere time-honoured cheat;—
That bids the Great to eat the Small,
Yet lack the Small to eat!'

So he turns pityingly and constantly to 'The Great Unbenefited,' solacing himself, like a true artist, by the nightingale's song of 'Art for Arts.'

Mr. Dobson is a devotee of the old French school of Villon. He revels in Ballade, Rondel, Rondeau, Villanelle, dizaine and quatorzaine. It is a serious diversion—the poet's game of chess. Mr. W. Henley has essayed it with success; but Mr. Andrew Lang, who treats it merely as a game, and not as a vehicle for emotion, is the most finished of its modern professors. He writes these things as he would write Latin and Greek verses. We confess that, while we admire his scholar-like skill and nimble ingenuity, a little of it goes a long way. As we read Mr. Lang's 'Ballades in Blue China,' we seem to behold a boy blowing soap-bubbles; they are crystalline, prismatic drops, *teretes atque rotundæ*; the illusion is perfect; but they are bubbles, and of soap, after all. Mr. Lang is too cultured and too nice a discriminator to think otherwise himself. As he quotes of his verses 'Ce ne sont point de ces grands vers pompeux, mais de petits vers.' But there is a difference between small verse and petty verse, and when a game becomes an avocation there is something of pettiness about it that cloy. Still there is a true pleasure in the flawlessness of form which distinguishes Mr. Lang. Like his 'Primitive Man,' 'when he spoke, it was never in prose.'

'As, to the pipe, with rhythmic feet
In windings of some old-world dance,
The smiling couples cross and meet,
Join hands, and then in line advance,
So, to these fair old tunes of France,
Through all their maze of to-and-fro,
The light-heeled numbers laughing go,
Retreat, return, and ere they flee,
One moment pause in panting row,
And seem to say,—“*Vos plaudite!*”'

or finally, as an epitaph on his own performances—

'*Envoy:*

'Prince, all the things that tease and please,—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears,—
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?'

Our excursion over Hybla leads us at length through the honey-fields of the Fantastics, where Mr. Thompson and Mr. Le Gallienne suck their drowsy sweets. But there is no comparison between the two. The former is infinitely the superior. Mr. Thompson has thrown himself back to the Jacobean and Carolean age—to Donne, to Quarles, Herbert, Suckling, Withers, and more especially to Crashaw, whom he resembles in mood as in diction; a sort of spiritual sumptuousness, a kind of scriptural paganism pervade him, while his vocabulary is over-inlaid with 'barbaric pearl and gold.' But he is more than an imitator; he lives the mental life of his period. Of course his theme is monotonous; Nature is for him a treasury of emblems and love an ecstasy of the soul. Yet no one can deny him emotion, pure, if lackadaisical, and luxuriance, perhaps over-luxuriance, of melody. Were we to light on such choric chaos as—

'Hearken, my chant, 'tis
As a Bacchante's,

A grape-spurt, a vine-splash, a tossed tress, flown vaunt 'tis.'

in isolation, or such extravagances as—

'Totty with thine October tankard.'

'Rubiginous with the glorious gules of a glowing rust,'

or—

'To fret her white flesh through.'

'Clings Heaven's porter by the wings,'

or, in his last volume,—

'God took a fit of Paradise-wind,
A slip of ærle weather,'

such detached words as 'rondure,' 'strook,' 'perduring,' 'reformat,' 'inter-particled,' 'temerarious,' 'congener,' 'impurpate,' 'nescientness,' 'corrival,' 'trepidant'; such exceptional expressions as 'a brown agaric,' such an exceptional uncouthness as—

'Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,

That the King may enter thee!

At all gates the clangours gurge in,

God's paludament lightens, see!'

—it would be easy to make merry over the 'rash lustihood' of his 'young powers.' But, recognizing his restrictions and literary descent, we prefer to emphasize his welcome aloofness from the 'Tenth Muse,' and his remarkable faculty of, as it were, brocading his own inner life. His 'added braveries' are often pompous, but they are not *parvenus*. He is not always

accurate

accurate in his revived phraseology, as when he accentuates the antepenultimate of 'revenue,' nor unfailingly faithful to his adopted style, as when, in his last book, he most inappropriately copies Mr. Kipling:—

'Clanging up beyond Cathay;
For the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay.'

but there is nothing insignificant in his verse. Indeed, stanzas like—

'Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.'

or—

'Heaven, which man's generations draws,
Nor deviates into replicas,
Must of as deep diversity
In judgment as creation be.'

dwell in the mind as well as in the memory. Striking thoughts and fancies are rife, some of them recalling Keats by their re-adaptation of ancient imagery. We will pluck a bunch:—

'. . . . See how there
The cowlèd night kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.'

'Deep in my heart subsides the infrequent word,
And there dies slowly throbbing like a wounded bird.'

'And feel the primal sex of heaven and poetry.'

'This moment is a statue unto Love
Carved from a fair white silence.'

'. . . . God laid His fingers on the ivories
Of her pure members, as on smoothèd keys,
And there outbreathed her spirit's harmonies.'

'Upon the heavy blossom of her lips
Hangs the bee Musing.'

'Like pent children, very wistful,
That below a playmate see.'

None of these are mere conceits; they have substance; and although he might with advantage heed his own warning—

'Where a sweetness is complete,
Add not sweets unto the sweet!'

and is prone to 'overscroll with fancies the loved prison-wall,' we are gratefully willing to forgive and remember. Very touching, too, are his few poems on children, especially one 'To Monica thought dying'—who lisped—

'But

'But foolish things, my dead, my dead!
Little and laughable.'

while his description of a high-souled woman as one 'envious of other's good' is a fine phrase. Robust, in tune with man militant, Mr. Thompson will never be, but neither will he ever be blatant, or servile, or ignoble.

Of Mr. Le Gallienne—also a Fantastic—we shall say little. He has a vogue, and we regret it. Mr. Watson's pose is that of the wounded Titan, Mr. Le Gallienne's, that of the slighted Apollo. There is a nauseous tinge about him of the visible 'blush unseen.' In his 'epistle dedicatory' he complains that a bee-farm reminds him 'of a publisher's,' and that his fate is to 'dream like mad, love like tinder, aspire like a star-struck moth,' only to 'hive little lyrics and sell to a publisher for thirty pieces of silver.' The retort of 'Why then publish?' is obvious, and frankly we think the price named excessive. It is nearly as much as the sophist Prodicus extorted from the Athenians. Mr. Le Gallienne apes Keats, and disgraces him by rant and frippery that befit a third-rate actor or a second-hand property-monger; his frenzies are those of a penny-reading reciter; he gushes over a picked blossom; he is a mass of sickly affectations. And then we are regaled with that atrocious 'Good-night (after the Norwegian of Rosencrantz Johnsen),' and its 'the warm dark kiss that only night may see;' and feasted on 'Næra's hair' with its abominable

'O thy body, sweet sweet body,
Let me drink and drink and drink!'

We have waded through him all. His erotics are the very worst, and that is saying a great deal; perhaps they find readers on Southend Pier? In Mr. Dobson's 'Lines to a Stupid Picture' occurs a seasonable stanza—

'Who shall decide where seed is sown?
Maybe some priceless germ was blown
To this unwholesome marish.'

'Maybe!' At any rate Mr. Le Gallienne has talent enough to know better. His 'Frost Fancy'—

'Summer gone, winter here;
Ways are white, stars are clear;
And the sun, a ruddy boy,
All day sliding,
While at night the stars appear
Like skaters gliding
On a mere,'

as well as—

'And

'And the grasshopper, perched upon his blade,
Loud drones his fairy threshing-wheel,'

are evidences of our contention in his favour. Let him lay it to heart.

Yet another of these Fantastics claims our attention.

Mr. Davidson, though abler and wilder, is in sympathy with Mr. Le Gallienne; he has indited an album-verse on 'Hesper Joyce Le Gallienne,' and there is, so to speak, a general 'Le Gallienneity' about him; but he is much more inventive and virile, less puling and hectic. Still he is one of that brotherhood whose note is constantly maudlin and *bizarre*. He too will not discard the 'star-struck moth.' His attitude confronts the commonplace, but it repeatedly suggests the bearing of a *parvenu*, either cringing or aggressive. He likens the good and evil in a man to two spirits riding a double bicycle—which for the exigencies of palpitating actuality, and rhyme, he styles a 'bike'; he sums up materialism as—

'The earth, a flying tumour, wends
Through space all blotched and blown,
With suns and worlds, with odds and ends
Of systems seamed and sewn.'

He tells how 'the thundering scherzo crashes day'; he prates of 'smouldering lilies unconsumed'; the milky way is for him 'Heaven's high Watling Street'; he teems with far-fetched assumptions, he struts in cleverness; and he has ransacked new dictionaries for old words such as 'pickeering,' 'dup,' 'vennels,' 'Kraken,' 'snow-happed,' 'watchet,' 'anomes and clarigold.' We confess to feeling like the townsman who beholds the escaped and passionate nun in his striking ballad—'He thought her some fantastic mask.' Nevertheless, he does try to see life as it is, and poeticize it. He does feel that 'London's a darkling cell where men go mad,' he has written of the daisy, 'O humanest of flowers that grow,' and his perplexed ponderings can at times doff their tragedy queenliness or pasteboard passion, and be more straightforward:—

'Ah, you anachronists!
You poets! It is you,
With mellow purple mists
That shade the dreary view
Of life, a naked precipice
Overhanging death's deep sea.'

But, in the main, there is too much chaos of non-significant 'sound and fury' for his better things to emerge; the terms of
all

all arts, the allusions of all times, the problems of all journalism are mixed and frothed and stirred together in a miscellaneous hotch-potch, whose steam is mistiness, and whose gross, acrid flavour too often smacks of braggart brutality. Modern life is not to be dished up by such a tang as 'The still-voice culture and the Slogan Act.' We fear that his own song is true:—

'We journalists, haughty though hipped,
Are calling our calling names.'

It is very hard for the press-man born, however talented, to enter the kingdom of poetry.

It is a relief to seek shelter in the sequestered avenues of Mrs. Meynell's poetry, mystic, severe, and intent; the relief must be our excuse for inserting our review of it here. She reminds us of Mr. Henley's 'Visitor'; 'And all about her clings an old, sweet smell.' But her absolute subjectivity precludes her from being as effectual as she may become. We will explain ourselves by quoting her beautiful 'Lament' 'To the Beloved Dead':—

'Beloved, thou art like a tune that idle fingers
Play on a window-pane.
The time is there, the form of music lingers;
But O thou sweetest strain,
Where is thy soul? Thou liest i' the wind and rain.
'Even as to him who plays that idle air,
It seems a melody,
For his own soul is full of it, so, my fair,
Dead thou dost live in me,
And all this lonely soul is full of thee.
'Thou song of songs!—not music as before
Unto the outward ear;
My spirit sings thee inly evermore,
Thy falls with tear on tear.
I fail for thee, thou art too sweet, too dear.'

The metaphysical predominates and cramps the flow. This idea of personal in impersonal existence is a favourite with the author. We meet it again in 'Parted'; but when the rein of this philosophic mysticism is relaxed, her poems gain in freedom and clearness, while her sweet and high *timbre* loses nothing either of loftiness or tunefulness. The lines, for example, 'To a Poet,' the 'Song of the Night at Daybreak,' a couplet like

'Only a summer's fate of rain,
And a woman's fate of tears.'

bear out our criticism: Mrs. Meynell dwells in a cloister-garden

garden of inner voices; but the outward voices claim her interpretation too. She secludes herself from the madding crowd whose madness she could solve and heal. We trust she will not take this counsel amiss; it is proffered humbly; for we recognize to the full her high vocation. Neither she nor Mr. Bridges, nor, in a sense, Mr. Dobson, ought to be styled 'minor poets' at all.

Nor, to our thinking, ought Mr. Henley. He is by instinct a poet, not calm, serious, and austere, like the first two, but as fearlessly independent. It is true that his trochaic and anapaestic metres, as well as his manner, frequently recall Heine; indeed, there is one of his poems ending with

'And the Firth as with laughter dimples,—
I would it were deep over me,'

That seems a direct transference from 'Ich wünsch' er schösse mich todt.' But he has applied this manner to modern things—even chimney-pots—with a nervous impressionist realism that we find in no other English verse-writer. He has written little, but it is all excellent; inspiriting even when pessimistic. We shall cite as a general illustration his address 'To R. L. S.'—

'A Child,
Curious and innocent,
Slips from his Nurse, and rejoicing
Loses himself in the Fair.
Thro' the jostle and din
Wandering, he revels,
Dreaming, desiring, possessing;
Till, of a sudden,
Tired and afraid, he beholds
The sordid assemblage
Just as it is; and he runs
With a sob to his nurse
(Lighting at last on him),
And in her motherly bosom
Cries him to sleep.
Thus thro' the World,
Seeing and feeling and knowing,
Goes Man, till at last,
Tired of experience, he turns
To the friendly and comforting breast
Of the old nurse, Death.'

His 'Rhymes and Rhythms,' 'In Hospital,' are quite *sui generis*, and form a feverish study of illness impossible in prose; the words summon up the feelings, so that one realizes the dreams, the despair, the vigils, the hopes, the nurses, the doctors, both

as they are and as they seem. Peruse the impression of an awakening after chloroform, the portrait of the house-surgeon, 'bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn,' or of the patient who has attempted suicide, and both the difficulty and the boldness of the attempt are obvious. And then which of his contemporaries can unite scene and sensation with such vividness of association?—

'Loud lows the steer; in the fallows
Rooks are alert; and the brooks
Gurgle and tinkle and trill. Thro' the gloaming,
Under the rare, shy stars,
Boy and girl wander
Dreaming in darkness and dew.'

'A rush of streaming hedges,
Of jostling lights and shadows,
Of hurtling, hurrying stations,
Of racing woods and meadows.'

He is indeed exceptionally quick to seize the attitude and gesture both of animate and inanimate nature, the very sound of—

'Dripping, dropping in a rhythm,
Rough unequal, half-melodious,
Like the measures aped from Nature
In the infancy of music.'

summons back the whole impress on wakefulness, of a cistern leaking 'at the barren heart of midnight;' while such excerpts as—

'Cloud-shadow and scudding sun-burst
Were swift on the floor of the sea.'

'A sombre, sagging sky
Of tossed and tumbled wrack.'

'And among the bleaching linen
Goes the west at hide-and-seek.'

'His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties.'

'Her little face is like a walnut-shell
With wrinkling lines.'

surely indicate no common power of presentment. His command of metre and *nuances*, at all times remarkable, is especially so in the Ballades and Sonnets, where the ingenuity of the rhyme is barely perceptible. The whole of this tiny volume is alive with

'A laughing

'A laughing thought, a golden gleam,
A hint of hidden loveliness,'

and the burden of its lesson is that life

'At whatever source we drink it,
Art or love or faith or wine,
In whatever terms we think it,
It is common and divine.'

That he has not soared higher, that he seldom breaks loose from the peep-show of sensation, is the consequence of this burden; but that he never descends below his own level is no small virtue. He probes a little of existence keenly and profoundly; if, like a diver, he rises instantly and perforce to the surface, he has none the less fathomed his particle of the depth.

The lesser poets must now cease to be investigated, and the least demand a passing mention. Messrs. Ashby Sterry, Sims, and Clement Scott (we class them by priority of merit) have thought fit to publish occasional verse that has appeared in comic papers. We shall best review them *en bloc* by a ditty in their own style which has not, as yet, graced the columns either of 'Punch' or 'The Referee':—

'Whenever these gentlemen quit the black city
For Margate, for Brighton, spa German, hill Swiss,
They dash off (if editors order) a ditty—
If editors publish, a ditty like this.

'Whenever these gentlemen read of a topic—
A typical vagrant or nuisance or bliss,
They dish it (if editors wink) into "copy,"—
If editors wish it, in "copy" like this.

'Whenever these gentlemen think a thing pretty,
Be 't garden, or Christmas, or simpering miss,
They say so (if paid) in a duck of a ditty,—
If sentiment's cheap, in a ditty like this.

'But whenever their editors quit the black city,
Oh! These gentlemen, reckless of praise or of hiss,
Sit and scribble a doggerel of nothing,—a ditty,—
If the printer's imp lets them, a ditty like this.'

Mr. Traill is of a much superior calibre—a political satirist who is always neat and never gaudy—an epigrammatic essayist in verse; designed in his own words 'To sing, not croak—for swan, and not for frog.' Are not his polemics written in the book of the 'Saturday Review'? As for his parodies, they follow the old-fashioned lines of 'Rejected Addresses,' and they

they are as far in advance of the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads' as Aytoun was of his collaborator.

'When "loon"'s been used and "shoon" and "spoon,"
And "stiver" sounded "stiver";
Pity the bard reduced to "coon,"
And left alone with "liver!"'

But what, finally, are we to say of the poet laureate? We are reminded of a story about Cherubini at a first rehearsal of his pupil's opera. '*Mais, Maestro, vous ne dites rien,*' was Halévy's exclamation at the master's silence. '*Ni vous aussi,*' was the dry rejoinder. The fact is that Mr. Austin has said nothing, though he has said it nicely. 'A Dialogue at Fiesole' is like an extract from 'Friends in Council' done into iambics, but it contains a pretty passage:—

'Look when the vines are linking hands, and seem
As pausing from the dance of spring, . . .'

And in 'Outside the Village Church' occurs—

'I saw,
Beyond the pasture's withered bents,
Upstanding hop, recumbent fleece,
And sheaves of wheat, like weathered tents,
A twilight bivouac of peace.'

'Scented Stillness,' too, is a suggestive echo. So is,

' . . . a something subtle all around
Came floating on the rising dew,
And sweetness took the place of sound.'

Indeed, his feeling for effect in landscape is much beyond his power of reflection. His philosophastering or martial strains are at best neutral, constantly insignificant in the extreme. He seems to us a lady-like painter in water-colours; and of his work as a whole, judged by any stern criterion, we are obliged to repeat his own words in 'A Woman's Apology':—

'Tis only the barren breakers that bellow on barren shore,
'Tis only the braggart thunders that rumble and rage and roar;
Like a wave is the love that babbles.'

It would be unfair to look for great poetry from minor poets; it is only when they are arrogant that we have felt mercy to be misplaced. And we have found in them much more than we expected; not an immensity, but, in five instances at least, a true intensity of talent. Though Hippocrene be condemned by the sanitary surveyor, and the muses have been temporarily evicted

evicted from their dismantled temple to hob-nob with the physiologist and the photographer, they will not always remain shrinkingly self-conscious; they will revert to their ancient splendour; diffusion is the order of the day, but reaction is also a law of nature.

The performance of our minor poets has been manifold. It leaves us dissatisfied even where we admire; impatient, bewildered, expectant in an atmosphere of intermezzo. We seem to sit waiting in the vast theatre of art. The house is crowded. There is a sing-song of prelude; the orchestra are aimlessly attuning their instruments. But, instead of the customary curtain, hangs a huge sheet of looking-glass that mirrors the refracted lights, the motley decorations, the self-regarding multitude. Ever and anon, through some upper window, steals a welcome breath of the summer night, wafting a dull murmur of the babel beyond; there is even the reflection of a star on that mimic reduplication of the scene;—a scene gladly mistaken by some, especially the critics, for the drama itself. But all the while we are aware that the real play is behind. The prompter's bell will ring; the glass curtain will rise; and the half-heard outer life, the half-felt inner life will be set on the stage by a master-hand. The audience itself holds the germ of the play; and the first to realize that audience will be the commanding poet of the future.

ART. III.—1. *Histoire Générale de Paris. La Bastille. Histoire et Description des Bâtimens—Administration—Régime de la Prison—Événemens historiques.* Par Fernand Bournon. Paris, 1893.

2. *Archives de la Bastille.* Documents inédits recueillis et publiés par François Ravaisson, Conservateur-adjoint à la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Tomes I.—XVII. Paris, 1866.

WE have at length all the materials before us for a complete history of the Bastille, which it is not a little singular should have been wanting until quite a recent period. Under the old *régime* the subject was a dangerous one to touch, and the publication of the fictitious narratives of Linguet and Latude was in itself a symptom of the growing freedom of thought and action which culminated in the revolution. At the storming of the Bastille its muniments were dispersed—many of them were wantonly destroyed, others became a prey to the industrious pillage of antiquarians; others, which had fallen into indifferent hands (as the people, we are told, were then tolerably honest), were given up to a Commission whose promised reproduction of their contents was but one of the many abandoned projects of that turbulent time. Under the pressure of more exciting events interest in the Bastille completely died out. Its ruins were removed, all trace of its site obliterated, its records had disappeared, its very ground-plan was so hopelessly lost that Carlyle searched vainly for an intelligible account of it. Now all is restored to us in the volumes of M. Ravaisson and M. Bournon, and we have an embarrassing wealth of original documents and of connected history, illustrated by plans of the fortress at different periods, and enlightened by the exact and ample knowledge of French history which each of the authors before us brings to his task.

If M. Bournon's handsome folio is a fair specimen of the series, issued under the title of '*Histoire Générale de Paris*,' by the *Édilité Parisienne*, we must heartily congratulate that august body on so admirable a performance of a patriotic task. Alike in the style and beauty of its plates and printing, in the completeness of its idea and execution, in the richness and variety of the notes, and the *pièces justificatives* with which it is so largely furnished, and lastly, in the moderate cost at which it is supplied, M. Bournon's volume is truly a model of what such a history ought to be. Nor is M. Ravaisson's work less praiseworthy, if less outwardly attractive. Not only from the closet of the Arsenal Library, whence the first batch of police reports was unearthed, but from every available quarter, including our

English national archives, M. Ravaillon has gathered materials heretofore unpublished which cast a flood of light upon the great French prison, until he has filled the seventeen large octavos now before us. The papers relating to a special criminal or series of crimes are occasionally grouped together, although chronological order is as far as possible observed; each special period is introduced by a Preface, sometimes of exceptional merit; condensed but lucid notes clear up what might otherwise be obscure; and of the hundreds of names incidentally mentioned hardly one fails of its brief but adequate account. We very gratefully and cordially offer our thanks for the unsparing labour which has so largely helped to lighten our task.

The first result of the study of these authentic documents is the explosion of many traditional misrepresentations. The Bastille was not a place in which exceptional cruelties were practised, nor where prisoners were confined in loathsome dungeons, or left to perish in dark *oubliettes*. In a history which stretches over four centuries and a half,—during a large portion of which theories of prison discipline prevailed widely different from those of our own day—there are of course some lamentable pages. Instances of individual oppression, cases of prisoners overlooked, victims of harsh discipline and unrelenting despotism, will meet us. Torture here as elsewhere was resorted to in the effort to wring out the truth from atrocious criminals. But such examples of severity and oppression are not proportionately more numerous in the Bastille than in other prisons. The fabled *oubliettes* have been shown in most instances to have been ice-houses or cellars; and many circumstantially recorded fantasies have faded, like the killing of Pelisson's spider, before the keen light of modern critical investigation. The privations Latude asserted he had endured are now classed, with the complaints of his fellow-sufferer Linguet, as the calumnies of angry men eager for notoriety; and alike for the sufficiency of its provision for the prisoners' wants and for the humanity of its gaolers, the Bastille merits an honourable mention amongst the French kings' houses.

Yet, although more accurate knowledge has dispelled many fables respecting confinement in the Bastille, public sentiment did not err in identifying it with the absolutism of the French monarchy. The Bastille was in truth the citadel of despotism. However benevolent or indulgent its discipline, it was pre-eminently *the King's house*, to which those were sent whom he desired to withdraw from the jurisdiction of Parliament, and where any man might be confined without right of gaol delivery

at the King's pleasure, or that of his ministers. A simple *lettre de cachet*—they were signed in blank and could be filled in with any name as required—was sufficient warrant for consigning any French subject to the prison, to which the secrecy of the arrest and its attendant circumstances lent a mysterious terror. It was generally after dark when prisoners were taken to the Bastille, the carriage being sometimes driven by a circuitous route in order to conceal its destination; and M. Bournon quotes an instance in which a prisoner offered a turnkey fifty louis to tell him where he was being confined. On arrival at the gates the drawbridges were let down, and the guard through which the newcomer passed hid their faces in their hands as he was conducted before the Governor. Even the scrupulous examination of the royal warrant—for admission was only granted after careful investigation—increased the sense of solemn mystery, which was also fostered by the exactness of the inventory drawn up of the prisoner's effects, the rigorous search of his person, which occasionally led to scenes of deplorable violence, and the severe examination of the prisoner on oath, which preceded his introduction to his solitary cell. No such severity was practised in cases of correction for misbehaviour, but with criminals—and the term then embraced a wide category of offences real and imaginary—the most common form of ministerial direction to the Governor was that he should permit no living soul to have communication with the newcomer, and that all use of pens, ink, and paper should be absolutely denied him. Even when permission to take exercise in the courtyard was granted, the prisoner was compelled instantly to hide in a recess every time that another person, though only a passing servant, entered the yard. Add to this that those detained in the Bastille were frequently arrested under feigned names, and the mystery which enclosed them became impenetrable.

Nor was the popular imagination less inflamed by the significant silence observed by those who were released from the cells of the royal prison. In obedience to the King's order every one on leaving had to sign a solemn obligation to speak to no one, in any manner whatsoever, about the prisoners or anything else in the Bastille, which might have come to his knowledge. When a death occurred—and from various causes such an event was but too frequent—it was carefully hushed up, the funeral obsequies were performed by night, and the burial frequently registered under a supposititious name. No stranger was allowed to visit the place—a rule to which but one exception is recorded, even Peter the Great being refused admission. Men spoke of

it with bated breath, as of a forbidden topic, until it passed into a proverb that it was safer to be silent than to talk of the Bastille: and the historians of Paris were pointedly brief in their accounts, as witness the following notice of it by Sainte Foix:—‘The Bastille is a castle, which without being strong, is one of the most formidable in Europe, and of which I will say nothing.’

We do not propose to dwell at any length on the construction of the buildings or upon the manner of administration of the Bastille. Originally a small fort designed to defend the river at the point where it enters Paris against the incursions of the English, when Charles V. began to fortify the city with a wall, the position became an important one, and additional towers were added until there were eight of them ranged on opposite sides of an irregular parallelogram, protected by thick connecting walls, by an *enceinte* flanked with bastions and bordered by deep ditches which were filled by the Seine at flood-tide. Although the citizens contributed largely to its erection the Bastille soon became part of the royal domains and a special object of royal care. It early acquired high prestige as the key to the possession of the capital.

‘No one,’ says M. Ravaisson, ‘dared to attack it, it was held to be invulnerable. So the first care of the victors was to buy the Bastille. Ordinarily the Governor, who had paid for it, sold it at the highest price, and thus contrived to reimburse his outlay. When the Fronde succumbed, Louvière, the son of Broussel, sold it like the others; but he wanted the pretence of a siege to hide his defection. The besiegers dared not attack it; and the batteries were drawn up out of range. In all capitals, the fate of the town seems limited to one special point, and in times of trouble the seizure of that point often decides the fate of dynasties. The Bastille was this point for Paris, and consequently for France. The master of the Bastille was the master of the country.’ (‘Archives,’ i. p. ix.)

In its twofold character of fortress and prison the Bastille presents an epitome of French national history. Among its governors will be found the names of Sir John Falstaff and Lord Willoughby D’Eresby, during the English occupation; of the Duc de Guise under Henry III., and of Sully under the Béarnais; of the Marshals Bassompierre, Vitry and l’Hôpital; of the upstart Duc de Luynes and the Duc de Luxembourg; of St. Mars the gaoler of the Iron Mask, and Launey who was foully massacred when the Bastille was stormed. Within its cells Cardinal Balue was confined before he passed to the horrible retribution at Loches of eleven years in the cage of his own invention; and here, too, was the prison

prison of other leading victims of Louis XI.'s reign, the Constable St. Pol and the Duc de Nemours. The proudest traditions of the French bar are represented in its archives, by the imprisonment and execution of Anne du Bourg for boldly upholding the rights of conscience and liberty of speech, and in the arrest of fifty members of Parliament with Harlay and de Thou, whose long procession was followed by the benisons of their fellow-citizens, who at the sight of so humiliating a spectacle could not restrain their tears. Protestants and Jansenists—literally by hundreds—bore the sternest penalties of its discipline rather than open by one craven word the doors of chambers hallowed by the sufferings and death of Bernard Palissy and the peaceful study of Sacy in translating Holy Writ into his mother tongue. The proudest rebel and the meanest criminal in turn went forth to execution through its gates; not infrequently those who had once ruled the prison were among its captives. During the long reign of Louis XIV. the records of the Bastille furnish a connected history of the internal administration of the country, and at times it was filled to overflowing. Financiers and poisoners; dissipated nobles and dissolute women; duellists and insubordinate officers in either arm of the service; forgers, coiners, quacks, sorcerers; miscreants of every shade in the original meaning of that baleful epithet, from the fanatic assessor that the Pope was Antichrist to the incautious champion who exaggerated by a hair's breadth the statutory recognition of Papal authority; libellers and librarians, the authors and publishers of writings touching on a long list of prohibited subjects, sacred and profane; a sprinkling of madmen and swarms of spies, were all immured in its towers. The vindictive influence of Madame de Pompadour and the crime of spilling one drop of the sacred blood of an anointed king are amply illustrated in the imprisonment of Latude and the brutal tortures inflicted on Damiens. Whilst the milder rule of Louis XVI., brought out into strong relief by the courteous treatment of Cardinal de Rohan under suspicion of complicity in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, is more strikingly established by the empty chambers of the Bastille, in which only seven prisoners were confined at the moment of its fall.

Contemporary records have rescued from oblivion the details of two incidents of prison life in the Bastille under Louis XI. The first describes the escape of Antoine de Chabannes, Comte de Dammartin, which is recorded with the picturesque simplicity of the period. It relates how the wife of Chabannes, pining at her husband's long detention, reproached his bastard brother
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with the supineness of the Count's retainers, and moved him to devote himself, body and goods, to effect his freedom. The visit of the bastard and Voyau to the prison; the discussion of plans which Chabannes was at first reluctant to entertain; the lax discipline of the gaolers, save one who was despatched at the critical moment to Saint Geneviève to borrow the prior's Bible; the procuring of a line from the officials under pretext of fishing in the moat; the discovery of a large unbarred window in one of the towers, which made Voyau exclaim, 'Monseigneur, God is on our side!'; the rash attempt on a moonlight night, and the chance discovery of a boat, which no one had had the forethought to provide, moored to the further side of the moat,—are all vividly described. It was midwinter with heavy snow and hail, and bitterly cold, but Voyau stripped himself naked and plunged into the water to fetch the boat. As he was breaking through its chain fastenings a window in the Bastille was opened, and he had to crouch hurriedly behind the boat's side to escape detection. At length the craft was steered beneath the open window, and one end of the cord was let down from the window and fastened to it; the bastard and Voyau, who had put on his clothes again, commended themselves with all their hearts to St. Nicholas, and the rescue was completed. The Count was subsequently restored to royal favour, and it is to the King's secretary, Jean le Clerc, that we are indebted for these details, the authenticity of which he expressly guarantees.

The second incident concerns the imprisonment of Guillaume de Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, and the Duc de Nemours. The Bishop, like his friend Cardinal Balue, had invented a special cage as a place of punishment, and like him, too, spent many years in suffering of his own devising. Those who are curious about such particulars may read an exact specification of its construction, with the size of its massive and dovetailed beams, the length and strength of its iron bands, the weight and cost of the materials required, and the wages of the various workmen employed, all minutely recorded in the statement sent in by the Provost of Paris for 1475 to the royal treasury. The expense of the cage itself and of preparing a room for its reception amounted to 367 livres 8 sols and 3 deniers parisais. It had been fixed in a chamber of one of the towers of the Bastide de Saint Anthoine à Paris, in front of the gate; in the which cage, says the document, has been placed and is detained a prisoner by the King's command, the aforesaid Lord Bishop of Verdun. In this receptacle, 9 feet long by 8 wide, and 7 feet in height, the unhappy prelate spent eleven years,

years, and was then released with a gift of 500 francs. A more tragic ending closed the career of the Duc de Nemours, whose terrible sufferings—the penalty of inexcusable ingratitude and treason—seemed mocked by the outlay allowed in virtue of his lofty rank. Here are some of the items. Jacques Hemon, glazier, for three panes of white glass put into the torture chamber of the Bastille. Jehan Marchant, resident in Paris, for 34 lengths (*toises*) of matting used to mat all round the room in which the Duc de Nemours lived, and for 29 ells and a half of baize to hang round the cage within which the said Duke slept at 8 sols 9 deniers the ell. André du Cabas for payments to masons and carpenters who have put the torture chamber in order for things necessary. It is singular to read of such provision for a prisoner concerning whom Louis XI. gave express orders that he should never be let out of his cage except to be tortured, that he should be racked severely to make him reveal his fellow-conspirators plainly, and whose death after two years of such misery in the Bastille he enforced by appointing a packed commission for his trial.

In 1584 a second attempt to escape from the Bastille is recorded. The prisoner, a Gascon gentleman named du Mesnil, had killed and robbed a courier who was carrying 30,000 crowns in pearls and money into Italy. His accomplices, two common soldiers, were hung in the market, but their leader, the most guilty of the party, was committed to the Bastille with special charge to the Governor that he should treat him well. Three weeks or more of confinement, however, exhausted du Mesnil's patience, so with the straw from his mattress and such wood as he could collect he set the door of his cell on fire, burst through and along the corridor, and seizing the rope of a well in the courtyard, one end of which he fastened to the wheel of a cannon, let himself down by it into the moat. Although du Mesnil had lengthened the well-rope by another made from his sheets and the rest of his bed covering, it proved too short, and he fell upon and hung suspended by the shoulder on the spike of a window grating. His cries brought assistants, who took him back to his cell, where he thenceforth was more carefully guarded.

During the stormy days when the League was master of Paris the Bastille witnessed the death of one of the most illustrious in the long catalogue of its prisoners. In the year 1590 Bernard Palissy, whose sole crime was being a Protestant, perished there when eighty years old, 'de misère, nécessité et mauvais traitement':—

'This good man,' adds Pierre de l'Estoile, 'left me, on his death-bed,

bed, what he called his philosopher's stone, which he assured me was a skull that lapse of years had converted to stone, with another with which he used to work on his productions: these two stones are in my cabinet, and I love and guard them carefully in memory of that good old greybeard, whom I loved and succoured in his necessity, not, indeed, as I would, but as best I could. The aunt of this worthy man, who brought me the said stones, returning thither on the morrow, to see how he was, found that he was dead; and Bussi (the captain of the Bastille) told her that if she wished to see him she would find him with his dogs on the rampart, whither he had had him dragged like a dog as he was.' (Bournon, '*La Bastille*,' p. 115.)

Under the rule of the same ruthless Governor there took place the incarceration of the Parliament of Paris, already referred to. Through long-established usage the highest respect had deservedly enshrouded this august tribunal, and even the princes of the blood had been wont to lay down their swords before entering the Assembly Hall, so that the public indignation was unbounded, when Bussy Leclerc, who had been one of its subordinates, marched into the chamber at the head of an armed rabble and ordered the immediate registration of a decree releasing all Frenchmen from their oath of fidelity to the King. On their refusal Bussy began to read out the names of those he intended to arrest, beginning with Harlay, when de Thou at once interrupted him, 'It is useless to read any more; we are all ready to follow our chief.' Descending majestically from their seats, clad in their brilliant robes of office, and wearing their caps with golden tassels, these representatives of the supreme Courts of Justice marched two and two, over fifty in number, surrounded by soldiers, to the Bastille. The archives do not give us details of the imprisonment of Harlay, Monsieur and Madame de Thou, and the seventeen of their colleagues who were detained in custody. It was Bussy Leclerc's habit to extract the largest possible bribes from his prisoners—a task in which his wife sedulously aided him.

'Although prisoners had orders to leave,' says one authority, 'they did not go until it was the pleasure of Monseigneur de Bussy, to whom, in addition to the three, four, or five crowns he exacted each day per head, it was necessary to give pearls or chains of gold for Madam.'

Amongst the original documents given in M. Bournon's Appendices are two complete lists of prisoners detained in the Bastille. To the first of these—the earliest of such records known to be in existence, and now first published—the conjectural date of 1643 has been affixed, and a number of names

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on it are marked with a dark cross, which is supposed to indicate that they were detained by order of Cardinal Richelieu. The Marshals Vitry and Bassompierre, the Count de Cramail, Sr. de Pleinville, described as an *espion double*, are thus distinguished. Of the other fifty some are accused of treason against the State, others of evil designs against the Cardinal; the Marquis d'Assigny, under sentence of death which has been commuted to perpetual imprisonment; several hermits whose crimes are not entered; a couple of coiners and a number of mad folk figure in the record, which also contains names marked as, *meschant diable*, *prestre extravagant*, and *accusé de beaucoup de crimes*. The second catalogue was supplied by the Governor, M. Besmaus, in 1661 to Colbert, and shows that all the cells were then occupied. The causes of detention are very varied and include some we should hardly expect to find in such company, such as the Vicar of Clichy, a madman, who shouts in the streets to stir up sedition; a man named Didier, who annoys the King, and calls him his crony; M. de Bernier, who behaves ill to his mother and brothers, and wants to kill everybody; and M. de Cluzelles, who has married three wives, but is strongly recommended by the queen mother. Conspirators of every grade naturally find a place in the State prison, as well as financiers who have robbed the Treasury in a thousand ways. Priests convicted of impiety—in one instance Cardinal Mazarin has quashed the proceedings to avoid the consequent scandal—appear on the roll as well as a whole batch of gazette writers, who are imprisoned until they can find sureties to be responsible for their behaviour. This class henceforward furnishes numerous recruits to the Bastille, and the next year we find the King writing a general order to Besmaus to receive all the unlicensed *gazetiers* the Commissioners of Police may send him.

The first two volumes of the 'Archives' find their chief interest in the famous trial of Fouquet, the Superintendent-General of Finance, upon the twofold charge of peculation and high treason. The story might serve as a crucial instance of the instability of royal favour and the uncertainty of human happiness. From the highest pinnacle of power, from the possession of almost fabulous wealth, from the society of the foremost of his day in literature and in character, Fouquet fell without a moment's warning into a prison where he spent over twenty years in solitary captivity, and where he died. The length and dignity of his sufferings may have warped men's judgment concerning him, but his latest biographer, M. Lair, in his elaborate and interesting monograph absolutely acquits him

him of treason, and attempts to absolve him from the main charge of misappropriation of public money. We think the facts cannot support so favourable a conclusion, and it seems impossible that he should have amassed such gigantic sums as he spent by strictly honourable dealing; but the circumstances of the period afforded statesmen the opportunity for amassing riches of which few were too scrupulous to take advantage, and enormous fortunes were made, not only by grand viziers like Richelieu and Mazarin, but by ministers under vigilant royal control like Colbert and Louvois. In his admirable Introduction to the second volume of the 'Archives,' M. Ravaisson gives a lucid explanation of the rise of the financiers, and of the causes of their universal unpopularity. It must suffice here to remind our readers that Fouquet was the leviathan financier in a day when a recklessly extravagant Court and an empty exchequer made the services of a Chancellor, who should be fertile and not too scrupulous in expedients, absolutely indispensable, and that Mazarin, under whom Fouquet first served, was oftentimes imperiously urgent in his demands for money, and always utterly indifferent as to the methods by which it was obtained.

We have no space to relate the story of the rivalry between Fouquet and Colbert, and of the growing distrust entertained of the former by Mazarin, who was prevented by the pressure of more important business from accomplishing Fouquet's ruin. With his dying breath the Cardinal urged the youthful monarch to rid himself of a subject whose magnificence threatened to overshadow that of the King himself. In truth the splendour and influence of the Superintendent-General of Finance were such as to excite the envy of a far less jealous prince than Louis XIV. The minister's influence was ubiquitous, and his wealth apparently inexhaustible. Officers in high command both naval and military; half the male and all the female courtiers; all the poets and painters and men of science; the Parliament and the financiers, with a host of civil servants and recipients of his bounty, were supporters of Fouquet. Besides his hotel in Paris and his château of St. Mandé, he was building a palace at Vaux which surpassed Fontainebleau in magnificence, and he held an independent fortress at Belle Isle off the coast of Brittany. Did no misgiving that he was making a dangerous display suggest his orders that most of the thousand men at work on the construction of Vaux should be employed elsewhere during a passing visit from the Cardinal? Did no treasonable purpose—bred of the contagious lawlessness inherited from the Fronde and the exaltation begotten of boundless wealth under a youthful King—
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prompt the fortification of Belle Isle, and the strange memoir drawn up with his own hand used with such damning effect against him at his trial? On the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV., whilst declaring that he intended henceforth to rule in person, spared no artifice to lull all suspicion of his ill-will towards Foucquet, lavished every flattering attention upon him, and even recommended Colbert to his patronage. Every step was taken with the utmost precaution, and Louis in after years told the Dauphin that no event in his long reign had caused him so much anxiety. Foucquet's position as Superintendent-General of Finance gave him immense influence, which it was dangerous openly to assail; could he be persuaded voluntarily to resign it? The crafty Colbert undertook and succeeded in alluring him to the sacrifice, and Louis with well feigned graciousness accepted the million livres paid for the office from the hands of the man he had determined to destroy.

Meanwhile the King redoubled his caresses, and the abundant warnings addressed to Foucquet fell on heedless ears. Louis had invited himself to an entertainment at Vaux, with the design of arresting its owner on the spot which afforded the most flagrant proof of his embezzlements. All the artists employed in after years upon Versailles had been engaged in its construction, Le Vau, Le Brun, Le Nôtre, even Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel*. Four villages had been purchased and levelled to form its gardens; a grand canal and miles of pipes supplied its aqueducts and fountains; and Marshal Villars, who bought the *château* from Foucquet's heirs, sold at one transaction some lead used in this manner for 490,000 francs. A theatrical representation, for which Molière's 'Les Facheux' was written, was included in the programme, and was followed by a grand display of fireworks. It was remembered that Foucquet's crest and motto, a squirrel with the legend 'Quo non ascendam,' was obtrusively conspicuous on the walls of Vaux, whose total cost was equal to nearly a million and a half sterling of our money.

Only a week after the fêtes at Vaux, Foucquet set out for Nantes, where Louis had finally determined that he should be arrested. He was suffering from intermittent fever, but he started (August 31, 1661) a day before the King, who had already made the minutest and most secret arrangements for his capture. No sign of the coming storm darkened the horizon. Foucquet took his place as usual at the Council, and to show that nothing important was pending, it was announced that at its close, on September 5, the King would go a-hunting. As he left the royal presence and was stepping into his sedan chair, Foucquet was surrounded by a company of musketeers under Artagnan,

Artagnan, whose instructions were precise and peremptory in every detail. Artagnan was not to lose sight of his prisoner for a moment, not to allow him to exchange a word with any one, nor even to put his hands into his pockets lest he should conceal or destroy any papers on his person. The allowance of a basin of soup on his starting, the place where they should stop to dine, the number and quality of his escort, the sort of chamber (looking if possible on the castle moat) in which he should be confined, the way in which his table should be served, and the provision for defraying all expenses, were all marked out. Not a word or a scrap of writing was to pass to or from the prisoner without His Majesty's express command, and the strictest scrutiny was to be kept over fire and food, dress and linen, lest any of these should be the vehicle of communication with the outer world. A guard of a hundred men was to keep unremitting watch at the castle at Angers—Fouquet's first place of imprisonment—over the fallen minister, from whom Artagnan was to demand an order for the immediate surrender of Belle Isle, whither eight companies of French soldiers and four Swiss regiments were despatched with orders to march night and day. The King affirmed he entrusted his secret to no one but Le Tellier, and the clerks who copied his instructions were kept under lock and key.

Louis had expressly designed to effect a *coup de théâtre* by bringing down Fouquet when at the zenith of his prosperity, and he succeeded. The courtiers were thunderstruck, and no one knew who might be the next victim. Men spoke with bated breath at Nantes, when Louis despatched a courier to Fontainebleau to inform the two queens, and desired that no one else should write anything on the subject. Brienne scarcely dared to name it to his own father. A host of arrests followed, including the whole staff of the finance minister's allies and assistants, and nearly sixty of them were incarcerated in the Bastille. The loving request of Mme. Fouquet to share her husband's imprisonment and minister to his failing health was sternly refused, and his physician and his valet only obtained permission to attend him on condition of sharing his captivity and being excluded from all communication beyond the castle walls.

Despite all these precautions Fouquet had been able at the moment of his arrest to utter one warning word, 'A Saint Mandé,'* to his friend Codure the financier, who sent off La Forêt, Fouquet's valet-de-chambre, so expeditiously that he

* Saint Mandé was Fouquet's usual residence.

outstripped

outstripped the royal courier, and is believed to have destroyed many compromising documents. Meanwhile the financiers were flying in every direction, and their agents were forbidden to complete any monetary transaction in virtue of Fouquet's orders. Pelisson was arrested at Nantes with large credits in his possession. The leading financiers of the day were Fouquet's creditors for huge amounts, and as no one could tell whether his bills would be met or the discharges he had given would be recognized, or the taxes levied under his authority would be credited to those who had paid them, a general panic ensued. The flow of money into the Treasury suddenly stopped, and the crisis was alarming, when the Duc de Mazarin opportunely replenished the King's empty exchequer with a loan of two million livres. It was offered in the wonted language of exaggerated loyalty then in vogue. The duke was dying with anxiety for a crumb of the royal favour. He wished his bones were full of gold, that he might break them, and pour it out at the King's feet.

The suddenness and secrecy of the arrest, and the extraordinary measures adopted to overpower any resistance, show what apprehensions filled the King's mind; but, beyond the wide circle of Fouquet's personal friends, every one rejoiced at a step which stopped the plunder of the public Treasury. Rumour was soon busy with accounts of discoveries at the fallen man's different mansions, and of the enormous sums he was said to have embezzled. At Saint Mandé was found a contract to pay 120,000 louis yearly to some one whose name was left in blank by those who had taken the latest renting of the *gabelle*, but little else was discoverable. The state of the place, wrote M. Poncet, the Royal Commissioner, to Seguier, might be summed up in four words—modest furniture, a good library, a beautiful orangery, and confused papers. One highly compromising document, which seemed to premeditate treason, was unearthed at Belle Isle, but in the absence of any overt act it was open to the explanation which Fouquet suggested. It were impossible here to enter upon elaborate questions of account, rendered yet more obscure by the strange methods of financing which were then employed. All the shifts resorted to by bankrupt South American republics were at that day practised by the foremost state in Christendom, with the added complication that the capitalist who brought out the State loans on the money market was at the same time the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accounted for all receipts and disbursements. Loans raised at ruinous rates followed by suspension of payment or forced lowering of the interest;
Treasury

Treasury bills given instead of deferred interest (when due), and even these dishonoured when presented and bought up at a huge discount by Fouquet's secret agents, to be paid by him at their face value into the Treasury against his own liabilities; secret bargains with the farmers of the taxes to the detriment of the public purse; sale of public offices whose holders mortgaged them to Fouquet, even bishoprics being paid for with ready money or with a charge upon their benefices; advances to the King on scandalous terms and concealed under feigned names; and such manipulation of the public accounts that all the worthless paper went into the Exchequer, and all the hard cash into Fouquet's pocket; such were the various counts of the indictment preferred against the fallen minister.

An amusing incident, revealed in a stray letter preserved in the National Library, relieves the solemn monotony of the archives. About six weeks after Fouquet's arrest a quarrel arose between two *bourgeois* at Autueil, and before they could be separated their hats fell off, and in the heat of the moment they were changed without the owners being aware of it. The case was brought before the Bailli, and the eagerness with which one of the parties pressed to have his own hat returned led the officer to examine it. He found that it contained a false bottom, within which was concealed an inventory of M. Fouquet's property of every kind, and the names of his secret agents. Needless to say that the owner—one Forcoal, a clerk of one of Fouquet's chief secretaries—was forthwith transferred to the Bastille.

A special Chamber of Justice, nominated by royal edict, in violation of the prescriptive rights of the Parliament of Paris and the accused, was appointed to try Fouquet and his fellow-prisoners. Despite the King's indecent urgency, the proceedings, which occupy fully half of M. Lair's work, and fill nearly two of M. Ravaisson's volumes, were protracted over three years, and ended in a verdict of a heavy fine and perpetual banishment, which Louis changed into imprisonment for life. The details of the trial, with its endless series of interrogatories and affidavits and rejoinders, are only of interest to the general reader, as they bring out the many high qualities which Fouquet undoubtedly possessed, and which perhaps unduly influence us in his favour. However spoiled Fouquet may have been by inordinate prosperity, he bore the test of adversity manfully. Something of sterling worth there must have been in one who could retain, despite his plain features, his insignificant stature and even his numerous intrigues,

intrigues, the touching fidelity of his wife and the unwavering attachment of many friends; who could win the confidence and good will of all who came in contact with him—confessors, gaolers, doctors—within his prison walls; who could maintain with undisturbed serenity and against overwhelming odds his own cause, himself unaided by the documents necessary for his defence, all of which were exclusively in the hands of the prosecution; who could merit the testimony of Saint Mars—to whose guardianship he was committed—that he had visited him at all hours and had employed confidential valets to spy on his privacy, but that he was always calm and self-possessed, even when broken down with sickness, and that he spent all the time spared from his defence upon books of devotion and acts of piety.

The history of the Bastille is (at least during the reign of Louis XIV. and his successor) the history of the administration of France. Crime, finance, morals, religion, home and foreign policy, even domestic life are all illustrated by its archives. The Bastille was a veritable house of correction, and its inmates may be regarded as so many naughty children under the paternal government of Louis XIV., whose maxim '*L'État c'est moi*' derives immense force and enlarged scope through the perusal of its records. For all shades of erroneous opinion, as well as for every degree of criminal behaviour, the Bastille was the universal corrective. Violations of military discipline by officers of the higher grades as yet only in the course of training for the strict obedience now universally observed to the articles of war, breaches of court etiquette, especially in the matter of duelling, the outrageously murderous and prevalent midnight brawls in the streets of Paris by bands which rivalled the excesses of the Mohawks in London; Huguenots and Jansenists, literally by hundreds, whose unrelenting persecution gave birth to the new crime of '*porteur des Protestants hors du royaume*;' literary offences in bewildering variety under elastic indictments of libel and heresy and treason, from the publication of a pamphlet supposed to impugn the Papal Bull *Unigenitus* to the circulation of scandalous court gossip in gazettes sent round in manuscript to eager crowds of readers; forgery, calumny, immorality, quackery, sorcery, impiety,—under all these heads of accusation we find men and women imprisoned in the Bastille. A little later, when England and Holland are at war with France, a number of spies throng its cells; whilst among the more exceptional misdemeneants are included a too arrogant sculptor and a registrator of corn—esteemed a serious crime in days of terrible scarcity—as well as prisoners charged with the guilt

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of exporting artisans from France to foreign lands, and of attempting to destroy the French navy at Toulon by means of an infernal machine. From so miscellaneous a catalogue we pass to consider some of the more striking occurrences which the archives reveal to us.

Four of M. Ravaisson's volumes are engrossed by documents bearing on 'the affair of the poisonings,' and pourtray a condition of society which might well be deemed incredible. At the moment when the glory of France was at its zenith, when the peace of Nimeguen had established Louis as arbiter of the destinies of Europe, when the arms of Turenne, and the eloquence of Bossuet, and the genius of Molière, were the theme of the most brilliant court in Europe, when the King himself, whatever his private failings, was ever in public the model of politeness and propriety, a series of arrests revealed the appalling degree in which every class of social life in France—the magistracy, the noblesse, the court up to the very steps of the throne—was honeycombed with crime of the greatest enormity. The first note of warning was sounded by the curés of Paris, who reported the frequency with which women were acknowledging in the confessional the poisoning of their husbands. The examination of those first accused led to further developments, until the portentous extent of the atrocities induced the King, who was always jealous of the authority of the Parliament, and who had some reason to fear that it might not adequately grapple with the mischief, to appoint a special commission—the *Chambre-Ardente*—to deal with the poisoners. This manner of procedure brought the affair under immediate royal jurisdiction, and enabled Louis so to handle it as to avoid, as far as might be, the scandal it might cause throughout all Christendom.

It is impossible within the limits at our command to enter into a detailed account of 'the affair of the poisonings.' The widespread ramification of the mischief and the unspeakable impieties with which it was accompanied, are now first disclosed through the documents which M. Ravaisson's industry has amassed, and which still leaves no little of unsolved mystery, through the suppression, under Louis's direction, of names and facts which would have brought shame on families of the highest distinction. In his admirable Introduction to the subject, M. Ravaisson puts forth his own explanation of the causes which led to so terrible a laxity of morals. He traces its evolution in part to the demoralizing influence of Catharine de Medici and her Italian *entourage*, and yet more largely to the corruption engendered by the Fronde, whose baneful effects, he thinks, are not adequately estimated, and whose unprincipled and

and internecine struggles brought France to the very verge of dismemberment and ruin. On the return of their husbands from brutalizing civil war, with coarse manners and violent jealousy, the women, shut out from the seductive flattery of their admirers, utterly uneducated and unaccustomed to self-control, bored with a life of squalid dignity in country mansions that were little better than a prison, unrestrained either by religious conviction or by the moral tone of the society surrounding them, were eager to disembarass themselves of their churlish jailors, and to enjoy the smiles of their lovers, and the dissipations of the capital. The means of doing so were ready to their hands.

Times of singular impiety have generally been times of abject superstition, and the age of Louis XIV. was no exception to the rule. Astrology was generally regarded as a practical science, and Maria de Medici gravely procured her son's horoscope. Belief in the virtues of the philosopher's stone enthralled even such statesmen as Colbert, who put the alchemists in ward in order to monopolise the fruits of their discoveries. Necromancy, palmistry, incantation, in short every form of charlatanism, had its eager votaries. Philtres, to acquire or to retain a lover's affection, talismans to insure life in the hazard of duel or of war, charms which should procure for the wearers gain in play through luck or successful cheating (it mattered not which), a caul, a cabalistic parchment, the dried hand of a murdered child were all in wide request. One article of faith survived the general wreck of Christianity, implicit belief in the power of the devil, and scores of deluded creatures were ready with solemn compact to sell their souls to this unholy but omnipotent auxiliary. To the supply of such wants suitable agents were not likely to be lacking. Wheresoever the carcass is thither will the vultures be gathered. Under a variety of specious names, as sorcerers, magicians, chemists, astrologers, a crowd of adventurers, male and female, flocked to Paris, to lead there lives of reckless gaiety through the credulity and at the cost of their numerous clients. Yet, whatever the title or the pretext of their profession, it almost invariably led with greater or less divarication to the same result, the exercise of the art of the poisoner. How extensive was the terror may be estimated from the official report of the chief police commissioner, that more than four hundred persons in the city of Paris were following this manner of livelihood.

The *clientèle* of this horde of adventurers included persons of every rank and profession. From the imperfect record which even M. Ravaisson's four ample volumes can supply—for many

documents have been irretrievably lost, and the Archives only contain papers hitherto unpublished—we have gathered over two hundred and fifty names of poisoners, their dupes and their victims. Of these twenty-nine belong to the nobility, including persons of such distinction as the Duchesses of Bouillon, Fontanes, and Vivonne; the Dukes of Luxembourg and Vendome; the Ambassador of Savoy, and the Bishop of Mans. The name of Madame de Montespan, to which we shall return presently, figures largely in the depositions. Eight persons of title, at the lowest computation, were convicted of administering poison with their own hands; and the like number of titular ecclesiastics, including a Canon of Notre Dame, stands with the Auditor of Accounts, and a Counsellor of the High Council in the same frightful category, where women of fashion are also ranged side by side with such wretches as Vanens and La Vigoureux, and La Voisin, and scores besides of infamous notoriety. Amongst the victims included in M. Ravaisson's purview the most prominent are the Duke of Mantua, M. Lionne, Minister of State, and Chancellor Aligre, M. and M^{de}. d'Aubray, and Saint Laurent, Receiver-General of the clergy.

As might be expected, from the rank of those concerned in this widespread tragedy, ample funds were at command for its prosecution; and we read of long and costly journeys to Italy, and of letters of credit for large amounts for the purchase of poisons. The science of chemistry was still in its infancy, and those who had acquired any mastery of its more deadly secrets were in so great demand as to exact exorbitant fees earned by the peril incurred in distilling their compounds (on which occasions a glass mask was usually worn), and in braving criminal penalties. Despite the traditional skill of the Italian preparations, M. Ravaisson asserts that the poisonings were so clumsily effected as to have been easy of detection, whilst the value set upon the drugs, and the anxiety with which they were guarded, are sufficient proof that they were still difficult to obtain. The noxious medicament once provided, the most elaborate schemes were devised for its administration. Where, as was so often the case, a husband or wife was to be got rid of, abundant opportunities occurred of mixing it with food or drink, or the command of the wardrobe gave facility for steeping a shirt or gloves in some lethal compound. When no such path of approach was available, an accomplice was, if possible, introduced into the household, with instructions to worm himself into the victim's confidence, and then compass his death. No kind of agency came amiss, a trusted friend, a valet, a *blanchisseuse*. The documents impress us with the imperturbable cold-bloodedness

cold-bloodedness of many of the actors, some of whom first try the effect of their preparations upon indifferent persons, whilst others coolly set aside dishes they know to be designed to poison them, and continue on terms of the closest intimacy with their would-be murderers.

The superstitious ignorance that widely prevailed must have largely augmented popular credulity in the efficacy of charms. In the chapel of St. Ursula on Montmartre was a picture of our Lord and Mary Magdalen, from whose mouth came a legend inscribed with the word 'Rabboni,' and current belief had changed the Magdalen into a St. Rabonni, with special virtue to *rabonnir* * bad husbands. Was the distance so vast between a carefully prepared charm and the power which went forth from a sacred picture? 'Go any Friday,' said La Voisin—perhaps the most infamous and abandoned of the poisoners—on her trial, 'to Montmartre, and you will see forty or fifty women with shirts in their aprons, to touch the image of St. Ursula.' There was ecclesiastical authority enough for belief in Satanic power, and its cult was profitable. La Voisin and La Bosse admitted that they made 10,000 livres a year from young girls who hoped to bring back faithless lovers, and from wives grown weary of their husbands. La Voisin, indeed, affected to be a good Catholic, had successfully vindicated herself before the doctors of the Sorbonne, and was arrested at the church gate as she was coming home from mass. But once committed to these harpies, there was no escape short of utter ruin, and threats of exposure brought all save the wealthiest to the direst extremity. Even women of good social position struggled vainly to break through the meshes of infamy and extortion in which their folly had involved them.

The depositions of Maître Briancourt, at the trial of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, afford the clearest insight into the troublous life of these titled criminals. This young advocate had accepted the post of tutor to the two sons of the Marquis, intending after a short interval to resume his studies at the Sorbonne; but he was not proof against the seductive wiles of their mother, a woman, despite her rank, of shameless profligacy, and he found himself involved in confidences which it was equally perilous to receive or to refuse. The Marquise, overwhelmed with debt, hopelessly in the clutches of the infamous Saint Croix, another of her paramours, and her accomplice in her murders, admitted to Briancourt that she had poisoned her father and both her brothers, and she tried to induce him to worm

* I.e. of course, to make them good again.

himself into the confidence of her sister, that he might help to carry her off also by poison. It is not easy to understand why Briancourt, who affirms that he rejected these proposals with horror, and that he vainly dissuaded his mistress from attempting them, should have lingered so long under the roof of the Brinvilliers, where dishonourable shifts to raise money and murderous conspiracies were the order of the day. No life was sacred within its walls, and the Marquise avowed that if her own daughter were troublesome, Saint Croix would soon get rid of her. Briancourt was at last startlingly awakened to the urgency of his position. In the absence of the Marquis from Paris madame invited him to visit her at midnight in a chamber of the Hôtel Brinvilliers, which had been newly furnished. The room contained a large open fireplace, the draught from which was cut off by folding shutters, and through a large window a view into the room was commanded by a gallery, which still exists in the hotel, now the home of a religious sisterhood. From this point, some hours before the appointed rendezvous, Briancourt chanced to see Saint Croix, fully armed and disguised in shabby clothing, enter the chamber, and secrete himself in the chimney, whose shutters were then closed by the Marquise. It is needless to describe the scene which followed—the struggle and flight of Saint Croix, the terror and tears of Mdme. de Brinvilliers. Still unable to free himself from the fascinations of his mistress, Briancourt in his perplexity asked the advice of M. Bocager, a Professor in the School of Law, with a high reputation as an able counsel. He had sadly misplaced his confidence. M. Bocager advised him to stay where he was, and say nothing of what he knew to any one, and especially warned him against trusting the parish curé, adding that he himself would make everything right, and would find Briancourt some other employment. A few days later two pistol shots, which pierced his doublet, were fired at him by an unknown hand. Eventually he mustered resolution to break through his entanglement, and took refuge with the Oratorians of Notre-Dame des Vertus.

The trial of the Marquise de Brinvilliers may serve as the typical *cause célèbre* of the poisonings. The rank of the accused, the atrocious heartlessness of her crimes, her undaunted bearing before her judges, her singular influence over her confessor, and the celebrity of her public execution invested her with a halo of romance in strange contrast with the sordid motives of her guilt. When confronted with Briancourt, she treated him with the utmost disdain, as a dishonest cast-off servant, whose testimony was obviously untrustworthy, and derided his tears.

as false and puling pretence designed to influence the judges. Throughout the interminable questions and confrontations of the French criminal procedure of the time, often prolonged for hours together until late in the evening, she bore herself with unwearied self-possession and unchanged countenance, treating her judges with respect and hostile witnesses with surprising dexterity and scorn. As the trial proceeded, startling developments were unfolded, and suspicion fell in turn on Madame de Lionne for the murder of her husband, Louis's Secretary of State, on a canon of Notre Dame (who immediately fled) for that of Archbishop Perefex of Paris, and on many of the chief members of Parliament. An intense sensation was caused by the imprisonment of M. Penautier, a man of immense wealth and Receiver-General of the clergy, whose character had hitherto been unimpeachable. His arrest was carefully planned by the police, who first surrounded his palace on the Marais with detectives, and then raising the cry of 'stop thief,' chased one of their own number before the mansion. The ruse succeeded in bringing out Penautier, who was at cards with three or four bishops, when he was immediately arrested and conveyed in his own carriage to the Conciergerie. His fortune of 4,700,000 livres was at once placed in the hands of Colbert. The cause of his arrest was a mysterious note sent him by Brinvilliers, in which she demanded 1,000 pistoles as the price of her silence about one of his transactions. She subsequently confessed that she knew nothing against Penautier, but had hoped to terrify him into acceding to her demand; and the injured man was fully acquitted.

After a trial, which was protracted over three months, the Marquise de Brinvilliers was condemned to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to make the *amende honorable* at Notre Dame, to be beheaded at the Place de Grève, and finally that her body should be burned, and her ashes scattered abroad. The sentence was to be executed the following day, and from the moment of its utterance the Marquise displayed all outward signs of genuine repentance. M. Ravaisson gives us many pages from the long account which M. Pirot, her confessor, drew up of his penitent's last hours. Under the torture she fully absolved Penautier, confessed that she had with her own hands administered poison to her father thirty times over during some seven or eight months, and charged Foucquet with having despatched Glazer to Florence twelve or thirteen years before, to learn there the most subtle and delicate poisons, with a view to carrying out some great design. With bound hands and bare feet, clad in a white chemise over her ordinary dress,

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and holding a lighted taper, the wretched woman, shattered with the torture, repeated in a feeble voice the prescribed form of *amende* at the cathedral portals, and was borne thence in a tumbril cart, accompanied by her confessor and the executioners, to the scaffold. Everybody in Paris went to get a sight of her at some point on her route, Madame de Soissons and Madame de Sévigné amongst the rest. 'Never was such a crowd seen,' writes the latter. The dilatory way in which the executioners prepared for the final stroke kindled the indignation of the crowd, and M. Pirot's testimony to her repentance caused a reaction of popular opinion in her favour. 'Brinvilliers died like a saint, she is in the air'! said Madame de Sévigné, alluding somewhat brutally to the dispersion of her ashes.

The trial of Brinvilliers implicated many families belonging to the Parlement in the poisonings, and further enquiry speedily showed that the Court was no less tainted with these enormities. One name after another of those nearest to the throne appeared in the depositions, and long and anxious consultation was held between the King and his Cabinet on the wisest course to adopt under these astounding revelations. To suppress the enquiry would encourage the judges in their too evident desire to screen and spare the guilty; to make it public would be to cover with unutterable shame the most brilliant Court in Europe in the face of the whole civilized world. The two things which impress us most strongly in the course of the enquiry are the admirable memorials written for the King's guidance by De la Reynie, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the unspeakable horrors into which the foremost ladies of the Court were not unwittingly betrayed, but in which they deliberately and repeatedly indulged. We can only venture in one rapid paragraph to give some conception of the nature of these proceedings.

In the dead of night a well-guarded carriage is driven beyond the palace-gates, from which a lady descends, closely veiled, and leaving her lackeys, and attended only by a couple of women, she hurries to a secluded spot, perhaps a cellar in the suburb of St. Denis, or a cave in the garden of some solitary country house. Here a priest vested in pontificals awaits her with wafer and chalice and altar candles of black wax, with every requisite in short for the consecration of the host except the altar, and this is supplied on her arrival by the naked form of the veiled lady. As the service proceeds strange and horrible ingredients are mixed with the sacred elements, and mysterious packets are passed under the chalice with muttered imprecations; nor is it only when the meanest wretches in
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the world play the leading parts that the murder of a child is perpetrated, to give additional efficacy to the incantations. On some occasions orgies are enacted which we cannot describe in our pages, but on others to which we confine ourselves, and which were several times repeated, although suspicions of consecrated poison were not lacking, we will assume that nothing more deadly is prepared than a charm to ensure the conquest of a lover or the defeat of a detested rival. The impious travesty closes with the burning of a faggot, and as its embers glow the priest exclaims, 'Faggot, it is not you I am burning, but the body, soul, spirit, heart, and will of Louis de Bourbon, in order that he may neither come nor go, rest nor sleep, unless he does the will of a certain lady, and that for evermore;' and the charm is handed to the lady, who retires as she came. A few hours later Madame de Montespan—for the mysterious visitant is no other—walks proudly through the galleries of Versailles, and the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., the mightiest sovereign in Europe, is at her feet. Such incredible details, irresistibly corroborated by overwhelming evidence, gave the final blow to the waning influence of Madame de Montespan. Yet the King refused to allow her or the Duchesse de Vivonne and others to be prosecuted, and when a number of meaner, yet not more guilty, criminals had been executed, and whole batches more had been in various ways disposed of, the *Chambre Ardente* was dissolved in 1682, and the incriminating evidence against the Court favourites was mutilated and suppressed, to be brought to light only after the lapse of more than two centuries by the diligence of M. Ravaisson.

Incomplete as the proceedings of the *Chambre Ardente* were, they yet effectually checked the prevailing mania for poisoning. Of the scattered instances which are mentioned subsequently, only one calls for notice as a typical example of criminal procedure. Early in October 1684, the Prince of Orange handed to M. d'Avaux, the French Ambassador at the Hague, a letter signed Bisdal, in which the writer offered for 100,000 crowns to poison the King of France before the end of the year. The matter appeared serious in view of recent revelations. Unhappily a respectable major of artillery, M. de la Berlière, had also the name of Bisdal. His reputation was spotless, and there was not a particle of incriminating evidence against him; but as a mere matter of precaution he was secretly arrested under a feigned name, and strictly imprisoned in the Bastille, without being allowed any communication with any one from November 5, 1684, to July 7, 1686.

One of the most characteristic uses of the Bastille was as a place

a place of correction for the young nobility when their extravagances alarmed their friends or threatened to bring disgrace upon their order; and as we read some of the instances recorded in the archives we are half disposed to wish a like form of discipline could be enforced in our own day. The Marquis de Douzy was incarcerated for five months, and then banished to Moulins at the urgent request of his parents, who were afraid that he would marry a very pretty bourgeoisie widow. The reckless gambling and riotous debauchery of the Duc d'Estrées brought him to the Bastille. It was represented to the King that he had not only lost his carriage to Count Albert in a foolish bet over a horse-race, and all the money in his pocket, with 600 louis besides, to a famous billiard-player, La Ratte, at the tennis-court in the Rue Mazarin, but that these were only examples of daily losses, which would ruin his family, if they were not checked. He put the finishing touch to his misdemeanours by a midnight debauch with the Duc de Mortmart, which caused great public scandal. These titled roysterers—they were both of them under eighteen years of age—deliberately attempted to set fire to a house to which they were refused admittance at midnight, and assaulted the watch who came to stop the riot. Such midnight brawls were then much in vogue at Paris. The Duc d'Estrées spent a year and a half in the Bastille, where he was allowed tutors in mathematics, history, and drawing, as well as the spiritual counsel of Father Bourdaloue, and reports of his behaviour were forwarded from time to time to the King. It is pleasant to learn that Bellisle, a notorious usurer, was also arrested, and had to disgorge the bills and other securities which this foolish boy had placed in his hands.

Two well-known names, the Count d'Armagnac and the Duc de Grammont, flit before us: the first a ruffian, the second a poltroon, who gave his companion the lie and received a violent blow in the face in return. The monarch's presence of course enhanced the enormity of the outrage; but Grammont was a royal favourite, and both escaped with a single night in confinement. A more typical example is furnished by the Prince d'Elbœuf, one of the most noted young bloods of the period, who in a midnight brawl with the police sent an attendant to summon all his domestics, lackeys, coachmen, grooms, and serving-men, to join in the fray. A pitched battle was only avoided by the firmness of the police sergeant, who told the Prince, to his intense astonishment, that if he struck one blow his rank should not protect him. This freak was the occasion of a *procès* against a person of high rank, whose

whose name was studiously concealed, and the King eventually ordered the Prince's servants, *without including their master*, to be put on their trial. It was no strange result of such immunity, that a few months later a quarrel between the Prince's household and that of the English Ambassador resulted in the death of several of the combatants, and before the year was out this turbulent youth spent a few days in the Bastille for slapping the Marquis de Thury in the face at table with a shoulder of mutton.

In his laudable efforts to repress the prevailing coarseness and licence of the privileged classes, the Grand Monarque was specially severe at any violence to the revenue officials or insults to ecclesiastics of high rank, and the Count Chomont Lodève incurred his strong displeasure for the twofold offence of abusing the tax-gatherer and insulting the bishop at a special assembly of the Estates of Languedoc. After a fortnight's sojourn in the Bastille, the Count was compelled to apologize in prescribed terms to both the injured parties, and to ask the bishop's pardon in the presence of four prelates and two secular peers. The further penalty of three years' exclusion from the Estates of Languedoc was imposed to vindicate the rightful dignity of Church and State. Occasionally under the heading of what is technically termed 'correction,' we are startled to find ourselves in the presence of crime of the deepest atrocity. Illicit procuring of abortion was known to be of terrible frequency, but it was also very difficult of detection, when a dying girl confessed to one of the vicars of St. Roch that she had taken a potion with this object from the Comte de Longueval, and she added that he and his wife had treated more than a hundred married women and girls with like intention. After a sojourn at the Bastille, the Count, then in his sixtieth year, was transferred to Sainte Lazare, where he lingered for twenty years; during fourteen of which his cell was not warmed even in the depth of winter. At length the King's attention was directed to his treatment, and he expressed his strong displeasure at the barbarity of the gaolers.

The paternal concern of Louis for the welfare of the young noblesse was at least on one occasion the cause of a ludicrous scene. The Prince de Leon had become infatuated with the charms of Florence, an opera dancer, and the cast-off mistress of the Duc de Chartres, to whom she had borne several children; and so reckless was the Prince's passion that his father, the Duc de Rohan, entreated the King to interfere and save the family from an alliance so unworthy of his eldest son. The Prince was accordingly invited to Versailles—he was twenty-six years

years old and of remarkable amiability and wit—but so vehement was his grief that it touched the heart of the King and Madame de Maintenon, *who mingled their tears with those of the disconsolate lover.* At length Florence, who appears to have shown more common sense and right feeling than any one else in the whole business, and had asked to be sent to a convent until a suitable retreat could be found, took refuge within the Bastille. The Duke, who was rich and miserly, promised his son an allowance as soon as he was properly married, and the latter proposed to Mademoiselle de Roquelaure, who besides being lame and humpbacked was no longer young, and eagerly accepted his suit. The marriage once accomplished, the Duke repudiated his contract; the bride's mother, who had sent her daughter to a convent to escape giving her a dowry, refused to aid an improvident creature who had married without asking her mother's consent, and the unfortunate couple passed their lives in penury.

Ecclesiastical offenders, Protestant and Jansenist, crowded the Bastille to excess in the reign of Louis XIV. and his immediate successor, and no class of prisoners was treated with such unrelenting cruelty as the Huguenot sufferers for conscience sake. No mercy was ever extended to a Huguenot; and the terrors of perpetual imprisonment or the galleys were aggravated by the ceaseless importunity of priests desirous of winning royal favour by their conversion. Amidst the hundreds of their names entered on the depositions but few are known to earthly fame. The Huguenot noblesse had deserted their faith almost to a man, or with the wealthier of the Protestant bourgeoisie had emigrated to foreign lands. It is of the obscure crowd—the not many noble, not many mighty, not many wise after the flesh—that the heroic bands of Huguenot martyrs was formed. The number incarcerated between 1685 and 1700 alone, says M. Bournon, surpasses belief and will never be fully known. For twenty-five years, Cardel, a Reformed minister of blameless life and highly esteemed, was detained in captivity from which death alone released him. When the prison discipline was relaxed in favour of others, nothing save significant hints of increased severity to the Reformed occurs in the minister's instructions to the Governor of the Bastille. Living, their only hope of indulgence was conditional on their consent to receive a confessor; dying, they were buried like dogs anywhere in the casemates or the garden.

For the crime of Jansenism De Sacy is the most illustrious of those committed to the Bastille, within whose walls he contentedly pursued his translation of the Bible into French during his

his protracted confinement. It is pleasant to read that he was treated with great consideration, and that many noble ladies interceded on his behalf. But the prosecution of Jansenism was no less vigilant than that of Protestantism. Batches sometimes of two dozen or more persons were dealt with collectively, and all the machinery of the secret police was set in motion to hunt out the printers, publishers, and distributors of this contraband Catholicism. Parish priests combined cordially with parish constables in the surveillance of the morals and the orthodoxy of their parishioners. The porter at the Hôtel de Brie has spoken disrespectfully of the Pope and the Episcopate; a greengrocer in the Rue S. Nicholas gathers crowds in his shop and utters '*plusieurs impertinences*'; a shoemaker's daughter in the Rue Saint Victor is a noted *convulsionnaire*. Such are amongst the misdeeds solemnly reported to the Prime Ministers. Swarms of domestic spies gave secret information in hope of pecuniary reward, and every rank of life was honeycombed with treachery and mutual distrust; whilst fanatics at intervals openly avowed the illicit dogma, and one even thrust an apology for it into the hands of Louis XIV. at the dinner table. It is only fair to add that amongst the lower orders the extravagances of convulsionism called for effectual suppression, and that cunning impostures were practised under the pretext of demoniacal possession.

Despite the unrelenting persecution and punishment of the Jansenists nothing could be more persistent than their efforts to disseminate their opinions. Printers, publishers, booksellers, colporteurs, engaged in the dangerous but lucrative trade. Countless members of every grade of the priesthood fostered it, and swelled the catalogue of prohibited works by writing fresh tracts and pamphlets in its defence. And everybody eagerly purchased and perused a literature whose irresistible charm consisted in its being forbidden. As the inquisition into secret presses grew more severe in France, Holland became the emporium of the contraband doctrines, and every device was adopted for their importation across the frontier. The services of the *roturiers* on the roads to Brussels and Amsterdam were enlisted in the cause, and many a courtier brought bales of Jansenism all unsuspectingly into France amongst the luggage piled on his private carriage. A variety of reasons combined to make the Jansenist opinions popular—the acknowledged piety of its most prominent martyrs; the singular ability of its most conspicuous champions; the constitutional objections against recognizing the Bull Unigenitus maintained by the Parliament of Paris and other large cities, which formed the

last

last existing barrier against unmitigated despotism ; the sympathy which the new school of authors, who were utterly indifferent to the theological questions in dispute, felt for men who were the victims of oppression and were fighting for freedom of opinion ; the growing unpopularity of the Jesuits. Pious minds were fascinated by the doctrines of grace which they held to be their spiritual heritage from St. Augustine and St. Paul. Men of culture were won by the shrewd common sense so transparent through its dainty disguise of mingling logic and satire in the Provincial Letters. The common herd appreciated the sterling virtues of the better class of Jansenists, and gaped with credulous wonder at the miraculous antics of the *convulsionnaires*. It was in vain that silence was authoritatively enjoined on all parties in the quarrel, some fanatic was always ready to deliver himself and found abundant readers ; whilst the strict police supervision only drove exhibitions of convulsive supernaturalism from the baker's shop on the ground floor to the chamber of the sempstress in the garret.

The dry police records of Jansenist prosecution are in one instance enlivened by a confidential report to the Chief Commissioner of Police, which gives too vivid a picture of contemporary life and character to be entirely passed over. The subject of the arrest was the Abbé Lasseray, whose name does not occur elsewhere in the ' Archives,' but who was already under sentence of banishment to Longuaise, a village near Meulan, ten leagues distant from Paris. To secure this obscure priest two police sergeants, Chastelus and Vierrey, accompanied by a third person who knew the locality, and preceded the night before by ten archers carefully disguised and unarmed, set out on Thursday, December 8, 1747, at 10 A.M. Meulan was reached at half-past three, and a couple of hours later under cover of the darkness, and having first surrounded the place with their archers, the officers entered and stated their errand ; the Abbé was drinking in the chimney corner with four or five visitors, and soon all the neighbours assembled on the spot. The search for incriminating literature was fruitless, but on the announcement that they had orders to take the Abbé to Paris, a general outcry arose. The good man had been and still was seriously ill—up to this moment he had been perfectly well and had aided in a three hours' search—it would be certain death to remove him in his delicate state, the King's orders were always contingent on the possibility of their being carried out without fatal result ; and the Abbé could not in conscience cast so serious a responsibility on the officers. If he went at all he would only go bound hands and feet, and every one declared that their father should

should not be so ill-treated. Where was the chief constable? no one knew. Who were the tax-collectors, who was the syndic? every one had forgotten. When the syndic was found, it was no better; no one would lend a mount to fetch the constable, no one had such a thing. Things began to look serious. What was to be done at ten leagues away from Paris, *where no one listens to reason*, and where it is dangerous to employ force? Presently the doctor who had been sent for arrived, accompanied by a crowd of the inhabitants, and Chastelus having warned him of the serious consequences of not giving a truthful decision, and having added that they had a comfortable carriage and would take every care of M. Lasseray, he allowed that the journey might safely be undertaken. On this Chastelus proceeded to draw up the *procès verbal* when the Abbé began to harangue the assembly, and complain of the indignity put upon him. With difficulty the officer explained the King's orders could not dishonour even those against whom they were issued, and went on with his writing, when a fresh obstacle was started. The Abbé had been exiled to Longuaise by the King's orders, and he could not venture to transgress them by leaving it without seeing the King's express command to that effect; unless therefore they showed their warrant his conscience would not permit him to go. 'For their conscience,' drily remarked Chastelus in a parenthesis, 'always travels with these gentry, although they don't always travel with it.' The whole company applauded this conclusion. 'Brother, you shall not go, no one is arrested without being shown the warrant, and these gentlemen will show you theirs, if they have one.' It needed all the persuasive powers of the two police officers to point out the futility and danger of a resistance, which was renewed when they proceeded to search the holy man himself. Even then he succeeded in tearing up a paper he had concealed on his person, and which he declared with unblushing calmness was of no consequence whatever. By the time that all his conscientious scruples were satisfied it was three o'clock in the morning, and fortified with the seventh *bouillon* he had taken since the police arrived, and with a couple of fresh eggs, M. Lasseray set out on his journey. Three pairs of stockings, a night shirt, a cassock, a dressing gown, a cloak, in short, everything was cleared out of his wardrobe to preserve the precious creature against the cold on the way. 'I know not what he wore to protect his head: his *calotte* over his ears, a nightcap, a *camail*, a hat to crown the whole were not too great a protection against the night blasts.' In this figure the holy man betook himself to prayer and his precious flock to weeping—one kissed his hand, another his cloak,

cloak, a third his cassock ; some of the donkeys brayed, and all complained at being robbed of so good a man.

A century after the imprisonment of De Sacy the cells of the Bastille were again crowded with Jansenists. To all appearance the proscribed tenets were dead and buried, the Bull Unigenitus was formally registered as statute law, silence on the debated doctrines was imposed by authority, and the name of Jansenius was forgotten, when on a sudden the heresy blazed up again more fiercely than ever. Its ostensible cause was the report of miracles wrought at the tomb of Paris, a deacon of saintly life and a determined Jansenist, who died in 1727, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Médard. Here it was rumoured that, after convulsive contortions, the blind, the lame, and the deaf were made whole. Forthwith crowds gathered to the obscure little churchyard in a low quarter of the city, additional priests were needed to meet the demand for masses and *neuvaines*, the rent of chairs within the sacred edifice rose in proportion to the growing demand, and the neighbouring places of refreshment reaped a welcome and unexpected harvest. All those interested in this sudden access of prosperity of course became ardent Jansenists, and skilful management was required to avoid causing a riot at the suppression of the convulsionist demonstrations. 'A century earlier,' says M. Ravaisson, 'these recipients of exceptional manifestations of divine favour would have been whipped and then burned alive.' A century later, we may add, the miracles might, by discreet manipulation, have been transferred to orthodox direction, and might have been 'run' so skilfully as to rival the attractions of Lourdes. The Government of Louis XV. determined to suppress with a high hand this new outbreak of heresy, which appealed successfully to the credulity and cupidity of thousands of its votaries.

The records which M. Ravaisson's industry has preserved of the later imprisonments for Jansenism cast a lurid light on the treatment of literary offenders. For some trifling indiscretion, without a moment's warning, without opportunity for communicating with wife or child or helpful friend, without any signification of the crime alleged against him, with no formal indictment or open trial or legal defence, by the mere virtue of a *lettre de cachet* a suspected person was hurried off to the Bastille, whilst the myrmidons of the law swooped down on all his papers. It is not in such examples as the brief and indulgent imprisonments of Voltaire or the luxurious custody of Mar-montel, that the pathos of the prison records consists, but in the multitude of obscure persons to whom arrest, with the terrible delay frequently consequent upon it, meant absolute ruin. Take such

such an example as the following: Daniel de la Roque, aged 40, formerly secretary to Bayle, was arrested November 1694, and in his possession was found the half-sheet of a preface he was writing to Fontenelle's '*Dialogue des Morts*,' which in the then prevailing scarcity was thought to convey some allusions to the Government. For this constructive misdemeanour the writer, confessedly in all other respects a man of blameless life, and in straitened circumstances, was first confined for six months in the Château of Angers, then for two years and a half in the Château of Saumur, and for the following fifteen months was forbidden to leave the town. In July 1700, he was granted his liberty, and his papers, which had been detained for six years, and which were required to arrange his domestic affairs, were restored to him.

A terrible fate awaited Chavigny de la Bretonnière, the author of '*Le Cochon Mitré*,' which lampooned on the same sheet M^{de}. de Maintenon and Le Tellier, Archbishop of Paris. Chavigny was the son of a barrister, and had been compelled sorely against his will to become a Benedictine monk of the Congregation of Saint Maur. One day he was entrusted with 600 pistoles belonging to the Abbey, when he instantly fled with them to Amsterdam, and from that safe retreat he published the famous '*Lardons*,' as a weekly supplement to the '*Gazette burlesque*.' In the '*Cochon Mitré*' the soul of Furetière meets the shade of Scarron on the banks of the Styx, and the latter enquires if any other husbands have been as *marris* as himself. 'Oh yes,' is the reply, 'there is M^{de}. de Créquy, who is intimate with Archbishop Le Tellier of Rheims, the brother of Louvois.' From his secure asylum in Holland Chavigny was beguiled by traitorous acquaintances and lured to Bourget, where he was seized and hurried to the Bastille, from whence he was transferred to Mont St. Michel. An outbreak of passion against his goalers was punished by confinement in a wooden cage with bars only three inches apart, where on a bed of straw and a diet of bread and water, without fire or light, this really gifted man lingered for three and twenty years. No wonder that he died insane. The monks said he was devoured by the rats. His cage, exhibited as a curiosity in after years, was hacked to pieces by Louis Philippe, who visited the Abbey when a boy with his governess M^{de}. de Genlis.

A singular chapter in Oriental affairs is disclosed by the hurried abduction and imprisonment of Avedick the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople. This unfortunate prelate fell under the displeasure of M. Hyacinthe, the principal of the Jesuits at Stamboul, and consequently of M. de Ferriol, the French Ambassador

Ambassador, and their ostentatious protector, through whose intrigues he was thrice deposed, although his restoration had been purchased at enormous cost, and on his way to exile he was carried on board ship and transported to Sicily. So flagrant a violation of the sovereign rights of Turkey could not of course be avowed, and whilst Louis hoped that the Spaniards would detain Avedick in the prison of the Inquisition at Messina, he ordered de Ferriol to deny all knowledge of the matter, and to observe the utmost secrecy. Before the King's instructions could reach Messina a French official had shipped the Patriarch off to Marseilles, and sorely against its will the French Government was saddled with a prisoner, whose detention was declared to be of the utmost importance for the interests of the Church, and whom M. de Ferriol and the Jesuit missionaries affirmed to be the most ungodly, the most crafty, and the most formidable man alive. The situation was sufficiently delicate to tax M. Pontchartrain's ingenuity to the utmost. At one moment we find him writing that the King is anxious that his ambassador should not be compromised, and that it might be well to make the Patriarch write, *with his own hand and in Armenian*, that being in fear of his life he had obliged the captain with whom he sailed to take him to Sicily. At another, that it would be advisable to spread the report that Avedick had died in prison just as he was about to be sent back to Constantinople, and that necessary details should be added to deceive M. de Ferriol himself. After a year's solitary confinement, during part of which Avedick was treated with such severity that he fell really ill from cold and privations, the King and his minister began to have serious misgivings, and M. Pontchartrain tells de Ferriol that 'his Majesty considers Avedick was not the sole author of the persecutions of the Catholic Armenians, and he even felt some scruples about the condition to which he has reduced Avedick, who is not his subject, and whose crimes against religion are not sufficiently proved to decide whether he deserves his fate. His Majesty finds you have embarked in this affair very thoughtlessly, and desires to know who gave you this bad advice.'

The one simplest means of making tardy reparation to the injured man, that of restoring him to liberty, seems never to have been for one moment entertained by Louis or his minister. Another year rolled by during which Avedick was detained in the strictest confinement at Mont St. Michel, and his captors discussed the sincerity of his desire for spiritual aid, and vainly searched his papers for materials to be used against him. All this time no interpreter could be found through whom the prisoner

prisoner could express his wishes or make his confession, and at length on December 18, 1709—he had been seized early in 1706—the order was given that he should be transferred to the Bastille, and placed under the instruction of the Abbé Renaudot, the chief Oriental scholar of his day. The learned Abbé's reports to the minister are painful reading to those who would like to retain some respect for Renaudot's scholarship and priesthood. He held out fallacious hopes of getting him sent back to Constantinople, confirmed him in the strange delusion that his arrest had been contrived *by the English*, and asserted that his detention was only a necessary precaution against some scoundrelly Armenians in Paris, who were plotting his ruin with those unprincipled islanders. On the sincerity of the Patriarch's desire to be reconciled to Rome, Renaudot could not speak positively; 'but,' he added, 'with his corpulence, want of exercise, and *ennui*, he may be carried off by an attack of apoplexy, and *we shall have a weight on our consciences* if we have refused him the sacraments.' Meanwhile the Sublime Porte was becoming more urgent in demanding Avedick's restoration, and Renaudot was commissioned to draw up a report on the whole business. In a long memorial, throughout the pages of which it is plain that the Abbé had fully recovered his elasticity of conscience, he reviewed the entire position, and suggested the adoption of one of the five following courses: 1. Detain Avedick by force, and deny his presence in France; 2. Win him over by kindness, and persuade him to remain with a pension in France; 3. Send him to Rome, and place him in the hands of the Pope; 4. Send him to Persia; 5. Send him straight back to Constantinople. The King highly approved this report, and coincided with the Abbé Renaudot's own opinion, that the best solution of the difficulty would be if the Pope would take charge of him.

Whilst the negotiations, which called for very skilful handling, were being conducted with the Papal Court, Avedick, after five years of strict imprisonment, was placed with M. de la Croix, the King's Oriental interpreter, and was permitted under the most careful surveillance to attend mass occasionally at Notre Dame. On the 14th of February, 1711, Renaudot writes that the Patriarch has been seriously ill, and Pontchartrain adds to this communication the marginal note, 'Would it be a blessing, would it be a misfortune, if he were to die? What do you think, if you please? I think it would be a misfortune; your opinion and the reasons?''* It would be interesting to know

* 'Archives,' vol. xi. p. 527, note 6.

what reply M. Renaudot sent to this singular and significant enquiry, on which subsequent events cast a lurid light. The presence of Avedick in France could no longer be denied, and the Pope declined to be embarrassed even with so august a convert, although the French envoy at Rome was bidden to use all arts to excite and flatter His Holiness on the glory which his Pontificate would derive from Avedick's submission. At the very crisis of the difficulty Avedick died. 'His death,' so wrote Pontchartrain to Constantinople, 'was neither violent nor premature, but caused solely by his immoderate use, unknown to his host, of brandy and baneful drugs!' Had Renaudot expressed the opinion that the King would be well rid of him? Long study of the 'Archives de la Bastille' is not calculated to engender the most charitable explanation of so opportune a deliverance.

The interest of M. Ravaissou's researches culminates in transactions connected with the rule of Louis XIV.: and the long reign of his successor, although it furnishes materials for nearly four volumes of archives, presents but few salient incidents worthy of notice. The suppression of Jansenism, the incarceration of suspected or veritable spies, and the correction of morals, monopolise the records of police administration under that high-toned and most Christian monarch Louis XV., until the singular assault of Damiens upon the sacred person of the sovereign aroused wide-spread terror, and led to a startling revival of the most savage methods of French criminal procedure. The details of the so-called attempt at assassination are sufficiently well known, but we have here presented to us a series of letters by a Jesuit father, which gives the minutest details of the daily Court gossip, and brings out strongly the terror and poltroonery of the monarch, the calm self-reliance of Madame de Pompadour, and the extraordinary fortitude of Damiens. All the wild rumours of the hour are related—the universal suspicion of the Jesuit; the writer's own conviction that it had been planned by the Jansenists; the general sorrow on account of Louis XV., who was as yet really popular. The wound inflicted was a mere scratch, but the King's terror was abject, and for the moment the influence of the confessor was supreme, and his mistress was kept studiously aloof. It was the old story—the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be. And those who acted upon the conviction that the influence of the Marquise was over, were disillusioned by speedy dismissal. The frightful barbarity of the trial and execution—the question ordinary and extraordinary, the flesh-burning with red-hot pincers, the dragging asunder with horses—are too revolting

revolting to dwell upon, and effected a reaction in favour of the sufferer, who bore his agonies, prolonged, says the official report, for 'neuf quarts d'heure bien exacts,' with unquailing courage. M. Ravaillon attributes far-reaching consequences to the gash of Damiens' penknife. Its political results were the downfall of the Jesuits and the weakening of the Parliament, and the blow thus given to justice and religion, in his judgment, undermined the monarchy of which they were the main support.

A whole swarm of obscure wretches were arrested on suspicion of complicity with the crime of Damiens, and pages of correspondence are filled with details we should deem too frivolous to occupy the attention of a Minister of State. A drunken tobacconist uttering filthy treason; a crazy creature troubled with visions of the Virgin and Saints, and whose shouts disturb the whole prison and the passers-by; two insignificant brawlers away beyond the town of Tours, who mutually accuse each other, and one of whom only escapes hanging at the hardly less terrible penalty of a public scourging and life-long condemnation to the galleys; a man charged by a postillion of notoriously bad character with speaking injurious words against the King in the Forest of Verrières—such were some of those who were solemnly arraigned for high treason. Once more all the miserable pack of informers was on the alert, and a word in praise of our English Cromwell or of complaint against the existing despotism spoken in a cabaret, was forthwith denounced to the Government, which knew not whom to suspect or what further developments might arise. It is strange to learn that any notice was taken of accusations made by prisoners who were themselves so unmanageable that they had to be confined in dungeons, four days in which, their gaoler significantly declares, in that inclement season—it was the month of January—to be as trying as a month in milder weather. At last the Court grew weary of the whole business, and it was suggested to one of the delators that he would be let off lightly if he would confess that his information was baseless, and so put an end to the enquiry.

Whilst the whole energies of the police were absorbed with these fictitious denunciations, a matter of serious moment to the glory and welfare of France was being vainly pressed on their attention. M. d'Affry, the French Ambassador at the Hague, informed M. Rouillé, the Foreign Secretary of State, of a plot designed by a Canadian, named La Sale, to deliver Quebec and Montreal to the English. It was of the utmost importance that warning should be sent to Montcalm without delay, as La Sale had already sailed for England with carefully prepared

plans which showed that Quebec could be easily surprised ; but some time elapsed before Mesnil, who had varnished the plans for La Sale, informed the French envoy of the treason in contemplation. Rouillé immediately acquainted Moras, the Colonial Minister, and urged the necessity for prompt action ; but either M. Moras was incredulous or some insuperable hindrance intervened, and two precious months were lost before Mesnil was even placed by way of precaution under lenient restraint in the Bastille. Mesnil had been a fraudulent bankrupt, and had been culpably negligent in warning the Government of the impending danger, but there was no good reason for detaining him more than a year in confinement. The neglect of his advice cost France her magnificent North America colony.

The limits of our space forbid our lingering over other subjects embraced in the wide sweep of M. Ravaissou's ' Archives.' During the last two centuries of its existence the cells of the Bastille were thronged with spies confined there by scores, whose adventures bring vividly before us the secret history of James II. during his exile at Saint Germain, and the trouble in which his interminable schemes and his impracticable policy involved his royal host. Louis XIV. in private thoroughly distrusted the fallen monarch, whilst in public he loyally upheld his cause, and hence arose a tangled combination of plot and counterplot—the French Government being anxious at once to curb the folly of the Stuarts and to check the growing power of William of Orange. The most interesting figure of this epoch is one Jones Simpson, a Scotchman of singular audacity and address, who, like more prominent men of his day, was in the pay of both parties, and spent many hours alternately within the walls of Newgate and the Bastille. Despite many compromising incidents which might have aroused the suspicions of men less steeped in intrigue than James's councillors, Simpson thoroughly hoodwinked the Stuarts, whose designs he reported to the French monarch, and then betrayed Stuart and Bourbon alike to William III. of England. The Abbé Renaudot reports with charming *naïveté* the affecting audiences with James II. and Mary of Modena, in which Simpson details the plans and the devotion of the English Jacobites; and M. Ravaissou suggests a companion picture, the interior of the King's closet at Kensington, where beside the chimney corner, a meagre figure, as he sits at his desk, lends a wearied but attentive ear to the coarse Scotch utterance, mingled with loud bursts of laughter from the speaker, and a passing smile from William III., which recounts how completely he has cozened the Court at Versailles, and is rewarded with ample praise and a full purse of guineas.

From

From time to time a panic fear of spies broke out in France, and the arrests were rapid and indiscriminating. It was equally dangerous for foreigners to have too much money or too little. One man was sent to the Bastille for being greatly affected at the death of the Prince of Orange; a second because he bore the suspicious name of Burnet. Somewhat later we find the Young Pretender peremptorily ordered to leave France, and there is an amusing account of his dilatory departure, his lingering at Avignon, and the anxiety with which his route was followed across the frontier. He had not long been banished when a young Englishman, travelling for pleasure, was seized and thrown into the Bastille, where he paid the penalty of several weeks' imprisonment for his supposed resemblance to 'bonnie Prince Charlie.'

It is time for us, however, to hasten to a close. We are constrained to omit all reference to the vexed question of the *régale*, i.e. the King's claim to the revenues and patronage of vacant bishoprics, an ecclesiastical problem, whose discussion contributed its quota of inmates to the Bastille. We pass by all mention of the controversy, largely discussed and illustrated in M. Ravaisson's pages, which raged about the opinions and the conduct of Madame Guyon, of whom the editor of the 'Archives' speaks with unqualified contempt, and whose theories involved the irretrievable downfall of the great Archbishop of Cambrai, Monseigneur Fénelon, the saintliest of contemporary French prelates. We dare not yield to the temptation of reproducing M. Ravaisson's solution of the mystery of the Iron Mask, whom he identifies, for reasons fully alleged, with M. de Keroualze, lieutenant to Beaufort the grand Admiral, and eldest brother of the notorious Countess of Portsmouth—a solution which is unhesitatingly rejected by M. Bournon, who deems it hopeless to seek the determination of a problem which Louis XVI., with all the secret State papers at his command, investigated to no purpose. We must hasten to a close. The main outlines of the siege of the Bastille, its utter want of preparation against attack, the fatal indecision and the foul murder of its governor and his lieutenant, are too well known to call for repetition. The surrender and subsequent destruction of the fortress was a significant presage of the fate which was darkly overshadowing the ancient order; and the Duc de Liancourt spoke more truly than he probably realised when, on the report at Versailles that the Bastille had fallen, he said to the King, 'Sir, it is not a revolt, but a revolution.'

ART. IV.—1. *The Fauna of British India.* Part I. 'Mammalia.' Edited by W. T. Blanford, F.R.S. London, 1888-1891.

2. *Recherches pour servir à l'Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères.* Par M. Alphonse Milne Edwards. Two Vols. Paris, 1874.

MOST visitors to our Zoological Gardens experience more or less temptation to linger in its spacious Monkey-house, however mingled may be the feelings with which they contemplate the restless, petulant, or frolicsome inmates of its cages. Some of them are unquestionably repellent in manners and appearance, and our spontaneous feeling of repulsion is intensified by the reluctant recognition forced upon us of their unquestionable resemblance to ourselves.

With the old Roman poet, we mentally exclaim:—

'*Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis!*'

Yet, prejudice apart, many kinds there to be seen are exceedingly attractive animals. Again and again the visitor may be struck by the bright colours and singular markings of pretty little monkeys which, when he reads the labels on their cages, he will find have come to us from Africa. In soft, flute-like tones, round-headed, brown-eyed, much-grimacing Sapa-jous from South America will make appeal to him for nuts or fruit. Occasionally he may see the prodigious bounds and hear the sonorous chantings of Indian long-armed apes, or Gibbons, or the slower, but in other ways not less remarkable, movements, of long-limbed and gentle Spider-monkeys. The varied attractions of different kinds of Marmosets appeal to every eye, while no one who has once made acquaintance with the Squirrel-monkeys can help feeling a sort of affection for little creatures so beautiful, so extremely gentle, and so confiding. If we leave out of account the largest forms of the Ape tribe and the family known as the Macaques (which family contains the commonest species most often met with in confinement), then we do not hesitate to affirm that monkeys would be creatures which have just claims on our æsthetic, no less than on our intellectual, appreciation, even if they had not the high scientific interest they possess in relation to the human race and its origin.

Confined almost exclusively to tropical regions, and mainly to their forests, monkeys are nevertheless numerous in species; there being probably not less than two hundred and fifty distinct kinds.

They are classed in a complex series of subordinate groups, families,

families, sub-families, and genera; but the most complete distinction which exists between them is a very obvious and easy one, reposing, as it does, on a wide and complete difference as to geographical distribution.

All the world knows that there are monkeys in tropical America as well as in Africa and Asia, but few persons who are not naturalists know how complete is the distinction which exists between monkeys which are denizens of the Old World and those which inhabit the New. Not only is no single species at once naturally an inhabitant of both, but the distribution of each genus, sub-family, and family is similarly restricted. The whole mass, or order, of monkeys consists of two families, one of which is found only in America, and the other nowhere but in Asia and Africa, together with the rock of Gibraltar.

In the Old World we find the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla, long-armed Apes, many long-tailed and some short-tailed Apes, and every species of Baboon.

In the New World, Spider Monkeys, and Howling Monkeys, Sapajous, Sakis, Night Apes, Sagoins, Squirrel Monkeys, and Marmosets are to be met with. The Old World family is the more dignified group, because even its lowest kinds resemble man, more than do those of America, while all the largest species belong to it.

The New World family includes all the smallest species, and is more diversified than that of the Old World, as concerns the structure of the forms it contains.

The monkeys of our Indian possessions have a special claim on our attention, and Mr. Blanford's volume on the 'Fauna of British India' (cited at the head of this article), gives us a very excellent account of them. No visitor to Hindostan, especially to its Northern and Central regions, can have failed to see the sacred monkey or *Hanúmán*, also known as the *Entellus Monkey*, with black face and paws, and clothed with greyish fur. Owing to the reverence shown it by the Hindoos, it is as commonly to be seen in the trees in or near villages, as in the depths of the forest. It will often show itself even on the roofs of houses, whence it frequently descends to plunder the shops of corn-dealers. So great is the damage these animals will also inflict on fields and gardens that the plundered and exasperated natives will sometimes beg a European to shoot the thief they dare not themselves destroy, regardless of the equitable maxim, 'Qui facit per alium facit per se.' Destruction by poison seems difficult, as Mr. Blanford tells us that even ten grains of strychnine have been given to this monkey without appreciable effect. He adds:—

'Their

'Their voice is loud, and is often heard, especially in the morning and evening. The two commonest sounds emitted by them are a loud, joyous, rather musical call, generally uttered when they are bounding from tree to tree, and a harsh, guttural note, denoting alarm or anger. The latter is the cry familiar to the tiger-hunter, amongst whose best friends is the Hanúmán. Safely ensconced in a lofty tree, or jumping from one tree to another as the tiger moves, the monkey, by gesture and cry, points out the position of his deadly enemy in the bushes or grass beneath, and swears at him heartily.'

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that

'this guttural cry is a sure indication of a tiger or leopard having been seen, whereas the monkeys quite as often utter it merely as an expression of surprise. I have heard it caused by the sight of a deer running away, and I believe that it is frequently due to the monkeys catching sight of men.'

Though the Hanúmáns lead so peaceful an existence as regards their relations with human beings, they appear to be by no means uniformly peaceful among themselves.

Mr. T. H. Hughes has described* a contest between two communities of Hanúmáns which took place, apparently, for the possession of a patch of mangrove trees:—

'Only the champion males of each flock engaged at first, two from the larger flock, one from the smaller; but after one of the former had been killed, his throat having been torn open by his adversary's teeth, two females came to the assistance of the survivor, and the single champion of the opposite side was mortally wounded, whereupon several of the weaker flock appeared to be taken prisoners by the others.'

This species is one of a considerable genus of monkeys for which there is no English name; so we will here distinguish them (after Buffon) by the name of *Guenons*. These *Guenons* are all long-tailed monkeys of considerable size, and have their headquarters in the Indian Archipelago, although fourteen species are reckoned by Mr. Blanford as pertaining to British India, including Ceylon, and Burma.

Guenons, except the *Entellus* Monkey, are not commonly seen in captivity in England. In that condition they offer a marked contrast to most of the commoner kinds by their somewhat apathetic, almost melancholy quietude. While young they are very gentle, but are apt to become sullen and fierce when adult, and their long and powerful canine teeth make them formidable enemies. In a state of nature they are very

* See 'Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1884,' p. 147.

active,

active, leaping great distances,* and much aided by their long tail acting as a balance.

The largest and most powerful, and also the most singular of the Guenons, is the species known as the *Kahau* or *Proboscis Monkey*. It is found nowhere but in Borneo, where it is locally abundant. Though it was known to and figured by Buffon † in 1789, it has never been brought to Europe alive. As its name implies, it is remarkable for its enormous nose, which is capable of dilatation. The utility of this organ is quite unknown. The only suggestion made is that it is an outcome of sexual selection. But such an explanation would imply a similarity in taste and fastidiousness in both sexes, since it appears to be developed in both. The young has the nose shorter, and sharply turned upwards. This fact lends additional interest to the discovery in recent years of an allied species in a very different part of the world by a French Lazarist, Père David, who has made other valuable zoological discoveries in Central Asia. He found, high up in the cold forests of Moupin, in Thibet, a monkey clothed with dense fur, suitable for the climate of a habitat where frost and snow last during several months of the year, and where it can find little to eat but the leaves and twigs of trees. Nevertheless, this monkey living so remote from Borneo and in a climate so different from that of the hot and humid forests of that island, greatly resembles the young *Kahau*. Its nose, however, is still more turned up, wherefore Professor Alphonse Milne Edwards, in his admirable work cited at the head of this article, named it *Roxellana*!

All these Asiatic Guenons are, like almost all monkeys, provided with thumbs, though they have but very small ones. But there are in Africa about a dozen species of Guenon-like monkeys, which have no thumbs at all. They are very handsome animals, and it was of their glossy coats that, some years ago, the articles known as 'Monkey Muffs' were made. Several species are adorned with fringes or tippets of long white hair, accompanying a general livery of the deepest black. Especially notable is the *Guereza Monkey* of Abyssinia, a fine specimen of which (as well as one of the *Kahau*) is to be seen in the British Museum in Cromwell Road, together with skins of other handsome nearly allied species.

But the far greater number of African monkeys constitute a very distinct group of about three dozen species. Most of them are much smaller than the Guenons of Asia or their thumbless

* Dr. Jerdon, in his 'Mammals of India,' tells us he has seen them leap a space thirty feet wide and forty or fifty in descent.

† In his 'Hist. Naturelle,' Supp., vol. vii., plates 11 and 12.

allies of Africa. They are mostly more brightly coloured, and more petulant and active in captivity, and more frequently met with in menageries.

If a visitor to the Zoological Gardens gives a nut to one of them, he may note, in the first place, that the animal grasps with the aid of a fairly developed thumb; next, he may observe, if he presents the monkey with several nuts in succession, that they will not immediately be cracked and eaten; they will, on the contrary, be successively put inside its cheeks, which will be seen to protrude. They are put, in fact, into dilatable pockets called 'cheek pouches.'

They are very energetic, restless, and inquisitive animals, with relatively shorter and stouter limbs than the Guenons. Like the latter, they are gentle when young, and the adults, especially the females, of the smallest species of the group, may remain so. Generally, however, the adult males are irascible and malicious; and all of them, when displeased, manifest their displeasure by grinning and chattering.

One of the commonest species is the *Green Monkey*, and it is the only one of the Old World family of monkeys which has been acclimatized in the New World. It has been introduced into the islands of Nevis, St. Kitts, and Barbadoes, in all of which it has run wild. Its natural home is in Senegal and the Cape Verd Islands.

The *Diana Monkey* is an elegant little animal from West Africa, which may frequently be seen in the Regent's Park Monkey-house. It has long been known, having received its name from Linnæus in 1716, on account of a transverse band of white hair on its forehead, which is the more conspicuous on account of the generally dark colour of its fur. Its resemblance to the chaste goddess, suggested by its frontal crescent, is, however, somewhat marred by the possession of a beard.

Some most charming little monkeys belong to this group, such, e.g. as the *White-nosed* and *Moustache Monkeys* and the *Mona*. The last-named species is conspicuous for its brilliant coloration, its head being yellowish-olive, with a black stripe on the forehead, yellow whiskers, and a purple face; its back is chestnut-brown, and there is a white spot on each side of the root of the tail, which is black. The *Moustache Monkey* has a face of violet-blue bordered by yellow whiskers, while the upper lip has a white mark on either side of the nose. The *White-nosed Monkey* has dark fur and a black face, which makes its white nose the more conspicuous. It is generally very gentle, as is also the small and timid species known as the *Talapoin*.

The

The most curiously and artificially marked of all monkeys is *Brazza's Monkey*, first described a few years ago by Professor Milne Edwards, and named by him after Brazza, the French explorer. It inhabits the Upper Congo. A fine specimen is now, and has for some time been, living in the Zoological Gardens.

There are one or two African species which differ in tooth-structure and in one or two other characters from those yet described, and lead towards that almost entirely Asiatic group, the *Macques*. These African kinds are the *White-eyelid Monkeys*, and the appearance produced by the two movable snowy spots on their otherwise sooty faces give them a strange and somewhat uncanny aspect.

The *Macques* are common monkeys, very often seen in captivity. Their muzzles are more projecting than in the groups before described, all of which, save the *White-eyelid Monkeys*, have rounded heads. The *Macques* so differ in various degrees from all the monkeys yet described as to constitute a sort of sliding scale leading to the Baboons, all of which have an extremely elongated muzzle, a short tail or none, and are very strong and thick-set in build. As a rule the *Macques* are less gentle than the monkeys yet noticed, and when angry express their feelings in a different manner. Instead of grinning, chattering, and showing their teeth, the *Macques* protrude their lips, while they draw back the skin of the forehead, and make sudden, abrupt starts forward, towards the object of their ill-will, on which they meantime keep their eyes intently fixed. They go in troops through the forests, and are active throughout the day, save in the extreme heat of the tropical noon, when they take their siesta, grasping with their hand-like feet the branch upon which they are perched, the head being bent downwards on the knees. There are more than thirty species, and nine are inhabitants of Hindostan. The commonest of all is the *Rhesus* or *Bengal Monkey*, which is found from the Himalayas down to the Godaveri River in Northern India. We learn from Mr. Blanford * that—

‘Although this monkey is not regarded as sacred by Hindus, it is never molested by them, and in many parts of the country it is as impudent as the Hanúmán, and even more mischievous. Very intelligent and, when young, fairly docile, it is one of the commonest animals kept tame, and throughout Northern India it is the monkey carried about by itinerant showmen, and taught to perform

tricks of various kinds. It is a most amusing creature, the incarnation of mischief and curiosity, but frequently rather ill-tempered. Older individuals are usually savage. In the wild state it is found in herds, often of considerable size. It has generally but little fear of man, and may occasionally be found in native villages, though less commonly than the *Hanúmán*. It is very frequently seen on the ground searching for food, and it eats spiders and many kinds of insects, especially *Lepidoptera* and *Orthoptera*, besides fruits and seeds. Flocks of this monkey are more frequently seen near cultivation, especially around tanks or amongst trees on the banks of streams, than in forest jungle. They are very quarrelsome, perpetually screaming and fighting or teasing each other; in fact, they behave very much like unruly children. The Rhesus Monkey swims well, and takes readily to water.*

The *Crab-eating Macaque* is a species found in Burma, Siam, the Malayan Peninsula, and the Malay and Nicobar Islands. These monkeys are said to be especially common on the banks of tidal creeks, where they live among the mangroves and feed upon seeds, crustacea, and insects. They will dive as well as swim, and it is recorded that a wounded male, which had been shot and placed in a boat, jumped overboard and dived repeatedly, even at a distance of fifty yards.

In Southern India the commonest species is the *Bonnet Monkey*, so named because the hair of its head radiates in all directions from the centre of the crown, recalling somewhat to mind a Chinaman's cap.

A monkey found from Tenasserim to the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Borneo, has received the cognomen of *Pig-tailed Monkey*, from the circumstance that when excited it erects its short tail and twists it in the form of the letter S. Sir Stamford Raffles tells us that individuals of this species, in Sumatra, could be trained to climb cocoa-nut trees and gather the nuts for their masters.

A very curious species is the *Wanderoo*,* which has a tufted tail, and is entirely black, save for a quantity of long greyish hairs which project outwards (like a ruff) from all sides of the face except the forehead. It is a shy and wary animal, and apt to be sulky and savage in captivity. It inhabits the most dense and unfrequented forests of the hills near the Malabar coast, in herds of from twelve to twenty or more. The animal has, owing to its 'ruff,' a very conspicuous and exceptional appearance. It must also be exceptional in its domestic arrangements,

* Mr. Blanford tells us that this name is applied by the inhabitants of Ceylon to *Guenons*. Nevertheless, it is the name now universally employed by naturalists to denote the species here referred to.

if there be truth in the following contemptuous comparison made by some of the natives of India between these monkeys and the Veddahs:—‘The Veddahs are like Wanderoos, they have only got one wife each!’

Amongst the animals found by Père David at Moupin, in Thibet, was a species of Macaque clothed with a thick and dense fur, a necessary condition for life in the severe climate of mountains, where there is snow for six months out of the year. These Thibet Macaques went about in little troops, climbing rocks with the greatest agility, and taking refuge in caves. Formerly they were very common, but an old hunter boasted to Père David that he had killed upwards of 700 of them, and they are rapidly becoming more and more scarce on account of the destruction effected amongst them by the Chinese.

Another species of woolly Macaque has been brought to our Zoological Gardens from China, and Père David heard of the existence of large black monkeys with very long tails, to be found on the south of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Japan can also boast of possessing its species of Macaque, which thus represents in Asia the only monkey known as an inhabitant of Europe during the historic period. This is the *Magot* or *Barbary Ape*, its second name expressing its true habitat, for it is an African immigrant. Indeed, the existing specimens on the rock of Gibraltar are either recent importations or their descendants, the Magots having been reintroduced there, after having become for a time extinct, or all but so, just as the capercailzie has been reintroduced into Scotland. In Morocco they are still common enough. This animal, which has no tail, bears a special interest for us, arising from the fact that, at a time when prejudice did not allow the human body to be used for medical study and dissection, the body of this kind of ape was employed as a substitute, as old anatomical works conclusively prove.

In the Philippine Islands and the Celebes an exceptional kind of monkey is found, which is known as the *Black Macaque*. It differs from all other Macaques by its very prolonged and, as it were, swollen muzzle, and thus approximates to the Baboons, in spite of the remoteness of its home from theirs.

There are some ten different kinds of Baboon, and they are exclusively inhabitants of Africa and Arabia—which, zoologically considered, is a part of Africa. They are larger animals than any of the monkeys we have yet considered. They are also more quadrupedal in their mode of progression, while their muzzle is so extremely prolonged that they are termed *Cynocephali*, or ‘dog-headed’ apes.

The

The Baboons are the fiercest and most indomitable of apes, in spite of which they are sometimes trained to perform a succession of very elaborate tricks. Four of these great animals were not long ago exhibited by a showman, who had trained them very cleverly. Three of them would sit at a table, as if guests at an inn, being waited on by the fourth. On this 'waiter' bringing in the bill the others would gesticulate, pass it from one to another with various signs of great indignation. When really angry, Baboons will 'jabber'; that is, they will move the under lip up and down, uttering no other sound than that produced by the lip striking against the gums and teeth.

The most remarkable of the Baboons is the *Mandrill*, which is a very large ape, with cheeks of a bright blue, its nose vermilion, and its beard golden yellow.

The once celebrated 'Happy Jerry,' of Exeter Change, belonged to this species. He was taught to smoke a pipe and drink a glass of gin-and-water before admiring visitors. He once visited William IV. at Windsor, when he is said to have dined on hashed venison with great relish. The fine skin of poor Jerry may yet be seen in our National Collection. Another large Baboon is the *Drill*, but its colours are much less brilliant.

The Baboon with the longest snout is the *Chacma* of South Africa. It is a very powerful brute, which lives in troops amongst the rocks, and, though mainly a vegetable feeder, will also eat insects, and hunts greedily for scorpions. These it deprives of their sting by very suddenly and dexterously pinching off the hinder end of the scorpion's tail.

Having now sketched the Old World Apes from the Guenons downwards, we may reverse our course and ascend through those few species which, on account of their exceptional resemblance to ourselves, are known as the Anthropoid, or man-like, Apes. In all the monkeys we have as yet noticed, the front and hind limbs are of about equal length, and there is almost always a long tail. In the apish aristocrats, to which we now turn, there is no vestige of a tail, and the arms are always very much longer than the legs.

There are three groups of anthropoid monkeys: the first consists of about ten species known as Gibbons, or long-armed apes; the second is composed of the Gorilla, and one or two species of Chimpanzee; and the third consists of the Orang Outang.

The Gibbons are exclusively confined to the warmest regions of Asia, and may be recognized at once by the length of their arms, which will reach down to the ground while the body is perfectly erect. All their limbs are much elongated,
but

but the proportional length of their legs (which are, in fact, relatively longer than in man) is apt to remain unnoticed on account of the extraordinary development of the arms. In the proportions of their lower limbs they are much more man-like than any of the other anthropoid apes.

They have rounded heads, and the muzzle is not prominent. Thick, and generally soft, fur clothes the body, but its colour varies much according to age and sex. The largest species stands about three feet high from head to heel. They are all remarkable for their powers of locomotion, being able to swing themselves from branch to branch through a forest with amazing rapidity. Hardly less remarkable are the sounds they emit when shouting, which are more human than those of any other kind of ape. They are often exceedingly gentle, and make excellent pets, although they can inflict severe wounds with their long eye-teeth.

Their special abode is the Indian Archipelago, in the great islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, and also in Ceylon, Malacca, Burma, and Hindustan. They are found nowhere else now, though in tertiary times a Gibbon, much larger than any now existing, roamed through the forests of the south of France. The existence of Gibbons appears to have been first made known by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century; but the earliest scientific description was given by Buffon in 1766. Three years later one was badly described and figured in our Philosophical Transactions.

Mr. Blanford describes two species as inhabitants of India. One of these, the *Hoolock* or *White-browed Gibbon*, roams in flocks of from fifty to a hundred individuals, and are found south of Assam. He says:—

‘They are almost, if not entirely, confined to hill forest. . . . They descend hill-sides at a surprising pace, their descent being accomplished by grasping bamboos or branches that bend beneath their weight, and allow them to drop until they can seize the ends of other bamboos or branches lower on the slope, and take another mighty swing downwards. . . . When walking on the ground the *Hoolock* rests on its hind feet alone, with the sole flat on the ground . . . their arms are usually held upwards, and they walk rather quickly, with a waddling gait.’

They feed on fruit, leaves, spiders, insects, birds’ eggs, and young birds. They begin their cries at daybreak and continue them till nine or ten o’clock; they are then silent, feeding and resting, till towards the evening. Mr. Blanford adds:—

‘When captured young the *Hoolock* is easily tamed, and is, as a general rule, very gentle, docile, and good-tempered, exceedingly intelligent,

intelligent, and very cleanly in its habits. Some instances of savageness on the part of male animals have, however, been noticed. All the Gibbons are very delicate, and rarely live long in captivity.' 1

The other Indian species is the *White-headed Gibbon*, which is found in the Malay Peninsula and in Tenasserim up to a height of 3,500 feet above the sea.

The largest of the Gibbons is the *Siamong*, which is an inhabitant of Sumatra, where the forests often resound with its extremely powerful yells. It is distinguished from all other monkeys by the possession of a prominent chin. Many years ago the late Mr. George Bennett had a good opportunity of examining the ways of this animal, a specimen of which he bought at Singapore on his way home from Australia. He relates * that—

'he walked erect, with a waddling gait, sometimes with his arms hanging down, and occasionally assisting his propulsion with his knuckles; but more frequently with them thrown upward, ready to catch at a rope, or any object by means of which he might, in a moment, climb out of reach of fancied danger. . . . His disposition was gentle, but lively and animated; and he delighted in playing frolics. With a little Papuan child on board he became very intimate: they might be often seen sitting near the capstan, the animal with his long arms round her neck, lovingly eating biscuit together. In his gambols with the child he would roll on deck with her, as if in mock combat, pushing with his feet, his long arms entwined round her, and pretending to bite; sometimes, seizing a rope, he would swing toward her, and, when attempts were made to secure him, would elude the grasp by swinging away; he would often also drop suddenly on her from the ropes aloft, and then engage in various playful antics. With the monkeys on board he also seemed desirous of establishing amiable relationship, evidently wishing to join them in their gambols; but, as they avoided his company, probably from fear, he revenged their unsociableness by teasing them and pulling them by the tail at every opportunity. He soon learned his name, and would, when called by it, readily approach those whom he knew. He was so exceedingly engaging that he speedily became a general favourite; yet he formed an attachment for three grown persons only on board; to these it was as strong as it had previously been for a Malay boy from whom it had been purchased. With all his liveliness and engaging qualities, his temper was extremely irritable; and when refused anything, disappointed, or confined, he would indulge in fits of anger, which he manifested by screams; or he would lie on deck, roll about, throw his arms and legs in various directions, dash everything aside that might be in his reach, uttering deep guttural sounds expressive of

* 'Wanderings in New South Wales,' vol. ii. p. 151, &c.

his feelings; nor, when his rage was over, did he always abandon his purpose; but sometimes had recourse to stratagem, when his violence was of no avail.'

Novel objects always excited his curiosity:—

'When a ship was spoken with at sea, he would invariably mount up the rigging, in order to command a good view of the vessel; and sometimes take up his position just under the flag, and there remain, gazing after the departing ship until she was out of sight; then he would descend to the deck, and resume his accustomed sports. It would appear that he had a peculiar inclination for disarranging articles in the cabin; and among these articles a piece of soap would especially attract his notice, and for the removal of this he had been once or twice scolded. One morning I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so, and he would occasionally cast a furtive glance toward the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he, seeing me busily occupied, took the soap and hurried away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from whence he had taken it. . . . He was ravenously fond of carrots, on the appearance of which his usual placidity was lost in his eager desire for them. A portion of carrot would attract him from one end of the table to the other, over which he would walk, without disturbing a single article, although the ship was rolling at the time, so admirably would he maintain his balance. He would drink tea, coffee, or chocolate, but neither wine nor spirits. Animal food was not altogether rejected; and of this he preferred fowl. On one occasion a lizard which was caught on board was placed before him, when he seized the reptile instantly in his paw, and greedily devoured it. Sweetmeats of all kinds, and also onions, though their acridity caused him to sneeze and loll out his tongue, were sought after and eaten with great satisfaction.'

This interesting and attractive animal was not destined to reach our shores. As the vessel approached them, cold east winds induced disease which quickly killed it, to the regret of all the crew.

The largest of the anthropoid apes, and of all apes, is the famed *Gorilla*, which inhabits the forests of Western Africa, between the mouths of the Cameroon and Congo rivers. Our first knowledge of this animal was due to Dr. Thomas Savage, of the United States. He, with the assistance of a missionary named Wilson, procured materials sufficient to enable Professor Jeffries Wyman to describe* parts of its anatomy. Shortly

* In the 'Boston Journal of Natural History,' vol. iv. 1843-44, and vol. v. 1847.

afterwards Sir Richard Owen published an elaborate description of the skull in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society of London*. Nor must M. du Chaillu be forgotten in any account of those who have made the Gorilla known to the public.

It has been supposed that it was individuals of this species that were captured by Hanno, during the expedition, ordered by the Carthaginian Government in B.C. 510, which sailed south of the pillars of Hercules. In the report read before the Senate it was stated that having sailed into a gulf and landed, they met with 'wild men' entirely covered with hair.

'We pursued them' (it was stated) 'but could not take any of the men, on account of their quickness in climbing; but we took three women, who bit and tore those who carried them off, so that we were obliged to kill them. We then skinned them, and carried their skins home with us.'

Two of these were placed by Hanno in the Temple of Astarté in Carthage, where they remained till the city was captured by the Romans. It is, however, now deemed more probable that these 'wild men' were Drills or Mandrills.

The Gorilla is an extremely powerful beast, and attains a height of five and a half feet. Its fur is of a very dark dun colour, becoming grey with age. Its arms are much longer than its relatively short legs, reaching half way down the shin. All the monkeys hitherto noticed have the 'callosities,' patches of hard hairless skin, upon which the body reposes when in a sitting posture. These are very large in the Macaques and Baboons, but are entirely wanting in the Gorilla and also in the Chimpanzee and Orang. Dr. Savory and others affirm that Gorillas are, or at least may be, exceedingly ferocious, attacking man instead of flying from him. The natives appear to dread them. The male sometimes, it is said, utters, when met with, a terrific yell, opening his enormous jaws and contracting the hairy ridge on his villainously low forehead so as to present an aspect of great ferocity.

The far less formidable Chimpanzees inhabit a much greater extent of Africa; namely, from the Gambia to the Benguela, extending inland as far as 28° east longitude.

Probably the earliest notice of this kind of ape appeared in a description of the kingdom of Congo by Pigafetta in 1591, published at Rome. The next is to be found in that curious book entitled, 'Purchas his Pilgrimes,' published in 1625, wherein he relates observations made by his friend Andrew Battell, who passed several years in Congo. Dapper,
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in his description of Africa in 1686, also noticed it; and in the last year of the seventeenth century a full and accurate account of its anatomy, with excellent plates, was published in London by Dr. Tyson, under the title, 'Anatomie of a Pigmie.' Its fur is black, and its arms are shorter relatively than those of the Gorilla, only reaching to about its knees. The first specimen brought alive to England was that dissected by Tyson, and there is no record of a second till 1738. It was not till nearly a hundred years later, namely, in 1835, that there was an opportunity of fully observing its ways in our Zoological Gardens. It naturally became an object of extreme interest, and visitors wondered at its likeness to a child deformed by preternatural wrinkles and at its liveliness. As an experiment, to see whether it had an instinctive horror of snakes, a python was so placed that the Chimpanzee came upon it unawares. He immediately shrank back in terror, and ran to his keeper for protection, nor could he be induced to take an apple off the lid of a basket wherein the snake had been placed and covered up. He also showed much dislike to a tortoise, but soon overcame that feeling. He was not so timid with regard to other animals, for in the same room was a Maltese dog with a litter of young, and in spite of the mother's snarling and barking he would often intrude into her kennel, taking up the puppies one by one, gravely looking at them, and then replacing them with the utmost gentleness.

Not very long ago there was in our Zoological Gardens a female Chimpanzee, known as Sally, which was in three ways remarkable. To begin with, it was the largest and seemingly most adult specimen which had lived in Europe; secondly, it differed from those previously known in its carnivorous habits. It would seize and greedily devour small birds, whereas such apes were previously supposed to be vegetarians only. But it was most remarkable of all on account of its tricks and appearance of intelligence. It would separately pick up from the ground, place in its mouth, and then present to its keeper in one bunch two, three, four, five, and so on to ten straws, or only one, as its keeper might command it to do. It had distinctly associated together the sounds of these numbers as spoken with corresponding groups of picked-up straws. It would also, on command, pass a straw through a large or small hole in the fastening of its cage or through a particular interspace in the wire netting of its cage. It would further, when so bid, put objects into its keeper's pocket, play various odd tricks with boy visitors, and howl horribly when told to sing. But Sally was not only thus talented and carnivorous, but also

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remarkably

remarkably bald, and these distinctions seem enough to show that there must be at least two kinds of Chimpanzee.

A great contrast to these African apes (the Gorilla and Chimpanzee) is presented by the last anthropoid ape we have to notice, namely, the *Orang*, which is exclusively Asiatic. Its hair is reddish, and its arms seem almost as long as those of the Gibbons, since they reach down to the ankle when the animal stands erect. Its legs, however, are extremely short relatively, in which it differs widely from the other Asiatic anthropoid apes, namely, the Gibbons. It very rarely stands erect spontaneously, and it walks resting on its knuckles and the outer edges of its feet, their soles being turned inwards. Thus, resting on the knuckles of its hands, it uses its arms as a pair of crutches, swinging the body and legs forward between them. Not only in bodily structure, but also in disposition, the *Orang* is very different from the lively and petulant Chimpanzee. Remarkably calm, not to say languid, in its movements, it has, in captivity, a curiously melancholy demeanour. Its high, round forehead, very different from the low brows of the Gorilla and Chimpanzee, gives it a singularly intellectual aspect, in addition to its sad look. As we observe it pensively squatting with fat belly, like an image of Gautama, we might fancy that the mind of some esoteric Buddhist was imprisoned within the apish body, incapable of making its latent existence known, and mutely contemplating a Nirvana to come. The *Orang* is exclusively an inhabitant of Borneo and Sumatra, and, even there, only in the low-lying, humid forests, which supply it with shelter and the fruit it loves. A solitary and peaceful animal, it is ordinarily sluggish in its motions, even in its native woods. Nevertheless, when attacked, it can defend itself with alacrity and effect, as Dr. A. R. Wallace's experience suffices to prove. He tells us * that the inhabitants of a Dyak house

'saw a large *Orang* feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the riverside. On being alarmed he retreated towards the jungle which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body, but the *Mias* seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man

* See his 'Malay Archipelago,' vol. i. p. 76.

remained

remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm.'

Instances of the rapidity with which the Orang occasionally moves were long ago (1818) recorded by Dr. Clarke Abel, who brought the animal home from Java to England. Being placed on board ship,

'he was allowed to wander freely about, and soon became familiar with the sailors. They often chased him about the rigging, and, when much pressed, he would elude them by seizing a loose rope and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the masthead, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the mainstay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung with so much violence as to make me fear his falling, but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and, having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him. Whilst in Java he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling, and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches and covering them with leaves. During the day he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under, and when he saw anyone with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. On board ship he commonly slept at the masthead, after wrapping himself in a sail. . . . Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it; if it was large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. . . . Next to the boatswain, I was perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the masthead, whither I often went for the sake of reading apart from the noise of the ship; and, having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and, putting a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements. . . . Of some small monkeys on board from Java he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once, indeed, he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had reason to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation, and was one day summoned to the top-gallant yard of the mizenmast, to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with the sail, he for some time contemplated with great gravity

gravity the gambols of the monkey, which bounded over him, but at length caught him by the tail and tried to envelop him in his covering. . . . The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the Orang Outang never condescended to romp with the monkey as he did with the boys of the ship. . . . I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtle brought on board whilst the "Caesar" was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached, and, looking down upon them, projected his long lips, uttering a sound between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them.'

Orangs in our Gardens have soon become familiarized with the sight of tortoises and turtles, and, strange to say, they exhibited no alarm at the appearance of giraffes. Indeed, when a giraffe bent down its long neck, attracted by food in the Orang's hand, the latter tried to grasp the giraffe's nose. This ape, like the Chimpanzee, soon learns to drink out of a cup, to feed itself with a spoon, and many similar tricks.

The Orang is, in our estimation (on account of the structure of its brain), the highest of the apes of the Old World, as the Baboons are the lowest. Moreover, as the apes of the Old World are higher in organization than those of the New, the Orang, unless we are mistaken, must be reckoned as the highest living form of the whole order of Monkeys. But certainly neither it nor any other of the anthropoid apes can have been a direct ancestor of man.

On passing to the family of the New World apes, we meet with a very distinct type of Simian life—distinct in tooth and hand and face and, more or less often, as to the tail.

There appear to be no forest-regions of the whole world comparable with those of the South American Continent. There, as Alfred Wallace has so graphically described, forest is superimposed upon forest. At a great height a waving sea of verdure, rich in animal life, is spread out in the dazzling, glowing sunshine, borne up on columns which tower through the relative obscurity of the vast space beneath, wherein a second growth of what would elsewhere seem noble forest-trees finds a congenial home. Beneath these, again, there may yet be another similar, but smaller, growth, while lycopods and a multitude of humble herbs everywhere clothe the surface of the ground. Evidently, if adaptation to surrounding conditions can
take

take place amongst animals, we might surely expect to find here some special adaptations to forest-life. And that is what we do find. Creatures are enabled to roam freely through the forest while specially protected from the danger of a fatal fall.

We find such conditions amongst animals of various orders, but we are here concerned with monkeys only. All of them have feet so modified as to act like hands, the great toe grasping powerfully against the other four. This modification obviously adapts every kind of monkey for climbing; but another very important one (which seems the only other possible modification of the kind) is found amongst American monkeys only. It is an adaptation which supplies them with what is practically a fifth hand. In a considerable number of species, including all the largest forms, the under surface of the terminal portion of the tail is naked, and can, on that account, apply itself more closely to any surface than if it were clothed, like the rest of the tail, with fur. In these kinds of American monkeys, moreover, the tail is a very powerful muscular organ, and is capable of curling its terminal portion so firmly round an object, that the monkey's whole body can thus be safely suspended. A tail of this kind is called a 'prehensile tail,' and no monkey except those from America ever possesses anything of the kind. And the same may be said with respect to those which are prehensile, though not naked beneath towards the end. Therefore if any monkey is seen to have the end of its tail curled, we may be sure that it is of American origin.

It is also quite easy, when looking any monkey in the face, to see from which side of the Atlantic it came; for all the Old World monkeys resemble us in only having a narrow partition between the two nostrils, while the American ones have a wide partition, which gives a markedly different aspect to their physiognomy. No American monkey, moreover, has such things as 'cheek-pouches' or 'callosities,' which are so widely distributed amongst apes of the Old World. Again, all Old World monkeys have the same number of teeth as we have, while all those of the New World have an additional premolar* on either side of each jaw. Some African monkeys, as already stated, are devoid of thumbs, but all the other Old World monkeys have thumbs which are distinctly opposable to the fingers. A few American apes are also destitute of thumbs, and none of the other New World species have the thumbs more than half opposable, so that they bend round in nearly

* A grinding tooth which has a milk predecessor.

the same plane as do the four fingers—as may be easily seen by giving a nut to one of these creatures.

Nor is it only in form and structure that the apes of the New World are peculiar. Some of them are especially distinguished by their gentleness and intelligence. As to intelligence, it is the commoner monkeys of South America, the *Sapajous*, which are preferred to all others, by those itinerant Italians who exhibit their performances. We can vouch, from our personal experience, for the amazing skill and dexterity wherewith they will perform the various antics they have been taught.

Some of the most remarkable apes of America (ranging throughout Brazil and northwards to Mexico) are the *Spider Monkeys*, whereof there are some seventeen species, and amongst them are those above spoken of as thumbless. As their name implies, they have very long and slender limbs, and their tails are in the highest degree prehensile. Not only can they sustain themselves by it alone, but it will sometimes serve as a fifth hand, objects being grasped by it and brought towards the hand or mouth. They are very gentle in disposition. In spite of their admirable adaptation to arboreal life, they are comparatively slow in progression. They can walk erect with facility, and when so doing carry their long tail raised, and acting as a balance.

There are two or three species of ape which have a great resemblance to Spider Monkeys, save that they have long thumbs and very thick fur, on which account they are known as *Woolly Monkeys*. They are not found north of the isthmus of Panama, but inhabit the vicinity of the Amazon and Orinoco. They are very easily tamed and often made pets of by the natives, but seem to be more dull and sluggish in confinement than are the Spider Monkeys.

The third and last group of apes with perfectly prehensile tails, naked beneath, are those known as the *Howling Monkeys*, of which there are seven or eight species. The group has a very wide range, namely, from Guatemala to 30° of south latitude. They are the most bulky of the American apes, and they have the most projecting muzzles. As their name implies, they are noted for their prodigious cries, which are said to be sometimes almost deafening. A curious modification of structure goes with this portentous clamour. At the root of the tongue in ourselves and also in beasts, is a small, solid, transversely extended bone, but in the Howlers this becomes a great bony bladder with a very thin wall, which doubtless intensifies the sounds they emit. The *Black Howler*, Dr. Reugger tells us, goes in families of from three to ten individuals, which
never

never go far from some stream. The family will remain on a single tree for a whole day if it bears food enough, and as they eat buds, leaves, and insects as well as fruit, they often do find enough. Their howling takes place every morning and evening, especially in the warm season, but they are silent at night and in rainy weather. The old male of the family, perched on a tree-top, begins the noise, and the females and young follow, their vociferations often continuing for hours, with only brief intervals, during which time they seldom change the places they may have taken on the trees. The sight of an enemy, however, speedily puts a stop to the concert. They seem to howl merely for the pleasure of howling and rivalling each other in vociferation. They have never been observed to play together, but if neither feeding nor howling appear to sleep.

In spite of their always living near water, they are so much afraid of entering it that they will suffer great hunger rather than do so. Dr. Reugger found a family isolated on a tree surrounded by water, and they were so starved and thin that they could hardly move. They had eaten not only all the leaves and small twigs of the tree, but even the bark, and yet they had but sixty feet to swim in order to reach another tree. Some of the species show much brilliance of colour, with bright red or golden hair on the flanks. The sexual difference of colour is very great in one species, the male being deep black and the female a pale straw colour. Howling Monkeys seem sullen and morose, and, though not petulant, have by no means the gentle amiability of the Spider Monkeys.

The next group of South American apes is composed of the *Sapajous* (before mentioned), which are the commonest and most frequently met with in confinement of all the New World monkeys. They are considerably smaller than the American species hitherto noticed. They make good pets and have many quaint ways, grinning with the most curious grimaces, and uttering flute-like sounds when responding to caresses and endearments. There are probably some two dozen different species, though they vary so remarkably in colour that it is difficult to determine species accurately. They are found throughout America, from Costa Rica and Nicaragua to the south of Paraguay. They pass their lives almost constantly in trees, ranging from one to another in search of fruit, honey, and birds' nests with eggs or nestlings, going in families of from four or five to about ten individuals. They only quit the trees to drink at some stream or to forage in some tempting field of maize or to plunder oranges. Their tail, though curled

at

at the end, is less strongly prehensile than in the before-noted groups, being entirely covered with hair.

The monkeys which remain to be noticed have tails not even curled at the end, and therefore not at all prehensile. The first group of these monkeys consists of those known as *Sakis*, which are of about the same size as *Sapajous*. Though somewhat widely spread over the American continent, they are nowhere very abundant, going about, as they do, in pairs accompanied by their young. About nine or ten species belong to the group. They are gentle, timid animals, which sleep much by day and go abroad at night. They are rarely to be met with in confinement, though several species have lived in our Zoological Gardens, some of them being very singular in appearance. One species, with a long beard, is known as the *Capuchin*. Another, also provided with a beard, has been called, on account of the fine black colour of its fur, the *Satanic Saki*. A third species is mostly black, but has a white head; while a fourth kind has its head completely bald. Two or three of the *Sakis* have short tails, in which they differ from all other American monkeys. One of these very exceptional kinds has its stumpy tail furnished with long hair, so that it looks like a hairy ball. This species inhabits the upper part of the valley of the Amazon. A young traveller, M. Deville, captured a specimen there. He found it to have the remarkable habit of frequently rising spontaneously, and walking erect. It soon learned to drink from a glass held in its hand, drinking regularly twice a day. It was very fond of milk, bananas, and sweetmeats, but had a perfect horror of tobacco, snatching a cigar from the mouth of anyone who blew smoke towards it, and grinding the offensive object on the ground. When several bananas were given to it, it would hold one in its hands and the others with its feet. It was gentle and affectionate to its master and a few other persons, and liked to lick their hands or faces; but it was very hostile to a young Indian, and when in a passion would rub its hands together with extreme rapidity.

The *Douracoulis* or *Night Apes* are truly nocturnal animals, passing the whole day rolled up asleep within some hollow tree, and appearing quite lethargic and stupid when disturbed. Their great eyes seem to suffer much from stray daylight. They will sleep from about dawn till seven in the evening. At night they are as active as most monkeys are by day, and will make a great noise with their cries. They are said to go always in pairs. The group ranges from Costa Rica and Nicaragua to the south of Paraguay. They are extremely gentle and attractive

attractive little creatures when in confinement; nevertheless they will bite when freshly caught. When irritated they will distend the throat and hiss, giving at the same time a rapid blow with the hand.

Another group of small apes are called *Sagoins*, and of them there are some nine species. They are less nocturnal than the Night Apes and have smaller eyes. They extend southwards to latitude 30° . It is said that the grace and elegance of these monkeys are very remarkable as they jump from branch to branch, the females carrying their young upon their backs.

There are but three species of *Saimiris* or *Squirrel Monkeys*, yet they are very widely distributed. These beautiful little creatures are slender and elegant in form. The back is greyish-olive, the face white, the lips and chin black, and also the tip of the tail. The limbs are golden red, and the eyes hazel. Squirrel Monkeys were early brought over to Europe, but they are too delicate to live long away from their native climate. Even in America they are sometimes found in the woods huddled up and clinging together as if for warmth. Towards sunset they are said to climb up the lianas to the very summits of palm-trees, as to a place of security for their slumbers. They are very fond of insects, devouring spiders with special avidity.

The tiny monkeys which constitute the last group we have to notice differ greatly from all others. They are the *Marmosets* or *Ouistitis*. Of these there are not less than five and thirty species, which are entirely confined to the forest regions of the warmest parts of America, from Veragua to Southern Brazil.

All the monkeys hitherto noticed possess 'nails' substantially like ours. The Marmosets, however, have every finger and toe provided with a long, sharp, curved, and pointed 'claw,' with the exception of each great toe, which bears a flattened nail.

The thumbs of all the monkeys hitherto described are wholly or half opposable to the fingers, but those of the Marmosets are not opposable at all. They also differ from all other monkeys and from man in having only two wisdom teeth above or below on each side of the mouth. As a whole, however, they are much more allied to the other monkeys of their continent than to those of the Old World. They are mostly about the size of a squirrel or smaller, and are remarkable for the beauty of their furry coat. Several species have a long tuft of hair projecting outward from either side of the head. They are often brought to Europe, and, in many instances, have bred on this side of the Atlantic, bringing forth three young at a birth, while other monkeys have twins at the most. Sometimes in confinement they have devoured their young, but this is exceptional.

exceptional. The little husband is often hardly less attentive to his progeny than is his little wife. F. Cuvier had a pair which had three young, which were born with their eyes open, and clothed with grey hairs. As soon as they were born they clung to their mother's fur, but she ate the head of one of them; when, however, the other two took the breast, she immediately became careful of and affectionate to them. When tired of carrying them she uttered a little cry, whereupon the male took them, and carried them about till they were ready for another meal. The name 'Ouistiti' is derived from the sharp whistling cry they emit. They are timid, irritable little animals, which seem devoid of the intelligence possessed by most other monkeys. No monkeys are more sensitive to cold than are these small ones, and they will carry to a corner of their cage any soft, warm material they can get, and make a nest wherein to shelter themselves. Although so fond of insects, they are hardly less so of fruit, and will eat bananas with avidity, and also biscuits, fish, and small portions of meat. Amongst the species notable for their beauty the following kinds may be mentioned; the Marikina or Silky Marmoset, with hair of a golden yellow colour, that of the head and shoulders being long and forming a sort of mane. The Pinche also has the hair of the head greatly elongated; while another species, the Tamarin, has the fur of the body of a very dark colour, save that of the hands and feet, which are bright red. They cling to the trunks of trees with their long pointed claws, just as squirrels do, and they go about in small troops with great watchfulness and caution, since their small size and feeble means of defence render them an easy prey to the rapacious beasts of their native forests. They feed on fruit and insects.

We have now come to the end of our brief sketch of the various groups which together compose the order of Apes or Monkeys.

That order we have now seen to be divisible into two great sections, each exclusively confined to one terrestrial hemisphere. Amongst the section inhabiting the Old World, the man-like, or anthropoid, apes stand markedly apart from all the rest; while the Marmosets stand even more apart from the other ape inhabitants of the New World.

The entire order has for its northern limits (so far as yet known), Gibraltar, Northern China, Japan, and about latitude 23° in Mexico. Southwards it extends to Timor, the Cape of Good Hope, and latitude 30° in South America. Some of the localities richest in monkeys are islands, such as Ceylon, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Fernando Po, and Trinidad.

There

There are, however, various regions which seem very fitted to happily maintain these animals which are nevertheless entirely devoid of them. Thus, no monkey has ever been found even in the best-wooded parts of the tropical portion of Australia, New Guinea, or the Moluccas.

Even more remarkable is it that none exist in the great island of Madagascar, so rich in vast forest regions which teem with animals once supposed to be closely allied with monkeys, namely, Lemurs.

The West Indies are also destitute of apes, save those which, as before stated (when noticing the Green Monkey), have been introduced into these islands from Africa, and have run wild. There are many species in Trinidad, but that island forms no part of the Antilles, and is, in fact, a detached portion of the South American Continent.

In tertiary times, as before mentioned, Gibbons existed in Southern France; and other apes inhabited Tuscany and Greece. Of late the distinguished naturalist and traveller, Mr. Forsyth Major, has found in Madagascar what he believes to be the bones of a kind of monkey. In this opinion, however, we think him to be mistaken.

Such are the main facts with respect to the order of apes which we deem it needful here to notice.

But what are apes? What is their chief significance for us, and in what does their main interest consist?

That they have a great resemblance to ourselves has been a matter for remark for many ages, as we said in the commencement of this article. But have apes some special resemblance and affinity to any other order of beasts? Do any other animals, not monkeys, share with us, possibly in other points of structure, our seeming affinity with the apes? What does the most recent scientific knowledge tell us on this subject?

As we remarked above, it was till lately supposed that monkeys were rather closely allied to Lemurs, an order of beasts having their headquarters in Madagascar, a few forms being found exclusively in Africa, and others as exclusively in Southern Asia.

Increased anatomical knowledge has, we think, shown the belief of their kinship to apes to have been erroneous. In brain structure, and in what regards the reproductive function (both valuable tests of affinity) they have been found to differ widely from the apes. Their resemblance to monkeys merely consists in the fact that they all (with one exception) have truly opposable thumbs and feet formed like hands with opposable great toes. But many true opossums have feet with opposable great toes,

toes, and yet nobody for a moment supposes there can be any special affinity between monkeys and opossums!

The fact is, no other group of beasts has any special, yet known, affinity with apes; while our own affinity to them is continually made the more clear and certain, not only by anatomical advance, but also by progress in physiology. Not only in bodily structure, but in certain tendencies to disease, we are similar; and no other animals but apes have the same external parasites as those which are apt to infect the uncleanly human body. Thus we and the apes stand together, as it were, on one zoological island separated by very deep water from every other zoological area.

As to the origin of the ape order, we as yet know nothing. We have no certain evidence of the existence of monkeys before the middle tertiary, or Miocene, period. This fact, however, must not be taken as sufficient evidence of non-existence, since we scarcely expect to find ape-fossils frequently. We do not expect this, because the agility and arboreal life of these animals presumably enable them to escape death from local inundations and other causes, followed by a speedy covering over with lacustrine deposits, such as have so often happened with more sluggish and more terrestrial animals. When they fall dead they are no doubt quickly devoured by flesh or carrion eating creatures. It is doubtless owing to this that their remains are so rarely found in India as to have led the Hindoos to believe that they bury their dead themselves.

Possibly further discoveries in the rich Miocene and Eocene deposits of North America may afford us a satisfactory clue to the origin of the order, but as yet there is no fragment of evidence which is, in our judgment, satisfactory, though Professor Ameghino has found curious American forms in the lower tertiary in Patagonia. On the principles of evolution we may be quite sure that they did arise, probably towards the end of the Eocene period, from some quadrupedal form of life; but as to what that was we know nothing, nor do we know which existing group of apes has deviated least from the primordial ape form. It is even very possible that the apes of the New World had a different origin from those of our own hemisphere; indeed, there are diverging points in their anatomy (especially as regards the bony structure of the ear) which make us regard this divergence as more probable than a single origin for both.

Of the apes of Africa and Asia, we can hardly help regarding the man-like ones as having been the more lately evolved, and we are inclined to consider the Baboons as a degraded, rather
than

than a primitive, form of monkey life, in spite of the resemblance the sub-equal length of their limbs gives them to ordinary quadrupeds. As to the American apes, we are not disposed to deem the lowest existing forms, the Marmosets, as primitive, but rather as derivative in one direction; while the Spider Monkeys and Howlers are also diverging branches from the hypothetical primitive New World Monkey.

As to the relations which we may suppose to have existed between apes and man, we have as yet no certain scientific evidence; and though we have long been disposed to look for 'missing links' in South-Eastern Asia, we do not regard the recent discovery in Java as of a really important and decisive character.

It is clear, as we observed before, that the human body cannot have been evolved from any existing anthropoid form of ape. Nevertheless, the Orang, Gorilla, Chimpanzee, and Gibbon each present specially human characteristics which are quite peculiar to them, and by no means least remarkable, as human characters, are the prominent chin and well developed legs of the Gibbons, as also their remarkable vocal powers.

We should, therefore, in spite of the various human characteristics of the Gorilla and Chimpanzee, be disposed to look for the brute ancestor of our species in some form of ape from which both the Orang and the Gibbons have also been derived, and therefore to regard as the original home of our species some South Asiatic region. Our Simian progenitors, however, must have been creatures now utterly extinct, and no fossil remains of such have yet been discovered.

Although the origin of the apes, from Palæontological evidence, cannot with certainty be deemed to have taken place in the Eocene period, nevertheless, though the antiquity of man is now known to be so immensely greater than was supposed in the days of Cuvier, the order dates from a period sufficiently remote to enable it to have given rise to the presumed brute ancestors of the human race.

ART. V.—*Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church.* Edited by Dr. Henry Wace, Principal of King's College, London, and Dr. Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in Union Seminary, New York.

Vol. V. *Select Writings and Letters of Gregory of Nyssa.* Translated with prolegomena, &c., by W. Moore, M.A., Rector of Appleton, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and H. A. Wilson, M.A., Fellow and Librarian of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Vol. VII. : Part II. *Select Orations and Letters of S. Gregory Nazianzen.* Translated with prolegomena, &c., by C. G. Browne, M.A., Rector of Lymington, Devon, and J. E. Swallow, M.A., Chaplain of the House of Mercy, Horbury.

Vol. VIII. *Letters and Select Works of St. Basil.* Translated with prolegomena, &c., by Blomfield Jackson, M.A., Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane, and Fellow of King's College, London.*

THE publication of three volumes of selections from the works of the great Cappadocian Fathers of the fourth century may well attract notice even in this busy time; and the careful and excellent scholarship displayed by the translators and editors thoroughly deserves more generous recognition than it has yet received. The work has been well done; it was well worth doing; and it was by no means easy to do. Gregory of Nyssa is a really difficult author. The style of Basil is, like his own character, direct, vigorous, and much too intense to become so complicated as that of his brother. But even Basil presents numerous difficulties to the comprehension of his readers; and the scholar, who studies an author of this period, with few and poor editions, has a very different and a much more difficult task than the translator of some author that has attracted the attention of generations and centuries of learned leisure. Dr. Wace is responsible for the editing of the whole volume of Gregory Nyssen, and part of the volume of Basil; and the many difficulties and questions that confront the translator in every page must all have been weighed anew by him in the execution of a peculiarly thankless, but important task.

It is not our intention to enter into minute questions of translation and criticism, but to attempt to illustrate the usefulness of work like this, by giving some examples of what

* The variety in the titulature of the three Saints suggests a certain difference of view among the translators.

is to be learned from the selected portions of the three authors. We shall disregard entirely the theological side of their writings, and only quote some of the passages bearing on the condition of society and life at the time and in the land where the three Fathers lived. It is from Basil that we learn most, partly because he had a much more practical and statesmanlike mind than either his brother or his friend, partly because almost the whole collection of his letters, which come into nearer relations to actual life than the theological treatises, is here translated,* whereas only a small selection of the letters of Gregory Nazianzen is given (and these seem chosen more for their theological or personal interest than for their bearing on the state of society), and only a very few letters of Gregory Nyssen have been preserved. We shall, as far as possible, narrate each incident in the original words, partly to preserve the true colouring, partly in order to bring out incidentally the success with which the work of translation has been performed.

The modernness of tone that is often perceptible in the literature of the Roman Empire strikes every reader; it corresponds to and expresses a certain precocious ripeness—or, possibly, rottenness—in a too rapidly developed social system. In the eastern provinces an interesting problem is presented to us; this precocious western civilization and education was there impressed upon oriental races, backward in development and unprogressive in temperament, by the organizing genius of Rome and the educative spirit of Greece. It is an interesting process, whereby western manners and ideas were for a time imposed on, or perhaps even naturalized among an oriental people, and then died out again, either because the circumstances of the Byzantine Empire were uncongenial, or because all civilization and ideas were destroyed by the Turks. That long process will some time find a historian; a single moment in it is revealed in the pages of the three great Cappadocians.

One of the most interesting passages for our purpose is Gregory Nyssen's satirical sketch of the early life of the two heretics, *Ætius* and *Eunomius*. Their history, as told by Gregory, is quite a romance; though it is doubtful how far the account which he gives of theological opponents is to be trusted. *Ætius* was originally a serf, bound to the soil on a vine-growing estate.

‘Having escaped—how, I do not wish to say, lest I be thought to

* The first 299, with a few specimens of the rest (including the doubtful or spurious correspondence), are included in Mr. Jackson's volume. Our references to *Epist.* are to be understood of Basil's letters, unless another name is mentioned.

be entering on his history in a bad spirit—he became at first a tinker, and had this grimy trade quite at his fingers' end, sitting under a goat's-hair tent,* with a small hammer and a diminutive anvil, and so earned a precarious and laborious livelihood. What income, indeed, of any account could be made by one who mends the shaky places in coppers, and soldiers holes up, and hammers sheets of tin to pieces, and clamps with lead the legs of pots?

As the story goes, 'a certain incident necessitated the next change in his life.' A woman, attached to a regiment, gave him a gold ornament to mend; he returned to her a similar one of copper, slightly gilt, 'for he was clever enough in the tinker's, as in other, arts to mislead his customers with the tricks of trade.' But the gold got rubbed off, and he was detected; 'and as some of the soldiers of her family and nation were roused to indignation, she prosecuted,' and secured his condemnation. After undergoing his punishment, he 'left the trade, swearing that . . . business tempted him to commit this theft.' He then became assistant to a quack doctor, and

'made his attack upon the obscurer households and on the most abject of mankind. Wealth came gradually from his plots against a certain Armenius who, being a foreigner, was easily cheated, and . . . advanced him frequent sums of money.' He next 'wanted to be styled a physician himself. Henceforth, therefore, he attended medical congresses, and, consorting with the wrangling controversialists there, became one of the ranters, and, just as the scales were turning, always adding his own weight to the argument, he got to be in no small request.'

From medicine Ætius turned to theology. Arius had already started his heresy,

'and the schools of medicine resounded then with the disputes about that question. Accordingly Ætius studied the controversy; and, having laid a train of syllogisms from what he remembered of Aristotle, he became notorious for even going beyond Arius in the novel character of his speculations.'

At this point the inconsistency of this 'veracious' narrative strikes the reader; if the life of Ætius as serf, tinker, quack's assistant, and quack principal is rightly recorded, when had he found time and opportunity to study Aristotle?

Eunomius, the pupil of Ætius, had (according to his

* The translation is certainly right, though 'camel's hair' is a commoner sense of the Greek word. Such tents are, and doubtless always have been, common in the country.

theological opponent) an almost equally varied, though much less disreputable, career. He was born at a small village—Oltiseris—of the Korniaspene district, in the north-western part of Cappadocia, near the Galatian frontier. His father was a peasant farmer,—

‘an excellent man, except that he had such a son. . . . He was one of those farmers who are always bent over the plough, and spend a world of trouble over their little farm; and in the winter, when he was secured from agricultural work, he used to carve out neatly the letters of the alphabet for boys to form syllables with, winning his bread with the money these sold for.’

This is an interesting picture of the farmer's life in a remote and obscure corner of Cappadocia; and it suggests that the knowledge of letters and writing was penetrating to a very humble stratum of society, if a farmer could make money in this way during the long winter season, when the ground was covered with snow for months. Facts like these make it all the more remarkable that a bishop who was present at the Council of Constantinople, in 448, had to get a friend to sign on his behalf, ‘eo quod nesciam literas.’ The Phrygian Church, which had been so flourishing in the second and third centuries, was destroyed with fire and sword by Diocletian, and the country never properly recovered from that crushing persecution; education and prosperity were for a time almost annihilated. But Cappadocia had not been so thoroughly Christianized before the time of Diocletian, and hence it escaped more easily. In reading over the ‘Acta Sanctorum,’ every student must observe that a much larger number of Cappadocian than of Phrygian martyrs are recorded under that great persecution; but the fact is that the destruction in Phrygia was so thorough that the memory of individuals was not preserved. Where a whole city with its population was burned, who would record the martyrdom of any single hero? In Cappadocia many martyrs were tried and condemned, and their memory embalmed in history: in Phrygia the Church in considerable districts was obliterated for the time, and its tone permanently depreciated.

Eunomius, perceiving that his father led

‘a life of laborious penury, said good-bye to the plough and the mattock and all the paternal instruments, intending never to drudge himself like that; then he sets himself to learn Prunicius' skill of short-hand writing; and having perfected himself in that he entered at first, as I believe, the house of one of his own family, receiving his board for his services in writing; then, while tutoring the boys of his host, he rises to the ambition of becoming an orator.’

Here, again, we are struck with the development of education in this obscure district, when a shorthand clerk could be found worth board and lodging in a family, which must have been either rustic or of a small provincial town.

Gregory draws a veil over the subsequent stages in the life of Eunomius, until the epoch when he saw that his toil 'was all of little avail, and that nothing which he could amass by such work was adequate to the demands of his ambition.' He accordingly turned to heresy-mongering, and found that this was a much more lucrative profession. 'In fact, he toiled not thenceforward, neither did he spin; for he is certainly clever in what he takes in hand, and knows how to gain the more emotional portion of mankind.' He made religion pleasant to his hearers and dupes; 'he got rid of "the toilsome steep of virtue" altogether; and Gregory declares that he initiated them in practices and vices which it would not be decent even in an accuser to mention.

Considering the style in which religious controversy was carried on by almost all parties at this time, we cannot attach any special credibility to Gregory's accusation that Eunomius's teaching was so profoundly immoral. But it is of some interest to observe that the charge of appealing to the excitability and to the vices of the public was mutual. Eunomius declared that his great opponent Basil, the brother of Gregory, was 'one who wins renown among poor old women, and practises to deceive the sex which naturally falls into every snare, and thinks it a great thing to be admired by the criminal and abandoned.'

In these descriptions of Ætius and Eunomius, and in many other occasional touches in the writings of Basil and Gregory, we observe traces of a certain contempt for the low-born persons who had to make their living by their own work. The family of Basil and Gregory possessed considerable property in land, and their tone is that of the aristocrat, brought up in a position of superiority, and voluntarily accepting a life of asceticism and hardship to which they were not trained. Basil is distinctly a champion of the popular cause against the dominant power of the Emperor and of the wealthier classes; but his position is not that of Cleon and Hyperbolus, claiming rights for the class from which they sprang, and not free from a touch of vulgarity in their speeches and a taint of selfishness in their aspirations. His spirit and his aims are like those of Tiberius Gracchus, actuated by sincere and divine sympathy for the wrongs and miseries in which he had no part, and showing perhaps want of judgment, but not selfishness.

According to Gregory of Nyssa, Christianity was nearly the
universal

universal religion of Cappadocia in the second half of the fourth century. He says in his 'Epistle on Pilgrimages,' that, 'if it is really possible to infer God's presence from visible symbols, one might more justly consider that He dwelt in the Cappadocian nation than in any of the spots outside it. For how many Altars * there are there, on which the name of our Lord is glorified. One could hardly count so many in all the rest of the world.'

There is, doubtless, some truth in this picture; but it has been considerably heightened in colour. Basil, who is always more trustworthy than Gregory, because he was more honest and more earnest, and stood closer to real life, gives a somewhat different account. He sees how far the Christian spirit was from having extirpated the pagan spirit, even where it had triumphed in outward appearance. He gives, for example, an interesting account of the *Magusæi*, a people who were settled in Cappadocia 'in considerable numbers, scattered all over the country, settlers having long ago been introduced into these parts from Babylon.' Probably they had been transplanted to Asia Minor by the Persian kings, to strengthen their hold on the country; and they had remained for nearly eight centuries unmixed with the other inhabitants, preserving their own religious customs and separateness of blood. In a recent book on Turkey, it has been pointed out as one of the worst evils in the country that the different races remain apart, divided by difference of custom, and by consequent mutual hatred; and the existence of the same evil in ancient time might have been stated even more strongly than it is in that work (Ramsay's 'Impressions of Turkey,' p. 95). In the fourth century, Roman rule and the influence of the Church had alike failed, as yet, to obliterate entirely racial differences; but it is only in incidental references, like this to the *Magusæans*, that the existence of such despised races is admitted by the Cappadocian Fathers. As Basil says, 'Their manners are peculiar, as they do not mix with other men. . . . They have been made the prey of the devil to do his will. They have no books; no instructors in doctrine.' Basil means, of course, Christian books: it is not improbable that in secret they preserved and used Magian books. 'They are brought up,' as he goes on to say, 'in senseless institutions.' Besides more obvious characteristics, 'they object to the slaying of animals as defilement; and they cause the animals they want for their own use to be slaughtered by other people. They are wild after

* *Θυσιαστήρια*, the sanctuaries (with the Altar), into which at this time no layman except the Emperor might enter.

illicit marriages: they consider fire divine,' and so on. These illicit marriages are described by Eusebius as being between such near relatives as father and daughter, brother and sister, son and mother; and the same writer says that the Magusæi were very numerous in Phrygia and Galatia, and everywhere retained the social customs and mysterious religious ritual which they had brought with them from Persia.

Illicit marriages were not confined to the Magusæi, but were still admitted among the general population of Cappadocia, as is evident from the Canonical Letters, and from some incidental references.

Apparently, the Magusæi made a superficial pretence of Christianity, but retained their pagan customs almost unaltered; as at the present day some races in the same country put on an outward appearance of Mohammedanism, though wanting its real character. Such, for example, are the Takhtaji (woodmen), about whom every traveller, who has seen much of Asia Minor, speaks: Dr. Von Luschan, '*Reisen in Lykien*,' ii. p. 199, vouches on personal knowledge for the survival among them of the custom of marriage between brother and sister, and they are as much despised by the Turks as the Magusæi were by the Christians of Basil's time. But even among the Cappadocians proper, who had embraced Christianity in a more thorough way, there continued to exist many customs belonging to their pre-Christian state, which the Church had either tacitly acquiesced in, or at least failed to eradicate. Basil belonged to the Puritan party, and waged stern war with many of these customs. His invectives against them have preserved their memory; and the student of ancient society will turn to these passages with a very different spirit and interest from that which Basil felt.

Marriage by capture was still a common practice, justified and supported by common opinion. In letter 270 Basil speaks of this 'act of unlawfulness and tyranny against human nature and society,' and prescribes the treatment which is to be meted out to the offenders. The nature of the punishments shows that he is writing to some church official, probably one of his subordinate bishops, or village-bishops, or presbyters.

'Wherever you find the girl, insist on taking her away, and restore her to her parents, shut out the man from the prayers, and make him excommunicate.* His accomplices, according to the canon which I have already put forth, cut off, with all their house-

* In the canonical letter to Amphilochius, p. 238, the total duration of the punishment in its various degrees is specified as four years.

hold, from the prayers. The village which received the girl after the abduction and kept her, or even fought against her restitution, shut out with all its inhabitants from the prayers; to the end that all may know that we regard the ravisher as a common foe like a snake or any other wild beast.'

It is clear, then, that the whole neighbourhood approved the capture as preliminary to enforced marriage; and even the clergy to some extent acquiesced in the popular opinion, for Basil says that 'if you had all been of one mind in this matter, there would have been nothing to prevent this bad custom from being long ago driven out of your country.'

Basil was not so severe on some superstitions which had clothed themselves in a thoroughly Christian form. He regards it as quite praiseworthy that sick persons should have recourse for cures to the prayers of hermits; and he promises to try to find some relics of martyrs for a new church built by Bishop Arcadius. Gregory Nazianzen declares that the mere visit of Basil almost cured the sick son of the Emperor Valens, and would have done so completely, had not his saving influence been counteracted by the presence of Arian heretics. Yet Basil writes a noble eulogy of the medical profession:—'To put that science at the head and front of life's pursuits is to decide reasonably and rightly.' But the lively interest taken by the physicians of the time in theological controversy, as proved by that very letter, and by the life of Ætius described above, is not suggestive of good; and, on the whole, we may gather that the medical profession had degenerated seriously from the scientific spirit of the old Greek medical schools.

On the other hand, he was very severe on the *Panegyreis*, or local festivals, which, along with religious observances and sermons, united a good deal of social enjoyment of a kind that was in his opinion objectionable. We should be glad to learn more about these festivals. There can be no doubt that they were a Christianized form of the earlier pagan festivals, celebrated at the places which have continued to be the great centres of religion in all ages of history. The festivals were, in the first place, 'spiritual gatherings,' where might be heard 'expositions of the teaching of the apostles, lessons in theology,' and so on: but, besides, there were presented before the assemblies plays, music, mountebanks, jests and follies, drunken men, and—worst of all in Basil's estimation—beautiful women. The most interesting of these festivals took place at Venasa, the old seat of one of the three great temples of Cappadocia; and it corresponds to the modern festival of St. Macrina at Hassa-Keui, a few miles south of Venasa (which is now Turkish), to which

which Mohammedans as well as Christians resort, bringing sick animals to be cured on the holy occasion. The quaint and interesting story of the Deacon Glycerius is associated with that festival; but it is too long for our space, and, moreover, has been very fully discussed in Ramsay's 'Church in the Roman Empire.'

Again, Basil condemns unsparingly the evils and abuses that existed in the Church of his time. He forbade an old unmarried presbyter of seventy to have a woman living in his house, and when the presbyter wrote to explain that there was no evil relation between them, he rebuked him with growing sternness, ordering him to expel her from his house and 'establish her in a monastery.' Basil also strenuously denounced the practice of taking money from candidates for ordination: 'They think that there is no sin because they take the money not before but after the ordination; but to take is to take at whatever time.' He strove to reintroduce 'the ancient custom observed in the Churches,' that ministers should be tested by examination as to their moral character and their whole past life before being admitted, and to put down the ordinary practice among the village-bishops of allowing 'presbyters and deacons to introduce unworthy persons, without any previous examination of life and character, by mere favouritism, on the score of relationship or some other tie.'

The clergy had not yet become a distinct order, wholly separate from the laity: they practised trades in order to make their living. Basil had difficulty in finding any clergyman to whom he might entrust a letter to Eusebius, Bishop of Samosata, 'for though our clergy do seem very numerous, they are men inexperienced in travelling, because they never traffic and prefer not to live far away from home, the majority of them plying sedentary crafts, whereby they get their daily bread.'

From the letter just quoted, and many others, it is clear that Basil usually tried to find clerical letter-carriers; and we may understand that in many other cases, where no exact information is given, this was the case, *e.g.* in Epist. 19 to Gregory Nazianzen, where he explains that he could not reply on the spot to Gregory's letter, 'because I was away from home, and the letter-carrier, after he had delivered the packet to one of my friends, went away.' But other convenient opportunities were sometimes used: *e.g.* magistrates travelling were often asked to carry letters for their friends.

The number of travellers was evidently far greater on the roads leading to Constantinople or Athens than towards Armenia. Basil has 'no expectation of finding anyone to convey

vey a letter to Colonia in Armenia, which is far out of the way of ordinary routes.' On the other hand, he speaks of a continuous stream of travellers coming from Athens to Cappadocia; and though the letter, addressed to Leontius the Sophist, bears the stamp of the rhetorical style, sacrificing fact to effect, yet it implies that a considerable number of Cappadocian students, like Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, attended the University of Athens.

The important road to Samosata in Syria would be probably well frequented; and, when Basil speaks of difficulty in finding messengers thither, either he is speaking of the winter season, when the passes were blocked by snow, or he requires to find a trustworthy special messenger for an important letter.

On the whole, the impression given by the letters is that the custom of travelling, which had increased under the early Roman Empire to an extent almost unknown until the present century, was fully maintained in the fourth century.

Travelling on pilgrimage to the holy places of Palestine was not very much approved by the Cappadocian Fathers. Basil says here little on the subject. Gregory, having been entrusted with the duty of 'visiting the places where the Church in Arabia is on the confines of the Jerusalem district,' desires also to 'confer with the Heads of the Holy Jerusalem Churches.' He describes his journey thus:—

'Our most religious Emperor had granted us facilities for the journey, by postal conveyance, so that we had to endure none of those inconveniences which in the case of others we have noticed; our waggon was, in fact, as good as a church or monastery to us, for all of us were singing psalms or fasting in the Lord during the whole journey.'

But, though he took advantage of this opportunity of visiting Jerusalem, he did not approve of going on pilgrimage. He thought that there was nothing to be gained, even for men, by pilgrimage, except the more vivid appreciation of the fact 'that our own places are far holier than those abroad'; and he considered that people should stay at home till they died, and that it was better for 'the brethren to be absent from the body, to go to our Lord, rather than to be absent from Cappadocia, to go to Palestine.' As to women going on pilgrimage, the difficulties of travelling made it still more unbecoming and improper.

'For instance, it is impossible for a woman to accomplish so long a journey without a conductor; on account of her natural weakness, she has to be put upon her horse and to be lifted down again; she
has

has to be supported * in difficult situations. Whichever we suppose, that she has an acquaintance to do this service or a hired attendant to perform it, either way the proceeding cannot escape being reprehensible; whether she leans on the help of a stranger or on that of her own servant, she fails to keep the law of correct conduct; and as the inns and hostelrys and cities of the East present many examples of licence and of indifference to vice, how will it be possible for one passing through such smoke to escape without smarting eyes?'

The evil reputation of the inns and taverns on the great roads of the Empire, to which Gregory here alludes, is confirmed by many other testimonies. Under the pagan Empire, the hostelrys were for the most part little better than houses of ill-fame; † and under the Christian Empire there seems to have been no serious improvement. The story of the birth of Saint Theodore of Sykea in Galatia, about 560 A.D., bears witness to a singularly depraved condition of public feeling; and in the Middle Ages matters seem to have been equally bad for the Pilgrims to the Holy Land. Felix Fabri of Ulm, about 1480, says that 'the inns on the isles of the sea are houses of ill-fame,' and warns every 'good and godly pilgrim' at night to 'return to his galley and sleep therein safe in his berth' (Translation in Palest. Pilgrims' Text Society, I. p. 163, compare p. 21). The character of the public hostelrys was, doubtless, one of the reasons that weighed with Basil in making his great foundation near Cæsarea, including not merely an almshouse and hospital, but also

'a place of entertainment for strangers, both those who are on a journey and those who require medical treatment on account of sickness, and so establishing a means of giving these men the comfort they want, doctors, means of conveyance, and escort.'

A foundation like this shows Basil's practical character; he diagnosed the real character of the evil, and struck out the cure; and, as we believe, his foundation became so important that it gradually attracted the city to itself, and the ancient site is now deserted, while Basil's site is the present Kaisari.

The frequent allusions to the severity of winter weather will surprise those who do not know the country. Although Capadocia does not lie so high, and the winters are not so severe as in Armenia, yet Cæsarea is 3,500 feet above sea-level, and the border-land between the valleys of the Halys and Sarus and Euphrates is a good deal higher; and at that elevation

* Gregory seems to have had the lowest possible idea of women's capacity: they could not even sit on a horse, without being held to prevent them falling off.

† See Friedländer, *'Sittengeschichte Roms'* ii. p. 44.

winter is long and hard. Basil speaks of 'such a very heavy fall of snow that we have been buried, houses and all, beneath it, and now for two months have been living in dens and caves' (i.e. under the surface of the snow, like the underground dwellings,—dens and caves—used in some parts of Cappadocia). Even an unusually mild winter 'was quite enough to keep me not merely from travelling while it lasted, but even from so much as venturing to put my head out of doors.'*

In another letter he mentions that 'we have had a winter of such severity that all the roads were blocked till Easter.' Again, 'the road to Rome is wholly impracticable in winter.' Even a meeting with the Bishop of Iconium must be arranged 'at a season suitable for travelling,' though the road from Cæsarea to Iconium traverses only level country and crosses no hills or passes.

As to the state of peace and order in the country, there are many indications that the administration of government was both arbitrary, weak, and ineffective. Basil writes to Candidianus, the governor or a high official of the province Pontus,† shortly after his return from Athens, probably about A.D. 360, asking redress for a serious wrong: the house on his farm had been broken into, part of the contents stolen, and his servants beaten, by a band of rude persons from the neighbouring village of Annesi. Basil himself seems to have been living at the time in his retreat in the gorge of the river Iris, near the farm. The farm was managed by a steward, who had died; and a creditor in Annesi had taken this disorderly way of recovering the debt which he claimed. We have, of course, only a statement of one side of the case; but the main facts cannot be doubted. We are struck, however, by the fact that Basil makes no attempt to get redress by ordinary process of law. He writes direct to a high officer, and asks that, as a punishment, the man be 'apprehended by the district magistrate and locked up for a short period in the gaol.' Basil had too much of the aristocratic tone to take proceedings before the district magistrate against a vulgar rustic. His claim is that the governor should act at once on his representation, and should give a slight lesson to the neighbours that Basil was not a person whose property and house could be lightly insulted, even in his absence. It was probably after this event that Basil gave the

* Contrast with this the account given of a modern missionary, Ramsay, 'Impressions of Turkey,' p. 222. The winter weather does not prevent travellers of western origin from going about; but the Eastern people are not great travellers, and regard winter as a closed season.

† Not Cappadocia, as editors think, for Annesi was in Pontus.

use of the estate and the slaves on it for life to his foster-brother, Dorotheos, the presbyter of the village, reserving to himself an annual rent from it for his support. Mr. Blomfield Jackson has rightly brought out that this act had not the character, which has often been attributed to it, of a total renunciation of the property. Basil was not a man to retire wholly from the world and live in pure asceticism. He recognized rightly the duty incumbent on him of action in the world; and he knew that he could act far more usefully, if he were not in a position of penury. When the assessment on the property was raised, he protested vigorously and asked that the ancient system of rating should be retained, as Dorotheos might throw up the property, making Basil himself responsible for the whole of the rate.

Gregory Nazianzen in his 'Panegyric on S. Basil,' § 56, tells how 'the assessor of a judge was attempting to force into a distasteful marriage a lady of high birth, whose husband was but recently dead,' and used all the powers of his position against her and Basil, who was trying to protect her, until the populace rose in defence of their bishop,

'especially the men from the small-arms factory and from the imperial weaving-sheds; for men at work in these trades are specially hot-tempered and daring, because of the liberty allowed them. Each man was armed with the tool he was using, or with whatever else came to hand at the moment. Torch in hand, amid showers of stones, with cudgels ready, all ran and shouted together. . . Nor were the women weaponless . . . they were by the strength of their eagerness endowed with masculine courage.'

In the end Basil's help alone preserved the official from their violence.

The events which called forth letters 72-73 illustrate this subject. They seem to have been the following, though the allusive way in which Basil refers to what was familiar to his correspondents makes several of the details doubtful. A certain Callisthenes, a man of great influence, probably an official of Government, resided in some city of south-west Cappadocia. At Sasima (the town of which Gregory Nazianzen was made bishop, much against his will, by Basil), where three great roads met, and where there was, doubtless, a post-station and a vast amount of traffic and travellers, there had occurred a quarrel between Callisthenes and a set of slaves belonging to Eustochius, who was apparently a merchant residing at or near Cæsarea. Some dispute about precedence, or other incident of travelling, caused such angry feeling that the slaves had even used personal violence

violence to Callisthenes; and they had made themselves liable to some serious punishment. Callisthenes seems to have been sole arbiter of their fate; and the owners of the slaves, perhaps a trading company to which Eustochius belonged, had no way of preventing him from exacting the extreme penalty. Eustochius appealed to Basil, who exerted himself to the utmost to secure milder treatment for the slaves. He wrote to Callisthenes a letter (not preserved), and received a very polite reply, couched in that Oriental style of elaborate courtesy which means nothing, professing to leave the decision with Basil, but insisting that the slaves should come to Sasima to submit to punishment, and giving no pledge as to the penalty which would satisfy him. Basil replied, acknowledging the courtesy of the letter, but pointing out clearly that, unless Callisthenes gave some distinct promise before the slaves went to Sasima, the politeness of the letter was merely a matter of words. He allowed that, if Callisthenes insisted, the slaves must go to Sasima; but he hoped and begged that Callisthenes would be satisfied with their appearance there and submission to his will, and would remit further punishment. Especially, he desired a promise that Callisthenes would himself be present at Sasima, and not let himself be detained by business on the road, leaving to others the exaction of the legal penalty. This desire implies that, if Callisthenes were not present to remit the penalty, no other person would have the power to do so; and that the slaves had been condemned to appear and suffer a certain punishment, unless Callisthenes chose to be satisfied with less. What the penalty was is not stated by Basil, but his language implies that it was very serious, possibly death. The decree had apparently been pronounced at Cæsareia, whither Callisthenes had sent a soldier to demand satisfaction, and his vigorous complaint at head-quarters secured an order in his favour from the governor of the province.

Basil also wrote to Hesychius, who lived in the same city as Callisthenes, and was apparently an official of the Church. He sent a deacon to carry these letters, and instructed him to take other steps in the business. The amount of trouble which Basil took furnishes a proof of the interest which he felt in the condition of slaves, and of the way in which he was ready to use the whole strength of the Church, as well as his own, to secure milder treatment for them.

Complaints about the burden of taxation were evidently often made. Thus: 'everything now-a-days is full of taxes demanded and called in . . . for even the Pythagoreans were not so fond of their Tetractys, as these modern tax-collectors of their *four-times-as-much*'

times-as-much ' (a rule imposing quadruple payment for arrears); an estate 'is now left and abandoned on account of the weight of the rates imposed on it.' In Epist. 110: 'give orders that the tax paid by the inhabitants of iron-producing Taurus may be such as it is possible to pay.' A new system, whereby the burdens on the clergy were much increased, is referred to elsewhere. The harsh treatment of the clergy by Maximus, the governor of Cappadocia, is complained of. The governors seem to have been far from just or good. We hear of the same Maximus, persecuted by the next governor of Cappadocia, and of a governor in Africa so bad as to be excommunicated by the Church. The arbitrary conduct of governors, in violation of formal law or of equity, is a frequent subject of complaint.

In Epist. 54 we learn that 'a large number of persons are presenting themselves for the ministry through fear of the conscription.' The strong dislike for military service, by making the mass of the people entirely incapable of self-defence, undoubtedly rendered them an easier prey to the ravages of Parthians and afterwards of Saracens.

As to the conditions of labour, we learn little from the works here translated, though there are materials in the other works for a much more elaborate picture. In Epist. 18, Basil mentions the hired labourers engaged on a farm during the heat of summer; in the winter, when all agricultural work was suspended, they would not be needed. He distinguishes these hired farm-servants from the agriculturists proper, some of whom turned to other industry during the winter, like the father of Eunomius. The slaves who cultivated such estates as Basil's at Annesi must be distinguished from both hired labourers and free agriculturists.

Famine-relief operations were organized by the Church officials; for scarcity seems to have been common. Basil says that 'the dearth is still with us, and I am therefore compelled to remain where I am, partly by the duty of distribution, and partly out of sympathy for the distressed' (Epist. 31). The letter is ordinarily assigned to A.D. 369, and was certainly earlier than the death of Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, in A.D. 370.* It was followed by a long and severe scarcity which was raging at Nazianzus in A.D. 373, when Gregory Nazianzen delivered his Oration xvi. to his suffering and terrified congregation.

It is a highly-elaborated and artificial civilization that is set before us in these works; but there are many signs of the bad

* This famine and the relief operations are also described by Gregory Nazianzen, 'Panegyric,' §§ 34-36.

administration, which went from bad to worse during the following century and a half, until Justinian made a great and noble effort to reform the whole executive. His 'Novellæ' present a terrible picture of provincial oppression and misgovernment; * but a rigorous diagnosis of the evil, such as is there given, is the first step towards improvement. Whether the changes in the executive which he made were ill-advised, or the evil was too deeply seated to be reached by such changes on the surface, no permanent improvement was attained; but the attempt which was made to cure the evil, as well as the unsparing statement of its character and causes, deserve different treatment from the brief paragraph of unlimited condemnation, in which Gibbon sums up the character of the 'Novellæ' in his chapter xlv., quoting and apparently endorsing the opinion of Montesquieu, that 'these incessant and for the most part trifling alterations can be only explained by the venal spirit of a prince, who sold without shame his judgments and his laws.' Change was urgently necessary, both on the surface and at the heart. In Saint Basil of Cæsarea we have a great administrator, whose plans of cure for the deeper evils affecting his country were wise and statesmanlike, though, as was natural, too purely ecclesiastical to be complete. But he could make no provision to ensure a succession of Basils. The Roman Empire had too much neglected its duty of creating a sufficient educational system for the people; and the society of the Roman Provinces was not fertile and vigorous enough to produce a series of men like Basil.

Twelve years ago, the greatest of living historians, Professor Theodor Mommsen, said to the present writer that, if he were now beginning a new life of scholarship, he would take up the period between Diocletian and Justinian. The scholar who devotes himself to that period will be filled with a growing admiration for Basil; and he will recognize the merits and the scholarly insight of the books which we have taken as the text of this paper. Any ambitious young scholar, who wishes to do real service by increasing our knowledge of past history, will find here an open field; and he could not better begin than by a systematic study of the society presented to us in the pages of the three great Fathers.

* Entirely confirmed by other evidence, e.g. an inscription recently found in Pisidia, of the year 527 ('Bulletin de Corresp. Hellénique,' 1893, p. 501, ff.).

ART. VI.—*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. With Additions and Corrections derived from the Original Manuscripts, and a Memoir by W. Moy Thomas. 2 Vols. London. 1893.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU has never received the attention she deserves as the most remarkable Englishwoman of the eighteenth century. She is that interesting personality, a combination of the typical and the exceptional. All the common characteristics of the women of her day are to be found in her, as well as qualities which can never be common in any day. She has as much of the extraordinary taste of the eighteenth century for silly and malicious personal gossip as the idlest and most ignorant woman in the fashionable world around her. There is not a trace in her of the theological interests of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, or of the social and philanthropic enthusiasms of the nineteenth. No one indeed entered more fully than she did into the eighteenth century's meaning of that word 'enthusiasm.' She had just the way of looking at things which made Gibbon say of Law, the author of 'The Serious Call,' that 'had not his vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times.' Bishop Butler's 'cool and reasonable concern' for oneself, and that good-humour which, according to Shaftesbury, is not only 'the best Security against Enthusiasm but the best Foundation of Piety and true Religion,' were enough for her, as they were for her contemporaries. For her, as for most of them, religion and religious 'ordinances are so far sacred as they are absolutely necessary in all civilized governments,' and not very much further. To endeavour to overthrow them is, for that reason, to be 'an enemy to mankind'; but as for religion independently and in itself, it was, in Lady Mary's eyes, a thing of that sort which 'Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive officiously to keep alive.' There is no unrest of any kind in her, no discontent, divine or otherwise. She was incapable of being disturbed by any anxiety about the state of her soul, or of the poor, or of her country, or indeed by any 'obstinate questionings' of any kind at all. Rich and happy as she was, and universally courted and honoured, with the good health and multiplicity of interests which together defeat the monster *ennui*, she encouraged no feelings which she could not justify to her reason, took the world very much as she found it, and learnt

learnt to unite the carefully-acquired common sense of the Epicurean to the inherited complaisance of the Whig.

In all this, except the good sense and the absence of vices, Lady Mary is very like her contemporaries. But she is a great deal beside, which they never thought of being. She is the friend of Addison, the friend, and of course also the enemy, of Pope; she is the woman who had the courage to introduce the system of inoculation to her countrymen, and the practical kindliness to teach Italian peasants the art of making butter; who received the gift of a house from one foreign city, and refused the offer of a statue from another; above all, for us to-day, she is the bright, good-humoured, charming personality, interested in everything, and carrying our interest along with her own, born, as she says, with a passion for learning, teaching herself for want of better teachers, translating Epictetus in her girlhood, and managing, in an old age of solitude and retreat, by farming and gardening and especially by reading, never to 'have half an hour heavy on her hands.' And she is something else too, without which we should never have known anything about her at all: she is the writer of letters so easy, so bright, so intelligent, in the fullest and best sense, that it has been possible, if not for truth, at least for patriotic prejudice, to speak of them in the same breath with those of Madame de Sévigné.

That parallel cannot indeed be justified when the case is carried before the higher courts of appeal. Those who care for the finer things in literature will never be able to rise with the same feelings after reading Lady Mary as they experience when they put down a volume of Madame de Sévigné. Not only in delicacy and good taste, but in depth of character and all the qualities that make up what we think of as the 'soul,' Lady Mary is immeasurably inferior to her great predecessor. There could not be a clearer proof of it than her astonishing failure to see more in the letters to Madame de Grignan than 'sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse—always tittle-tattle.' But if she is not, in any real sense, Madame de Sévigné's equal, there are enough points of likeness between them to make the comparison inevitable. Each of them owes her fame to her letters, and knows no rival among her countrywomen in that art; each was born and lived all her life in the highest society of her day; literature was the favourite amusement of each, and good sense and good temper the favourite philosophy; each, above all, had a single strong attachment, and sent the bulk, and the best, of her letters to the daughter who was the passion of her life. Resemblances of this sort are of course superficial, not essential;

and perhaps if Lady Mary had not herself invited the comparison one would sympathize with her in the accidents which made it so inevitable. However, when that has once been put aside there are few others which she need fear. In her own day and her own style she has no rival.

Much of the difference between Lady Mary and Madame de Sévigné is due to the lapse of a century. In her, as in the best known men and women of her day, the intelligence had gradually usurped an almost exclusive domination. There is nothing which she or Voltaire or Gibbon could not look at with perfect directness and serenity. Their business is with facts, and their object simply to understand and make the best of them. Practical benevolence may come into their scheme of life; Lady Mary, indeed, and others of her time and temper accomplished far more for the good of their neighbours than people before and after who have professed to be, and perhaps have actually been, full of the intensest sympathy for the lot of humanity in this world or the next. But what the typical man or woman of the eighteenth century does for others is done without pretence of deep feeling, not so much from the heart as from the intelligence, as if the mainspring of action were simply impatience at the intolerable stupidity which so generally characterizes our poor human attempts to be happy. Their attitude, in fact, to be seen on every page of Lady Mary's letters, is the attitude made classical in literature by the genius of Horace. '*Immortalia ne speres,*' '*frui paratis,*' and the rest, might have been the motto at the head of every sheet. Her philosophy of life, which she was for ever preaching in her old age, is just what Horace has put again and again with his incomparable felicity of phrase. 'Nature has provided pleasures for every state,' for old age and solitude, as well as youth and society; be moderate and temperate and contented; prefer ease and simplicity to pleasure or ambition, the small certainties of the present to the doubtful grandeurs or delights of the future; train yourself to be superior to the universal folly of making life miserable by dwelling on woes that are either imaginary or inevitable. '*Quittez le long espoir et les vastes pensées*'; the path to happiness lies straight before you, if you will but see it, easy, smooth, and level; it may not command any very romantic prospects, or promise any very interesting adventures; but such things, so far from being necessary, are undesirable and even dangerous, and, if you will climb steeper paths in search of them, you have only yourself to thank if the end of your journey is a broken neck.

She is, in fact, essentially, and more than anything else, a
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woman of intelligence. Perhaps, however, we have no word of our own which altogether covers the distinctive quality of her mind, for there is a life and brightness and, above all, a sure lightness of touch in her which are by no means the invariable possession of people whom we call intelligent. Let us call her then, as she is fairly entitled to be called, a *femme d'esprit*. That is what she actually is; what more she might have been, under more favourable conditions, it is hard to say. No one who reads her letters can escape the feeling that nature meant her to play a larger part in the world. It is clear that, wherever she went, she made an exceptional impression on those who met her. Every page of her letters is the witness of a mind at once sane and acute in judgment and energetic in finding new interests and occupations for itself. She can take the lead in society in London or Constantinople, and, with equal ease, she can live many years happy in herself and useful to her poorer neighbours in the solitude of an Italian country house.

And yet what pleased her most on the journey was, it seems, the Borromean Library at Milan, where she saw 'several curious manuscripts.' Evidently she was no ordinary woman, either in her tastes, or in the opinion other people held of her. And yet, in spite of ample means, good health, and a long life, she actually did very little. She exercised no political influence, and played no part in public life. Her verses are merely clever trifles. In fact her fame rests solely on these charming letters, for which we cannot be too grateful, but which, at the same time, leave us with a feeling that she was a woman who ought to have done something more. If only Mr. Wortley Montagu had been Sir Robert Walpole! One feels that she would then have had a real field for her powers. Her large endowment of 'that uncommon thing called common sense' would have been invaluable in the political field, where the most useful qualification of a leader is, it has been said, to have more common sense than any man. The 'town' and the wits were important in those days, and she was just the woman to manage them. And one may believe that, with the possession of a real opportunity, her ambition and the more serious side of her character would have been greatly stimulated. The mental energy which, as it was, she concealed or diverted into the channel of light reading, or threw into her letters to her daughter, or expended in her garden, or among her peasants, would, we may be sure, have grown both in capacity and in seriousness of aim if it had been allowed a wider field. The frivolities and follies to which she felt herself not merely confined but almost in duty bound, in her actual circumstances,

would certainly have then occupied far less of her time, or only subserved higher objects. It is evident that she herself felt the cramped position in which, as a woman, she was in that day necessarily placed. Not that she ever says so. It was the fashion in her day to affect to have no serious interest in anything. She did not begin it, as the story of Voltaire's visit to Congreve shows: nor did it end with her, as everyone knows who has suffered under Horace Walpole's tiresome protestations that the only things he really cared for in life were gossip and getting up late in the morning. And she had more cause than they had, for as a woman she was doubly expected to decline the honour of being thought to have a head on her shoulders. Anyhow, it is certain that she does, again and again, declare her preference for trash and trifles, as against matters of more serious interest:—

‘I am reading an idle tale not expecting wit or truth in it, and am only glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment or history to mislead my opinion.’ ‘I want no other intelligence from my friends but tea-table chat.’ ‘I am as fond of baubles as ever, and am so far from being ashamed of it, it is a taste I endeavour to keep up with all the art I am mistress of.’

But, perhaps, one may read her more genuine feeling in her constantly reiterated advice to Lady Bute to encourage her daughters in a taste for reading. She knew how much she owed to it herself, and was determined that it should not be her fault if her grand-daughters were deprived of that surest and most unfailing of all sources of happiness.

‘I know, by experience,’ she tells Lady Bute, ‘that it is in the power of study not only to make solitude tolerable, but agreeable. I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the Isle of Bute, and can assure you I have never had half an hour heavy on my hands for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own mind will find full employment.’

It is true that she adds the warning that the object of a girl's studies should be not reputation but amusement;—

‘Teach them not to expect or desire any applause from it. Let their brothers shine, and let them content themselves with making their lives easier by it.’

But she cannot help showing now and then that her chains did gall a little, for all her protestations. Here is a letter in which she discusses the question, and one cannot but feel that, while her acceptance of the ‘subjection of women’ may easily be a mere piece of formal deference to custom and tradition,
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what she has to say on the other side could only have come from herself, and, as its indignant tone shows, from her heart as well as her head :—

‘ I confess I have often been complimented, since I have been in Italy, on the books I have given the public. I used at first to deny it with some warmth ; but, finding I persuaded nobody, I have of late contented myself with laughing whenever I heard it mentioned, knowing the character of a learned woman is far from being ridiculous in this country, the greatest families being proud of having produced female writers ; and a Milanese lady being now professor of mathematics in the university of Bologna, invited thither by a most obliging letter, wrote by the present Pope, who desired her to accept of the chair, not as a recompense of her merit, but to do honour to a town which is under his protection. To say truth, there is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of men for having engrossed the government ; in excluding us from all degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. The small proportion of authority that has fallen to my share (only over a few children and servants) has always been a burden, and never a pleasure, and I believe every one finds it so who acts from a maxim (I think an indispensable duty) that whoever is under my power is under my protection. Those who find a joy in inflicting hardships, and seeing objects of misery, may have other sensations ; but I have always thought corrections, even when necessary, as painful to the giver as to the sufferer, and I am therefore very well satisfied with the state of subjection we are placed in ; but I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies which raise the character of a man should hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason ; if some few get above their nurses’ instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd. It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients) when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth) and a woman. Our modern wits would be so far from quoting, they would scarce own they had read the works of such contemptible creatures, tho’, perhaps, they would condescend to steal from them, at the same time they declared they were below their notice. This subject is apt to run away with me ; I will trouble you no more with it.’

There is visible enough here, as we have said, behind all disclaimers, the just and inevitable impatience of a clever woman
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at the contemptible position assigned to her sex ; and this letter is not the only one, nor this the only subject, which exhibits Lady Mary with the temper of a reformer, likely to have anticipated the triumph of some modern ideas, if she had ever had the opportunity. Her friendship, too, with Mary Astell, the defender of women's rights in that day, is another indication in the same direction. No doubt her cool common sense would have saved her from the extravagances in which later advocates of the education of women have indulged. All she pleads for is equality of opportunity. As for identity of capacity, the politely imagined fiction of to-day, her clear head and happy turn for seeing things as they really are, would never have allowed her to be the dupe of any such absurdity.

The only occasion on which Lady Mary occupied anything like a public position, was when she accompanied her husband on his embassy to Constantinople. That is one of the leading dates of her life, and as there are but a few of them, the rest may as well be given here with it. She was born in 1689, and was the daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, fifth Earl of Kingston, who was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1706, and Duke of Kingston in 1715. She had two remarkable grandmothers, and her mother was Lady Mary Fielding, through whom she was second cousin to the author of 'Tom Jones.' Passionately fond of reading, she managed to give herself an excellent education, and his attainments in classical studies are supposed to have been part of the attraction of Mr. Wortley Montagu, the friend of Addison, with whom, after a strange correspondence and courtship, she eloped in 1712. He was a member of several Parliaments, and in 1716 was appointed Ambassador to the Porte. Lady Mary went with him, but they only stayed about a year, returning in 1718. She went abroad again in July, 1739, and lived in different places, but principally at houses of her own in Brescia and at Venice, till the end of 1761, when matters of business arising from her husband's death necessitated her return. They had never met since she left England, but had maintained a frequent and affectionate correspondence. She died a few months after her return in August, 1762, leaving one son, Edward, whose eccentricities and vices were a perpetual source of annoyance to his father and mother. He died, leaving no issue, in 1776. Lady Mary's only other child was the daughter who was 'the passion of her life,' Lady Bute.

There is nothing, it is clear, in Lady Mary's life that was specially likely to arouse the interest of a fully occupied posterity. Birth, marriage, and death are the chief events in
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it as they are in the lives of most of the sons and daughters of Adam. What attracts us in her is not her life but herself.

There was, however, as has been said, one occasion on which she came, to some extent, before the eye of the public. She lived for a short time at Constantinople as the wife of the British Ambassador, and it was by letters describing her experiences during her husband's embassy that she first became known to a wider circle than that of her own acquaintance. They appeared in three volumes, a few months after her death. There is a good deal of mystery about the circumstances of their publication, as well as that of an additional volume which appeared in 1767. Mr. Moy Thomas, Lady Mary's most recent editor, seems to have proved that the fourth volume was a forgery, probably by John Cleland; and that the letters in the earlier volumes were not originally written as letters, but were prepared by Lady Mary from her diary.

In these circumstances, they cannot of course appeal to us, as genuine letters actually sent to the people to whom they are addressed, appeal. Fictitious letters or speeches may be as fine or finer than real ones. They may even interest us as much, but the interest cannot be the same. Half the charm of letters lies in the interrelation of two personalities. The letters to one friend differ from those to another, and while we are acquiring pleasant glimpses of a score of men and women, we are gaining the surest insight into the character of him or her whom we see under so many different aspects.

An interest of this sort these 'Embassy' letters cannot have. But they have one of their own. They are, in the first place, delightful proof of Lady Mary's literary gift. Until perfect ease and perfect clearness, intelligence, vigour, and a touch of wit are found in combination much more often than they are at present, no collection of English classics will be complete in which the name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu does not occur. And there is another thing. They are probably unrivalled as a picture of contemporary manners and customs in the parts of Europe Lady Mary visited. There is an obvious reason for this. They are the result of a rare, if not unique, combination. There were plenty of accounts of Turkey, as Lady Mary herself often remarks, but they were written by merchants or ordinary travellers, who had no opportunity of seeing anything but the externals of Turkish life. Lady Mary's position was a key that opened all doors. She could dine with the wife of the Grand Vizier, a Sultan's widow, spend an afternoon with the lovely Fatima, whose husband possessed the power of which the Vizier enjoyed the name, or stay some weeks

weeks in the house of a rich and learned Effendi. And then, with rare opportunities she combined an equally rare capacity to use them. Of the fifty or five hundred Englishwomen of the time, any one of whose husbands might have been sent to the Embassy at Constantinople, there was only one who could have written these letters. They contain a hundred interesting pictures of social habits in Austria and in Turkey, just as the letters of her later life do of those of Italy. For a history of European manners in the eighteenth century her three or four volumes of letters would be in fact a document of first-rate authority in the field they cover. Some things she sees which few others would have had the chance of seeing, many which few beside her could have described as she has described them. A few of her statements and criticisms are important for students of politics and morals; many are extremely amusing; more still are simply and delightfully curious. Here is a passage which may serve as a warning to those people who in their impatience with the noisy squabbles of democracies are inclined to cast back longing eyes to the happy days of absolute princes and passive obedience:—

‘Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops loaded with merchandise and the commonalty clean and cheerful. In the other, a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms.’

We can imagine the satisfaction with which Lady Mary, a Whig of the Whigs by birth, marriage, temper, and conviction, would record this edifying contrast, and point its most just and necessary moral. And here is a letter which must have given as much gratification to the common sense of the woman as that did to the political orthodoxy of the Whig. We English have always scoffed at the mysterious sanctities of German etiquette, and Lady Mary’s invariable impatience with all sorts and conditions of dull ways and people was not likely to make her more tolerant of these absurdities than the rest of us. Here is her account of Ratisbon:—

‘You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But, instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their
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little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half-a-dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

'You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *piques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families, and they choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I was to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good), to give the title of Excellency to everybody, which would include receiving it from everybody; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackacre did the notion of a reference; and I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement.'

She has many entertaining things to say of Vienna, some of which cannot decently be stolen from her pages. She tells us of 'the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow' the ladies of the Court, of the unnatural edifices 'covering some acres of ground' with which they adorn it, and of their inflated sense of their own importance, so that on an occasion when two coaches met in a narrow street at night,

'the ladies in them, not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their death, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir till the expedient was found of taking them both out in chairs exactly at the same moment, after which it was with some difficulty the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.'

For Turkey and the Turks she has little but praise. She seems to have enjoyed her stay amongst them immensely. She had opportunities of seeing many curious things, amongst them the fair Fatima, the wife of the Grand Vizier's lieutenant, 'whose

'whose beauty effaced everything that has ever been called lovely either in England or Germany,' and the virtuous Sultana Hafiten, who still spent several days each week in tears for a husband who had been dead fifteen years. This lady had, however, at least the consolation of occasional magnificence: for she received Lady Mary in a dress so loaded with diamonds and emeralds and pearls that her guest puts its value at a hundred thousand pounds; and she gave her an 'extremely tedious' dinner of fifty dishes: but its magnificence equalled that of her dress.

'The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds; the sherbet was served in china bowls, but the covers and salvers massy gold. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the tablecloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silks and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. After dinner, water was brought in a gold basin, and towels of the same kind as the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china with gold *soucoupes*.'

But she had more serious occupations than dining with Sultanas. 'I study very hard,' she tells Pope: we find her comparing what she sees around her with the descriptions of Theocritus, and noting, as she reads Pope's 'Homer,' that the Homeric manners were by no means extinct.

'The princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described.'

She copies inscriptions, and makes 'a collection of Greek medals,' thereby astonishing the antiquaries, who

'stare in my face when I enquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves.'

Reading of various kinds occupied a great deal of her time, and in the week's diary she gives in one of her letters, three of the days are put down as spent in reading, one being given to the classics, one to English, and one to the study of Turkish, in which she describes herself as already very learned, sending proofs of her proficiency in the shape of translations of Turkish love poetry. Foreign languages, indeed, by choice or by necessity, occupied her so much that she declares herself in danger

danger of losing her English, and one cannot be surprised considering that she was living, as she says,

'in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Slavonian, Wallachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian; my housemaids Russians; half a dozen other servants Greeks; my steward an Italian; my janissaries Turks.'

Turkish institutions find in her a by no means severe critic. The slaves, she asserts, are no worse off than domestic servants elsewhere, and the Turkish ladies, far from being objects of pity are, in Lady Mary's opinion, the freest and most fortunate in the world. She has a great deal to say in support of this view: and confirms it by an account of a Spanish lady of her acquaintance, who, after having been captured by a Turkish admiral, refused the offer of a ransom and became his wife, and, on his death, the wife of his successor.

Lady Mary, however, did not cease to be an Englishwoman and a Whig, because she found the Turks to be in some matters by no means so bad as they were painted. She kept her compliments for their social institutions: their political system, with a Sultan at once a despot and a slave, a lawless soldiery, and a peasantry exposed to constant plunder, persecution and even murder, was as odious and intolerable in her eyes as in those of any other person of common honesty and common sense. She lets her indignation have free play on the subject, first of all; and then she uses the Turk, just as she had used the German '*Residenz-Stadt*,' to point the proper Whig moral, and reduce the Tories to confusion.

'I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the Parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest, strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable.'

But interesting as these letters from Vienna and Constantinople are, they have not the attraction possessed by the later letters which were written from Italy to Lady Bute. And the reason is simple. All Lady Mary's letters show us the clever woman of the world; these alone show us also the devoted and affectionate mother. The others, too, are mainly occupied with the people she met and the sights she saw; but from her Italian solitude she could have but one subject, the best of all, herself.

herself. Ten letters from her Brescian farm tell us more about her than all the three volumes from Constantinople; and, what is more, make us like her far better. For it is just that side of her which is least attractive which gets emphasized when she is living in the world of London, Vienna, or even of Venice; but here, in her country retirement, these things seem a long way off, and the lines, which fashion and society had cut so deep in her character, are worn almost smooth by solitude and age, and by simpler and healthier occupations, so that they no longer produce more than a rare and faint impression. The picture of her and of her life which we can put together from this long series of letters to her daughter is a fairly complete one. We see her 'resisting all invitations,' while 'reading, writing, riding and walking' find her full employment; sometimes quite wrapt up in her land and her crops, so that, as she tells her daughter in the words of some old song,—

'All my whole care
Is my farming affair,
To make my corn grow and my apple-trees bear'—

from which she not only derives great pleasure, but 'so much profit that, if I could live a hundred years longer, I should certainly provide for all my grandchildren'; sometimes spending weeks entirely alone, and then again having her solitude relieved or disturbed by such alarming distinctions as the quite unexpected visit of a princess, attended by her grand master, a cardinal's brother, ladies, pages, guards, and 'a long et cetera of inferior servants'; or another, even more embarrassing, when, according to 'the way of living in this province,' which is 'what I believe it is now in the sociable part of Scotland, and was in England a hundred years ago,' thirty ladies and gentlemen, on horseback with their servants, suddenly appeared 'with the kind intent of staying at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before.' However, after being entertained with poultry and fiddles, as the princess had been with sack posset and piquet, they, too, were got rid of, although much disappointed at not being pressed to stay, 'it being their fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together a month in each castle.' But these were only magnificent episodes in her life; as a rule, the days passed quietly enough. Here is a delightful letter which describes her Brescian 'dairy-house,' and the life she lived in it:—

'I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy-house which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long

long mile from the castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself—that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs and a couch-bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I assure you shall be very literal without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was all ready cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views with seats of turf. I am now writing in one of these arbours, which is so thickly shaded the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day from Mantua, Guastalla, or Pont de Vie. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds.

This was her paradise; and this her manner of life:—

‘I generally rise at six, and, as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women, and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years’ time. At eleven o’clock I retire to my books: I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist till ’tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman’s little boat (where I have a green lute-string awning) serves me for a barge.’

This letter, for purposes of quotation, is indeed what Lady Mary calls it, ‘of unconscionable length’; but it is worth giving for the fulness of its picture of her home and of the life she lived in it. It is a quiet harmless existence, peaceful and serene,

serene, as if all life were a summer's evening. The most striking thing about it is the abundance of resources, and the astonishing activity of interests, which she must have possessed in herself to enable her to continue it so long. Perhaps it was not so idle as she paints it; for, though she often declares that she attains 'what has long been the utmost of her ambition' in 'whiling away an idle life with great tranquillity,' she will, nevertheless, tell us elsewhere that she does

'what good I am able in the village round me, which is a very large one; and have had so much success, that I am thought a great physician, and should be esteemed a saint if I went to mass.'

Indeed she did so much for her neighbours, that they were determined to erect a statue of her, and were only prevented by her refusing to give sittings to the sculptor, and telling them her religion would not permit it.

'I seriously believe,' she says, 'it would have been worshipped, when I was forgotten, under the name of some saint or other, since I was to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of my canonisation. This compliment was certainly founded on reasons not unlike those that first framed goddesses, I mean being useful to them, in which I am second to Ceres. If it be true she taught the art of sowing wheat it is sure I have learned them to make bread, in which they continued in the same ignorance Misson complains of. I have introduced French rolls, custards, mince pies, and plum-pudding, which they are very fond of. 'Tis impossible to bring them to conform to sillabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes, they are even shocked to see me eat it; but I expect immortality from the science of butter-making, in which they are become so skilful from my instructions, I can assure you here is as good as in any part of Great Britain.'

From all which it is plain that her life was neither wholly idle nor wholly selfish, for here is the best possible evidence of her usefulness, the supreme proof positive of spontaneous gratitude. And so these twenty-two years of voluntary exile glided away in easy and kindly contentment. They were not all spent on the Brescian farm; for besides her two houses there, she had palaces at Lovere and at Padua, and a house in Venice, to say nothing of the magnificent palace of Cosmo dei Medici on the lake of Garda which she hired for a time, and describes as finer than any royal palace in Germany, France, or England, a place of oranges and pomegranates, baths and fish-ponds, fountains and cascades and marble gods and goddesses. But wherever she goes, the picture we get of her is the same; she is everywhere what she calls herself, that 'uncommon kind

of

of creature, an old woman without superstition, peevishness, or censoriousness.' With ample means, good hearing, sight and memory, 'appetite enough to relish what I eat,' and 'sound uninterrupted sleep'; a taste for two of the purest of human pleasures, for gardening which took her into the air, and for reading which kept her happy indoors at Padua for some hours a day, and makes her say that 'if relays of eyes were to be hired like posthorses,' she would 'admit none but silent companions'; gifted, too, from her birth with good sense and good temper, and 'a certain sprightly folly' that made her always take things, as far as possible, on their bright side, she ought to have been a happy woman; and she was. Happy in the past, in the present, and even in the future, she will amuse herself by telling Lady Bute of promising young men who might do for the granddaughters she had never seen; though she, indeed, would not live to see the wedding:—

'I no more expect to arrive at the age of the Duchess of Marlborough than to that of Methusalem; neither do I desire it. I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away; and it is gone; for I think there are very few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call these melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandonment of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell you this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that Nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those are only unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth, which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you, that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper, which shortens the sermon of, dear child, your most affectionate mother.'

The letters to Lady Bute are her best, and that for two reasons. Frank and easy as the others are, as all she wrote was, these are something more: they are ease and spontaneity itself. But it is not only that. It is that in them, and in them almost alone, she shows us all that was in her heart. Her daughter was the passion of her life; the one being, it seems, for whom she ever felt the love that brings with it a necessity for constant intercourse of one kind or another, a sense of impatience and anxiety at its failure or interruption. She was a kind mistress, a sincere friend, a loyal, even an affectionate, wife; but there never was anyone in the world who could have given her a sleepless night except the daughter, who was, as it were, her
mother's

mother's only child, and seems, too, to have been all that a mother's heart could ask an only child to be.

That is Lady Mary's weak point. There is too much head in her and too little heart. Her impulses and emotions are always in leading-strings to the cool common sense which is her dominant characteristic. She was evidently very much in love with her husband, enough to be willing to leave everything for him, or, as she says, to 'part with anything for you but you;' but Cupid had no bandages that could blind her eyes; and she is astonishingly frank as to her own feelings and his, and in the expressions of her doubts about the probability of their getting on together very long in a country retirement. Even with her daughter she will have no false sentiment, and amusingly declines gratitude on her part for having brought her into the world, on the ground that 'there was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time and no obligation on either side.' Everywhere she is for the bare fact, exactly as it is, with no emotional or imaginative illusions about it, preferring prudence to heroism, tranquillity to fame, the clear-sighted common-sense which, to quote her own example, gave Atticus riches and security to the splendid dreams which were as fatal as they were glorious to Cicero.

It is not a very inspiring creed, whatever else may be said in its favour. Man is not really set in motion by sugar-plums, Carlyle declared: and certainly no calculation of hedonistic profit and loss, however brilliant and infallible, ever came near to touching his heart.

But we must not quarrel with Lady Mary, who was, after all, but a woman of her day. Besides, it is we who are in her debt, not she in ours. Only she must not ask us to pay her in coin, which, for her, we simply have not got. She has given us much pleasure and some profit, too, perhaps: we can offer in return, and very gladly and sincerely, praise, admiration, even gratitude: but there is one thing which we cannot promise her—the thing which every letter in her many volumes assures afresh to Madame de Sévigné,—a place in our hearts.

- ART. VII.—1. *English Prose Selections*. With Critical Introductions by various writers and General Introductions to each period. Edited by Henry Craik. 5 vols. London, 1896.
2. *Miscellaneous Essays*. By George Saintsbury. London, 1895.

IT is possible that the form and method of Sir Henry Craik's work may create suspicion, or even dislike, in two ways. The editor may at first sight be charged with swelling the number of short cuts to culture, with fostering the tendency to read about great authors instead of reading the great authors themselves, with countenancing, if not joining, that vast host of extension lecturers and manual writers who heap their offerings on the over-loaded altar of smatter and secondhand. Unthinking persons, too, might claim him for a supporter of that strange project, the literary bureau, the scheme whereby an organized staff of contributors are to take the place of the individual writer, and a methodically arranged patchwork of successive monographs is to supersede the organic and artistic conception of a single mind.

It does not need a very careful survey of Sir Henry Craik's work to acquit him and his contributors of both these charges. There are plenty of earnest and well-meaning folk who believe that the study of three small text-books will reveal to them the inner secrets of, let us say, the development of the Roman empire, Elizabethan literature, and the French revolution. If any gaps still remain in the student's knowledge of history and letters, they may be filled in by a few judicious purchases from the scrip of an itinerant Autolycus, sent forth from what were once homes of scholarly learning. We are much mistaken if Sir Henry Craik has anything to fear from such admirers and patrons. Everything no doubt may be misused. All criticism may be taken, in a busy, receptive, and indiscriminating age such as this, much certainly will be taken, not as a guide or a stimulant, but as a magazine of ready-made opinion. But the vice inherent in much of the teaching to which we have alluded, is not the possibility of abuse, but the facility with which it lends itself to such treatment and, in too many cases, the difficulty of seeing for what other purpose it exists.

The present work is protected, if by nothing else, by its dimensions. No doubt, if it had existed seventy years ago, Mary Bennet would have absorbed the whole five volumes from cover to cover by a conscientious process of cramming. But the age of vast and grandiose study is over, and the Mary

Bennets of to-day are to their elder sisters as Canon Bright to the Bollandists or Mr. Lang to the Humanists of the Renaissance. The most suspicious critic of secondhand knowledge and of culture made easy must admit that Sir Henry Craik's book has a real value for serious students. It ought to be dealt with, it is manifestly intended to be dealt with, according to the sound educational maxim, 'something of everything and everything of something.' The student who uses it aright will certainly not rest content without going further on the track here pointed out to him. He will regard the book as a guide and commentator for the special writer or school of writers whom he seeks to understand, and even more as showing him the relative place which his own subject of study occupies in relation to the whole field of English literature.

The nature of the work, too, not merely excuses, but actually requires a system of collaboration. For the work is not and does not profess to be a connected history of English prose. It does nothing towards filling the place, though it may do something towards proving the impossibility of such a history. The collaborative method is objectionable in history, because it produces, not an artistic whole, but a series of books of reference. The work in question is a book of reference, though a book of reference which requires literary form in each of its separate members. Such a book needs, as its first condition of excellence, special knowledge, and even the omniscience begotten of extension lectures and local examinations could hardly produce a writer who could deal as a specialist with Wycliffe, Addison, and Stevenson.

A critic would be transparently wanting in self-respect who did not detect various omissions in any collection of literary extracts. We will at once get rid of a duty which we confess in this case seems to savour of ungraciousness. The omission which we most regret is that of Borrow. Few writers lend themselves better either to criticism or to the method of illustration by extracts. There is, indeed, almost endless matter for discourse in so strange a mixture of seemingly irreconcilable contrasts, and it would tax the most ingenious critic to assign Borrow a precise place in English literature. He calls cousin with the romantics, yet he detests Scott. In his love of homely English scenery and in his intense John Bull prejudices he is closely akin to Cobbett. But what sympathy would Cobbett have had with thieving gypsies or with a picturesque vagabond like Isopel Berners?

Borrow, too, is a writer who can be best judged by isolated extracts, and, as is not always the case, the finest bits are also the

the most characteristic. The passage probably on which the genuine Borrowian would stake his author's reputation is the fight with the Flaming Tinman. But the descriptions of Olney Church, of the horse-fair, and of the storm after the prize-fight, have all just as much of the peculiar and indefinable charm of Borrow, of his mixture of the direct and the fantastic.

Nor can we wholly forgive Sir Henry Craik for his exclusion of Henry Kingsley and Lord Lytton. The former would, we grant, have been somewhat difficult to deal with. He is not a writer to be measured piece-meal. No sane man would liken Henry Kingsley to Charlotte Brontë in dramatic power, in width and depth of moral judgment, least of all in intensity of passion. Yet in each there is that magic touch of inspiration under which glaring improbabilities of situation and dialogue become the appropriate surrounding and natural expression of living character. And if we are right in that view, the element of true dramatic power, which makes a writer independent of changes in style or literary fashion, should give Henry Kingsley a place in literature more abiding than that likely to be held by writers of wider contemporary fame.

It is certainly not difficult to understand how the qualities which earned for Lord Lytton the contempt of Thackeray should have also earned his exclusion from this collection. Yet through all Lytton's bombastic rhetoric and unwholesome sentiment, his perverted morality, and his thin pseudo-philosophy, we never quite lose sight of redeeming qualities which seem specially to invoke the grace of the purely literary critic. There is a certain sense of literary dignity and responsibility, an honest desire for the most part to choose worthy themes and to develop them adequately, a freedom from caprice and slovenliness, though one would often almost welcome each as a relief from systematic perversity and pedantry. And how could a Scottish editor find it in his heart to exclude Miss Ferrier, a writer whose robust humour is best measured by its power to win forgiveness if not forgetfulness for her occasional excursions into the region of sentiment and romance?

On the other hand, Sir Henry Craik might fairly urge that in few departments of prose is the boundary-line between the abiding and the ephemeral so hard of demarcation as in fiction. The immortals stand plainly on one side, on the other that vast tribe to whom we owe much clever, pleasant, and wholesome work, yet whose brief life is bounded by the sunshine of the circulating library. But what of those between? of such writers as Charles Reade and Mrs. Oliphant, Lever and Griffin, whose lips have once and again felt a passing touch of that live

coal which inspired *Jane Eyre* and *Waverley*? No one can blame an editor because he may have here and there shrunk from the responsibilities which an exact selection would have imposed on him.

Turning to another department of letters, we are inclined to ask whether no place could have been found for Kinglake? We can understand how a critic of Matthew Arnold's mould was roused to wrath by Kinglake's exaggerated emphasis, by a perpetual tendency to adapt the methods of journalism to weightier literature. Yet, surely, if the undoubtedly high intelligence, the wide range, the lucidity and attractiveness of J. R. Green's work are to outweigh his innumerable violations of good taste, and his sprawling deformity of style, an equal grace might have been allowed to Kinglake for his vigorous estimates of individual men, and of phases of thought, and, above all, for the true Saga ring of his battle-pieces.

Among the chosen writers of the last century we cannot but think that Sir Henry Craik might have found a place for Tom Paine. In expressing that view we are very far from giving him high rank in philosophy, either religious, social, or political, or from rating his influence on thought as anything more than transitory and occasional. He has, we think, a claim to a place in this collection for the unsurpassed and almost unsurpassable skill with which he used the English language as the weapon of the pamphleteer. As far as substance goes, there was no slander that he shrank from when an enemy had to be injured, no sophism that he would not fall back on to bridge over a gap in his logic. Yet his calumnies and sophisms are always proportioned with marvellous skill to the capacities of his audience; he compels our admiration by dexterity and self-restraint at least equal to his unscrupulous audacity. And in the mere matter of style he prevails by fair and even artistic methods, by a scholarly and unpedantic vocabulary, by a construction so apparently easy and simple that one is blinded to the difficulties which are overcome.

But, after all, these complaints are but another way of saying that Sir Henry Craik is human, and that in such a matter no two critics would ever wholly agree in detail on the question of admission or exclusion. And Sir Henry Craik's staff deserve, we think, no small credit for the manner in which they have discharged what we would call the process of sub-selection. They seem throughout to have borne in mind the duty of choosing their extracts not merely for their merits but for their illustrative character. We need hardly dwell on so obvious a distinction. A prose writer indeed can hardly, like a poet, deviate

deviate temporarily into a wholly alien style. In good prose there must be a spontaneity which forbids those conscious or half-conscious imitations of a foreign note which are possible to the poet. Crabbe imbeds in perhaps the very grimmest scene of his grimmest tragedy a lyric that might have been the work of Moore, and renders it effective by contrast. When Wordsworth makes the minstrel of 'Broom Hall' welcome back his lord

' Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,'

a possible Scott seems revealed to us. Prose has no phenomena exactly analogous. Yet it would not be hard to find instances where some of the most attractive work of an author did not reveal his most essential qualities. We suspect that ordinary readers at least are apt to like Mr. Meredith best when he is least Meredithian. Who can praise too highly the quiet, unlaboured pathos of 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story,' its freedom from mannerism, and from mechanical tricks of expression? Yet these are not the qualities by which George Eliot's work will live. Every worshipper of Charlotte Brontë must be grateful for what Mr. Swinburne has well called 'that gracious and joyous interlude' where Shirley Keeldar does battle with Matthew Helstone, or the kindred passage where she takes sweet counsel with her Celia on Nunnersly Common. It is indeed scarcely possible to bring to bear a dispassionate spirit of literary criticism on passages which throw such a gleam of sunshine over those tragic characters gathered together in Haworth Parsonage. But granting the very highest estimate of their grace, and valuing them that they open chambers of the writer's mind otherwise undisclosed, yet we must still feel that, if they had never been written, all that is essential in the literary position of Charlotte Brontë would remain untouched and unweakened. Throughout, Sir Henry Craik's critics have shown judgment and forbearance in choosing typical passages calculated to bring out by illustration the opening criticisms.

As to those criticisms themselves it is needless to say that they vary in merit. To expect, for example, a whole staff of writers gifted with the natural acuteness and the highly trained powers of criticism and expression possessed by Mr. Saintsbury would be worthy of the Irishman who wanted an apple-pie all made of quinces. Nor must it be forgotten that in a work such as this the scope and function of the critic are of necessity somewhat limited. He cannot but feel that he is in some degree responsible for the author whom he introduces. He becomes in some sort a defender and eulogist.

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The nearest approach to an exception is in the somewhat harsh measure meted out to John Stuart Mill by Mr. Millar. After dwelling justly it may be, but certainly with full severity, on Mill's confusion of thought and on the contrast between the warmth of his prejudices and the coldness of his rhetoric, Mr. Millar goes on to ask whence comes the charm which Mill's style unquestionably possesses? According to the critic the answer may perhaps be found in two distinct and apparently contradictory characteristics, his extreme simplicity and his careful affectation of a precision amounting not unfrequently to primness, if not to pedantry. It would not, we think, be difficult to find passages in the republished Essays which rise above this level, passages where Mill's style is something more than merely clear and becomes in its uncompromising fearlessness an effective instrument for setting forth views, which, if not original in themselves, are rendered original by the manner in which they are combined and the purposes to which they are applied.

Again, we think that Dean Church receives rather scanty justice in the statement that 'he was gifted with considerable historical insight and historical imagination.' Higher praise surely is deserved by Church's gift, so valuable in a historian yet so rare in professed historians, of detaching the main issue of a contest from its minor incidents, never losing sight of the main purpose of the campaign, yet following out each detailed skirmish with quiet sympathetic observation.

It need hardly be said that the theory of criticism whereon these volumes rest is a counsel of perfection, not wholly attainable in practice. It assumes that the writer can be detached from the man, the expression from the thought, or, if not from the thought, at least from the practical sphere and purpose of the thinker. A critic must have a high opinion of his own judicial impartiality who trusts himself to act up to that principle. Can any man truly say that political agreement or disagreement counts for nothing in his estimate of what would be called the purely literary merits of Clarendon, of Burke, of Froude, of Lord Beaconsfield? A frigid and artificial writer, such as Robertson, may drill himself into the production of work out of which all traces of personal character and conviction shall have evaporated. We have shown forbearance towards our readers in reaching our eighth page without once saying that 'the style is the man.' The hackneyed maxim is perhaps after all the best way of expressing the truth that, when anything worthy to be called style exists, form of expression, habit of thought, and moral purpose, all make up a whole which can be dissected

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into its constituent parts only in theory. There is, however, a difference between the essential cast of a writer's mind and the special and temporary purpose to which he applies his power. The critic, being human, cannot but be affected by the former; it is not too much to ask that he should rise superior to prejudices engendered by the second set of conditions. And even where it is impossible to divest his mind of certain prepossessions begotten of personal sympathy or dislike, he can at least confine himself to discussing the execution of the work rather than the purpose of the artist. Sir Henry Craik's contributors have for the most part kept to that principle conspicuously and consistently. If there is an exception, it is to be found, we think, in Mr. Ward's essay on Milton, where criticism of the author is somewhat overlaid by apology, alike in the classical and the conventional sense, for the politician.

The first volume of Sir Henry Craik's book, that dealing with the pre-Reformation writers, has an introduction by Mr. Ker, which in some measure may be said to set the keynote to the whole work. It clearly recognises the necessity for a double canon of criticism, for judging every writer both by an abstract standard of literary excellence, and also as the product of a particular age, the conventions whereof he cannot wholly transcend either in thought or expression.

Mr. Ker suggests, too, though space does not allow him fully to elaborate, the connexion between literature and philology. Writers such as Mr. Freeman and Mr. Kingston Oliphant have at times used language which would almost suggest that they regarded a knowledge of the growth of speech and a knowledge of the development of literature as identical. They have written as though vocabulary were the one distinctive and essential element of style. And that has brought in its train the error of seeking to establish a conventional and arbitrary standard of vocabulary. No one can doubt that on the one hand the preference for a vocabulary mainly Teutonic and avoiding where possible all Romance elements is, as a practical rule, a safeguard against some of the worst errors of half-educated vulgarity. Equally certain is it that, as a theory of style, it wholly ignores the artistic labours of generations of writers, who consciously or unconsciously have moulded our language. These philological studies, of which Mr. Kingston Oliphant's work is a popular, though at the same time a scientific, epitome, are dead bones unless they are inspired and controlled by a constant reference to the purposes for which the instrument thus fashioned has been used. Once let a man grasp the truth that the growth of our speech is intimately

intimately and essentially connected with the growth of national thought and life, and he is in no danger of arbitrary and conventional preferences for the vocabulary or the constructions of a particular epoch.

Sir Henry Craik, it appears to us, falls into an error somewhat akin to this, in his introduction to the second volume. He there regrets that the sixteenth century did not do for prose what it did for poetry:—

‘It is quite possible to conceive that a new and stronger effect of the glory and the rapture of the Elizabethans might have done much to enrich us with a prose style, as consummate and commanding as that of their poetry. Whether it could have endured is another matter. Prose has to serve purposes so various and often so vile, that it is hard to conceive it possible for it to abide by any type of perfect and unadulterated form. However that might have been, no such conquest was achieved by the age of Elizabeth. Its glories faded, its rapture grew old, its creative power waned before it accomplished for prose what it did for poetry; and it was left for future generations slowly to travel step by step to a prose style; first to become artificial and involved; then by means of individual whims and caprices to learn variety; thereafter to conform to rule and to acquire stateliness and formality; then to dwindle off in the decrepitude of age, to modishness, tawdriness, slipshod familiarity, or, worse than all, the narrow groove of technicality, leaving it to the unaided power of each writer to rescue himself from the prevailing vice of the style of this day.’ (Vol. ii. p. 3.)

The whole burden of the passage seems to ignore the one all-important admission which Sir Henry Craik himself makes. How far it is needful for prose to serve ‘vile’ purposes is a question of social ethics which would lead us beyond the limits of our subject. For the business in hand it is enough that the purposes are ‘various.’ Prose must be largely ‘a pale and common drudge ’tween man and man.’ To say that prose is at times ‘modish’ and technical is really only to say that it has to serve the varying needs of a diversified and many-sided national life. The same error, we think, underlies much of Mr. Saintsbury’s two essays, otherwise so excellent, on English prose style. He writes at times as though there were such a thing as a fixed ideal style adapted for everything which has to be expressed in prose. We do not at all deny that there are fixed canons applicable to all subjects. We fully agree with Mr. Saintsbury and Sir Henry Craik that, in many branches of literature, the obligation of form is at the present day most inadequately recognized. But using the term style in any
general

general sense, and including in it vocabulary and construction, it is clear that it must vary with the subjects on which it is brought to bear. A vocabulary which has only to serve the needs of the descriptive writer, dealing wholly or mainly with concrete facts, can dispense with much that is essential to a reflective and critical writer. The periods and cadences of the essayist would be out of place in the historian.

It is moreover noteworthy that while English prose has become, as Sir Henry Craik points out, diversified and no doubt often capricious in its methods, the present age has seen no little advance towards a complete and historical school of criticism. Mr. Leslie Stephen is the last man to be charged as a critic with those fluid and universal sympathies which destroy all fixity and precision of judgment. Yet he has defined the whole art of criticism as 'learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or his written words.' In a like spirit Mr. Saintsbury, when in Sir Henry Craik's book he discusses Thackeray's style, says that 'the soul of it will escape the enumeration and dissection even more than is usually the case.' Do the critical essays of, let us say, Jeffrey, ever suggest any attempt to discover the 'soul' of the writer or to 'learn to know the human being partially revealed to us'? An article of pure literary criticism in one of the quarterlies in the first half of the present century is a comment and analysis, wherein the structure of the book, the characters and the diction are all measured according to certain fixed external canons. Take Jeffrey's or Senior's criticisms of the *Waverley Novels*. Each successive incident and each character are judged on their own detached merits. The probability of the events, the ethical and dramatic fitness of the persons are discussed with more or less clearness and more or less intelligence. There is hardly an attempt to grasp each individual story as an artistic whole, to understand what one may call its atmosphere. Still less is there any attempt to generalize from the individual works to the literary character and methods of the writer or to estimate his place in the literature of the age to which he belonged. Lamb and Coleridge may be modern in the spirit and temper of their criticisms. In form they hold fast to the recognized methods of their age. Nor is this, the older style of criticism, the objective method, to use an unpleasant but convenient phrase, yet extinct. Not long ago we read a criticism of Thackeray, in which the morality of '*Vanity Fair*' was impugned because Rawdon Crawley accepted a public office, for the duties of which he must have known himself to be unfitted!

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In the face of Macaulay's glaring sins against literary taste and judgment it may seem audacious to place him as in any sense among the pioneers of a better method. The worst perhaps of all those sins, the criticism on Horace Walpole, has been deservedly scourged by Mr. Ker in Sir Henry Craik's collection. Macaulay's admirers would hardly claim for him the merit of delicate literary insight. Nowhere do we wholly escape from the influence most fatal of all to artistic sense and imagination, from the bondage of prosperous middle-class nonconformity. Yet warring against that was a strong sense of the unity of history and of the continuous development of English thought and feeling and therefore of the continuity of that literature in which they have clothed themselves. It is the redeeming virtue of Macaulay as a critic that he does endeavour, albeit too often clumsily and inartistically, to assign to each writer his proper place in the history of letters, to deal with him as the representative of certain intellectual tendencies, the product of certain social and political conditions.

The ascendancy of the more sympathetic and historical method of criticism is best shown by its mastery over writers differing widely in the original texture of their minds and their literary methods, and alike only in sanity of judgment and in acuteness of perception, confirmed and guided by ample training and discipline. We see it in the spontaneous and colloquial musings of Mr. Lang, in the declamatory rhetoric of Mr. Swinburne, in the balanced verdicts and carefully wrought periods of the late Mr. Pater. In none of these critics do the trees ever hide the wood. They teach us to see in each book which comes before them a fresh manifestation of the peculiar power of an author and of the special characteristics of a literary epoch. That is the spirit which runs through the criticisms of Sir Henry Craik's contributors, though, as we have already said, varying in acuteness of view.

This mode of criticism has no doubt its special dangers. The critic may read himself into his author. The application of definite piece-meal criticism to each successive character and episode was at least a protection against the fancies and caprices of the critic. On the other hand, such criticism furnishes no basis for a history of literature. The scientific historian of literature must, as a first condition of success, grasp as a whole the purpose, position, and character of each writer. Therein lies the real and abiding value of such a work as the present. Although, as we have already said, the multitude and variety of purposes which prose has to serve, bring with them diversity of style and make the maintenance of a fixed standard difficult,

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yet that is all the more reason for insisting on such canons of art as are common to all prose, and for not suffering the specialist to emancipate himself from the laws of literary form. The historian is concerned with pure literature from two points of view, if we are to be saved from the damnable heresy that a history is a book of reference, or an analysis of constitutional documents. He, in the first place, must recognise the obligation of literary art. In the second place, he must be familiar with literature so far as it forms part of the atmosphere of the atmosphere of the age into which he has to throw himself. He need not imitate the old-fashioned historian and give us a detached chapter on literature. His familiarity with the literature of his age may show itself indirectly; it may be, so to speak, latent. Take for example the latest work on English history which aims at the dignity of a classic. It is but seldom that Mr. Gardiner refers to any writer save as a historical authority. Yet there is ever present to his reader a certainty that he has a clear, solid, and intelligent knowledge of the Elizabethans and their immediate successors. If we accept this view of the duty of a historian, it is easy to fix the place of such a work as Sir Henry Craik's in English historical literature. It is an illustrated comment on all those varied phases of thought which admit of being set forth in prose.

In literary matters, as we have already implied, the principle of the division of labour has a legitimate and an illegitimate application. There is, we think, very little to be said in favour of it, when it deals with subjects where unity of conception and of treatment is essential. The work as a whole suffers for lack of one animating conception and one constructive principle. Each individual contributor is in a measure stunted by the restrictions not necessarily of space, but rather of thought and method, imposed upon him; yet, on the other hand, the increase of material and the demand for more precise and exhaustive treatment, alike in the history of events and the history of thought, gives an ever-increasing importance to the labour of the specialist. Such a collection as the present seems to us to point towards the true solution. The specialist must be something more than a specialist, he must see his own province and relation to others that lie beyond it. His work, so far as it is special, will not be final; it will be subordinate and, in a wide sense of the word, educational. The historian of literature, the historian of man, so far as he deals with those aspects of thought which are revealed in literature, will be more and more dependent on that arrangement and digestion of materials which is being done for him by the critical specialist.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott.* By George G. Napier. Glasgow, 1897.

MR. NAPIER'S delightful volume bears testimony to the undying charm of the personality of Walter Scott. It depicts in most attractive fashion scenes which genius has made classic, and stimulates, if it does not suggest, the effort to people those scenes with some of the real figures from whom the actors were drawn. Scott's works have won him the gratitude of the world, but his countrymen owe him a more immediate and prosaic debt of gratitude. The wand of the magician precipitated the changes, inevitable in course of time, but which otherwise must have been slow and gradual. It was Scott who discovered or revealed the charms of a country, which to the earlier adventurers coming from beyond the border had seemed a sterile, repulsive, and dreary wilderness. He found highlands and borders very much as they were, when Waverley rode into the hamlet of Tully-Veolan, and when Earnscliffe went out stalking the red deer in the wastes that are now waving with golden grain. He cast the spell of his genius over the length of the land, and civilization followed fast in his track. The roads were made or mended through the wild scenery of the shaggy Trossachs and the gloomy grandeur of Glencoe. Thanks to Watt, Macadam 'the Colossus of Rhodes,' and others, who went hand in hand with him, the beat of paddles was heard on the lonely lochs which had only echoed hitherto to the scream of the eagle or the wail of the wild cat. It became the fashion and the rage to make summer pilgrimages to the scenes of the poems and novels. Each successive production of that facile pen brought an increasing rush, till, in the slang of the Stock Exchange, Scotland was 'boomed.' Mails and stage coaches accelerated their speed over renovated highways, and such machines as the Queensferry fly, or Mrs. Dod's primitive whiskey, were at once put out of date by the gifted painter of the manners he was destroying. Change houses, like those of Lucky Mac-Leary or Tib Mumps, were at once superseded by flourishing hostelries which might have borne comparison with the posting establishments of Ferrybridge and others on that great north road which Scott so often travelled. The price for horses went up at once, with the ever-growing demand for coachers and post cattle. That was only one of the innumerable ways in which he scattered money over his country. 'Marmion,' published in the immaturity of his fame, brought prosperity to 'his own romantic town.' The portraiture of the matter-of-fact Baillie Nicol Jarvie gave the brilliant colours of romance to the

the bustling Broomielaws, and sent curious strangers to see for themselves the 'weel-jointed mason-work' of St. Mungo's Cathedral, with 'nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curlie-wur-lies.' Trade, as a matter of course, followed the tourist. The Clyde was deepened and embanked, far sooner than would otherwise have been the case, to facilitate the passage of steamers to the dark Sound of Mull, and the barren desolation of Loch Corriskin. As he wrote and wrote on, each stroke of the pen set fresh fountains of prosperity flowing. The shopkeepers of the Fairports and Kippletringans did brisker business: the boatmen of the western seas, the highlanders in remote glens, which had seldom been trodden by a stranger's foot, the superabundant population of struggling villages, found new and lucrative sources of emolument. Many an aged man and woman, like Johnnie Bower of Melrose, had reason to bless him, for being installed as guardian of some ruined abbey or castle, which being identified with the historical or fanciful sketches in the novels had sprung of a sudden into world-wide celebrity, and acquired actual value in the eyes of its possessor. The influence of the magician had extended everywhere, from the Solway of 'Redgauntlet' to the Shetlands of 'The Pirate,'—through France and Switzerland to Syria, as over England.

He has done as much for the antiquities and history of Scotland as for its material progress. He made himself the Old Mortality of the neglected memorials of the past. As for the antiquities, we need not dwell upon them. We may not be able actually to identify Tully-Veolan, Tillietudlem or Kennaquhair: in fact, Scott has assured us himself, when denying that Wolf's Craig was the Fast Castle he had only seen from the sea, that he never copied but always conceived. Yet where, out of his pages, shall we find such vivid pictures of the buildings 'biggit by the monks of auld syne,' when the first Alexander was a 'sair saint for the crown'; of the prehistoric relics of heathenism in the sterile northern isles; of the rude but massive baronial architecture, when each noble's hand was against his neighbour; and of the bastioned and battlemented Scotto-Gallic mansion, still secured in its sombre strength against the raids of caterans or old feudal enemies?

The blaze of light he threw upon Scottish history is even more important and valuable. We venture to say, that before he wrote the romances and 'Tales of a Grandfather,' intelligent Southrons cared as little about it as we do now about the obscure and sanguinary records of mediæval Servians or Bulgarians. We doubt not that Macaulay has depicted with an unusual absence of highflying rhetoric, the indifference even of thought-ful

ful English statesmen to Scottish affairs, when ministers were accomplices in the massacre of Glencoe. The fierce yet chivalrous warfare of the Percy and the Douglas, the bloody fray of the Otterburn, and the hard-contested battle of Neville's Cross, had been commemorated in song and ballad; the memorable fields of Bannockburn and Flodden stood out and were remembered for sufficient reasons. Otherwise the records reveal a monotonously dreary tale of intestine broils and brutal outrages. So in a great measure they were. But it was for Scott to paint a gallery of grand historical portraits, with the firm hand and rare intuition of a master. Like those of a Titian or a Velasquez, the portraits live and breathe. They begin with the inevitably dim, though strikingly effective, sketches of William the Lion and his heir in 'The Talisman.' The 'Lord of the Isles' gave us the Bruce, with the gallant band of patriots who followed his desperate fortunes in the war of Liberation. There are few nobler pictures in dramatic poetry than that of the royal outlaw in the halls of Ardtornish, standing at bay before bared dirks and half-drawn broadswords, confessing the crime of the hasty murder of the Comyn to the monk, who rose to curse but was constrained to bless. The gentler side of the heroic character is equally realized by that vivid fancy, when Isabel recognises by the description of the unlettered lay-sister, the stranger who has come knocking at the convent door. Then there are the monarchs of the ill-fated line of Stewart, pre-ordained to bring a long train of calamities on their people, and destined to pay the penalty of grievous faults. The weak and well-meaning Robert, 'second of that name,' the Knight of Snowdon, the Scottish Quixote; the James of Flodden, who risked a kingdom for a passing fancy and a royal glove; the hapless Mary in her island prison, reaping in tears the harvest she had sown in folly and perhaps in crime; her 'pawky' son, the British Solomon, with his sage saws and ludicrous eccentricities, his 'bonny sparklers' of price, and his bowls of cockaleekie. Then, after a passing glance, in which there is a revelation of character, at King Charles the Martyr, we end with the inimitable sketches of Charles the Voluptuous, with his spaniels in the Mall, and of Charles Edward, the high-spirited young chevalier, enthroned for an hour in the halls of Holyrood.

There are the soldiers and the statesmen, most faithfully drawn from familiar acquaintance with the times and their chronicles. These may be said to begin with 'The Abbot' and 'The Monastery.' There are the Regent Murray and his crafty ally, the politic Morton, the rude Lord Lyndsay and the more polished Ruthven, 'the smoother and deeper traitor.' There

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are 'the great Marquis' and the other Graham of Claverhouse, for whom Scott owned an unphilosophical and unreasoned partiality, as his portrait, the only one in the room, had the place of honour on the chimney-piece, in the little library in Castle Street. We see Lauderdale, lolling over the Council Board, with his sensual mouth and swollen tongue, when the Hill folk were going through the great tribulation. But indeed there is hardly a historical figure, conspicuous or picturesque, which is not dashed somewhere on to the canvas that stretches through the centuries.

Still more striking from the artistic point of view are the types of classes, for there the realistic imagination found freer scope. 'The Fair Maid of Perth' was written when the writer's health had utterly broken down; when Cadell and Ballantyne were continually worrying him with protests against the careless 'copy' he sent in: when he was depressed with the sense of impending failure and when the delights of brilliantly spontaneous invention had changed to painful drudgery. Yet what can be more impressively dramatic than the personalities grouped round the feeble king? The prodigal Rothsay, with his natural nobility of character, spoiled in the upbringing; the cold-blooded Robin of Albany, regardless of all but criminal ambition: the terrible Black Douglas, whose ride through the streets of Perth was 'followed by men's eyes as they pursue the flight of the eagle through the clouds'; the false, fleeting, perjured, blue-eyed George of March, who held the keys of the East Marches in his strong castle of Dunbar: the boyish tiger-cub who was to 'rule Strathmore with the absolute power and unrelenting cruelty of a feudal tyrant'; the intriguing Ramsay, as conscienceless as Albany, who, though chronologically he comes after them in the sequence of the novels, was the prototype of Varney, Dalgarno, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Or we may take, as companion sketches, the scenes of a later date, when law and centralization had in some measure asserted themselves, when civilization and trade had made a certain progress, but when the feuds of the baronial houses were fierce as ever, and manners had scarcely mended or softened. In the Scotland of the wars of Kingsmen and Queensmen, the Protestant nobles, who would carry matters with a high hand as before, were only curbed by the growing power of the clergy and the influence of the reformed ministers over their fanatical flocks, for, with the liberation of consciences and the revolt against Rome, the democracy has been realizing its strength, and foreign politics must be considered by the Regent and his advisers. We see it all at a glance, in the conversations

conversations of Murray and Morton at Holyrood, or when they were riding southward to the Halidome, to repel the English raid; in the shifting for a living of Julian Avenel with the handful of mosstroopers in his island fortalice, who trusting to the defences of water and morass, will, like Basil Olifant in 'Old Mortality,' 'turn cat-in-the-pan with any man'; in the visit of the delegates of the Lords of the Congregation to Loch Leven; and in the stormy councils held round the liberated captive by the Catholic peers, when mustering for the decisive field of Langside.

Lockhart has said justly in the 'Life,' that there was no such portrayer of national manners. There is no disputing that. If we contrast Scott with the most brilliant writers of the French school, we can only acknowledge his incontestable superiority. Dumas possibly rivalled him in sparkling and striking historical portraiture. His 'Impressions de Voyage' abound in traits of the characters he professes to have come across, in lively anecdote and in life-like touches. But they give us little impression of reality. We know that he trusted much to the imagination, which saved him an infinity of trouble. We constantly catch him tripping as to facts, and we know that he wrote his 'Sinai,' as an Oriental traveller, without having visited the Arabian Peninsula. Moreover, most French writers who have attained to eminence in letters have either been trained between the Boulevards, the Bourse, and the Salons, or have endeavoured to present themselves as acclimatised there. Balzac, like Dumas, was essentially Parisian. His grand 'Comédie Humaine,' with all its subtle and incisive analysis, smells of the lamp, the microscope, and the human anatomical schools. He stimulated his genius in chambered seclusion, with black coffee, and the sensuously suggestive surroundings of rich hangings and Oriental carpets. As for Zola, the great contemporary apostle of naturalism, it is easy to take the measure of the man. Though he prides himself on being the *bon bourgeois*, he ought to know something of the rural districts and their inhabitants. But his cynicism surpasses the cynicism of Balzac; he goes peering about the provincial towns and the farms like a shortsighted sanitary commissioner with a monomania; he revels in exposition of the plague-spots; and the grossness of 'La Terre' is redolent of the dung-heap which dowers the daughter of the farmer of the Beauce. We see much of the same thing in George Sand, attached as she was to her native Sologne, and though not a few of her rural romances, like 'La Mare d'Auteuil,' are simple, touching, and charming.

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But when we turn to Scott, how exhilarating is the change! We leave the artificial fragrance of pastiles, or the foul odours of city top-dressings, for the bracing air of the sea and the moors; and we feel that all the sketches and studies are taken freshly from nature; that he never idealizes à la Rousseau and 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' We shall have something to say of his system of work, but in a sentence or two of his own he communicates his secret; and after all it was no secret, for it is sufficiently obvious. He had undertaken the delicate feat of reviewing his 'Tales of my Landlord' for the 'Quarterly'; it is believed that his friend, Lord Kinnedder, collaborated, but the manuscript is in Scott's handwriting. He had been severe on himself in many respects, before penning the following passages of praise, which he saw and approved, though possibly they may have been interpolated by Erskine:—

'The volume which this author has studied is the great book of Nature. He has gone abroad into the world, in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will only depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author.'

Under the mask of the anonymous, it was a frank and eloquent self-vindication against charges brought against him by the critics. Eminent reviewers misconstrued or failed to understand him, and even Jeffrey had staggered the Scot *par excellence* by condemning the author of 'Marmion' for lack of patriotism. But Scott was the most searching critic of them all. He possessed the rare and precious quality of being aware of his own weaknesses and rejoicing in his own strength. We believe we scarcely realize how much we are indebted to the just, but not over-weening self-confidence which fired his fancies and winged his pen, which triumphed over sickness and bodily agony, and which set calamity and despondency doggedly at defiance. We can detect here and there the evidences of temporary collapse; but though the task of the day might be comparative failure, he relied on pulling himself together on the morrow. So the work of each morning was thrown off almost mechanically, and the packet for the Edinburgh coach was carelessly tossed out at the toll-gate as he drove with some guests in his carriage to do the honours of Melrose or Dryburgh. James Ballantyne was given to croak: he confessed with shame and remorse to having condemned the scenes at Tully Veolan as vulgar, and when he washipped or

bilious or afflicted with the gout, he was the most censorious of proof-readers and the most depressing of counsellors. Scott believed in him much, but wrote onwards all the same, secure in the sense of an inspiration which must sometimes flag, and the conviction of genius which must assert itself on the whole, on the infallible principle of averages. 'I thought it was not such bad Balaam, after all,' was his remark when Ballantyne, in one of his fits of gloom, had objected to a novel which had exceptional success. Indeed the only time he yielded his intuitive judgment to that of Ballantyne was when he changed the catastrophe of 'St. Ronan's Well,' and he had reason to regret it, for he injured the romance.

'He was making himself all the time,' said his worthy friend Shortreed, who was his guide and companion in many a rollicking expedition in wheelless Liddesdale—*vide* 'Guy Mannering'—and among the hospitable Dandie Dinmonts in wilder glens of the Borderland. In fact he had hit upon his veritable vocation when he was a child of a few years' old. Sent for his health to a summer *villegiatura* at Musselburgh, the future author of 'Waverley' was already gathering materials for the novels. In after-life, as he said, he could converse easily with everybody, except his own domestic servants. He quoted with sympathetic approval his friend Clerk's burst of annoyance, when after having tried a fellow-passenger on an infinity of subjects, he demanded at last, if there was anything he could talk about, and was answered, 'Can you say anything about bend-leather?' Scott would have made something of the bend-leather, as no doubt he discussed fancy wares with the stout old toy-woman who travelled with him when he went to meet the Duke of Wellington at Ravensworth. At Musselburgh the crippled and somewhat old-fashioned child, but ever with quicksilver in his veins and irrepressible bodily and intellectual activity, had made fast friends of sundry elderly gentlemen who were as willing to talk as he to listen. There he found one of the various prototypes of 'The Antiquary,' and of the pedantic soldier of fortune he immortalised in 'The Legend of Montrose.' The fisher-folk who put out on the 'barmy' Firth in their cobbles, the men who patched their broken nets on the shore, and the women who tramped with their creels to Edinburgh, were afterwards to be brought in with rare fidelity on the pages of 'The Antiquary.' His excellent father, the elder Fairford, had intended the boy to succeed him in his business. The lameness suggested sedentary pursuits. Scott, who was subsequently to entangle himself in the unhappy Ballantyne affairs, drudged at the copying of law-papers for twopence a page; the pay

pay was of importance,' as he had ever an eye to the main chance, and moreover it enabled him to indulge in the purchase of books. He might have been less patient had he been always confined to the office. But in those days there was no little of adventure, even in the routine of apprenticeship to a Writer to the Signet. The King's writ only ran in the Highlands, when backed up by a show of military force. Scott accompanied a sergeant's party through the passes of Perthshire, which must have suggested the scenes when Captain Thornton was guided by the Dougal creature from the Clachan of Aberfoil into the country of Rob Roy. 'Twas some fifty years' since those lochs and hills had seen the tribesmen streaming down from their glens to follow the standard of the Chevalier. The lad made acquaintance with Inverhyle, who was the veritable Baron of Bradwardine. The old laird was eloquent of the reminiscences transmuted into the gold of 'Waverley,' and so we have the origin of the first of the novels, which lay forgotten and neglected among fishing-tackle, till recovered and completed by the most felicitous of accidents. And so it was, that the most sociable of men, with the gift of getting at the best of his companions in the most cursory conversation, went on accumulating the invaluable material, which, sooner or later, was to be turned to his purposes. Before ever he had broken ground in fiction, the memory and imagination were filled to overflowing. When the unflagging facility of the most prolific writer of the day was the marvel of guests at Abbotsford, who always found him at their disposal, Basil Hall worked out the problem of the actual manual labour statistically, and suggests the explanation. But, indeed, Scott when questioned on the subject, was unaffectedly ready with a satisfactory answer. He was always working and seldom working. When strolling through his plantations, or felling trees with Tom Purdie, his thoughts were gone far astray in old-world recollections. His scenes would shape themselves in the brain, like the plates of a camera; ready for reproduction, though the fancies of the moment would take irresistible course and he could never keep to a preconceived plot. If there were a tangled knot he would trust to untying it as he lay meditating in bed, before rising of a morning. 'I had many a grand gallop in those braes when thinking of "Marmion,"' he remarked to Lockhart, 'though a canny trotting pony must serve me now.' On the memorable northern cruise, with the Commissioners of Lights, though always the most animated and interested of the party, he would be seen on the deck and in the dusk, in moods of solemn abstraction, which his friends never cared to disturb. For the great poet

and romancer lived ever in a double world, at once the most practical and the most imaginative of men. Then when he was seated at his desk, the ideas flowed spontaneously, and so swiftly that, as John Ballantyne learned when writing to dictation, the mind was often working two sentences ahead, and a second train of thought was anticipating and intermingling with its predecessor. Creations that were rather inspired reminiscences came at his call, stamping men and manners indelibly on his pages with the touches of character and the turns of speech which impress us irresistibly with their truth and vitality.

As he said himself, in the letters to his son, he had lived with all ranks in society. At Abbotsford for many years he kept open house for every Englishman or foreigner who crossed the border and came recommended by fame, talent or rank. In London he was lionized. The Regent in consultation with Croker got up little dinners for 'Walter' at Carlton House, and among the coteries of statesmen, judges and divines, special parties were arranged to see and hear him, so that, as Lockhart observes, the guest of the day seldom saw London society in its easier and more agreeable aspects. Scott moved in these unfamiliar circles as an amused spectator and student of men, but he was scarcely of them. His sympathies were little stirred, his interests were not greatly excited by the stereotyped, the artificial or the frivolous, or even by types of the higher order which did not lend themselves to the picturesque. He genially ridicules some of the noble strangers he entertained, and when writing of the descent of Mrs. Coutts and the Duke of St. Albans with their suite and train of coaches, he is characteristically more interested in the little horsey captain in attendance, whose costume has the cut of Newmarket and who can talk of nothing but the turf.

He owns that in the novel of 'St. Ronan's Well,' next to his reluctant alteration of the *motif*, the great shortcoming was the failure in depicting the fashionables of the Spa. His strength lay in representing the picturesque varieties of the lower orders of his countrymen, the respectable class in which he had been born and brought up, and the lawyers and landed gentry who were his familiar companions. His was no superficial observation: he showed the most penetrating insight into the springs by which human nature is actuated. The very reverse of a cynic, he was as searching an analyst as Balzac. Take a striking example given by himself in the 'Quarterly' article. Writing under the veil of the anonymous, he says, 'The author's knowledge of human nature is well illustrated in the

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last glimpse he gives us of an early acquaintance, Jenny Dennison.' Jenny is presented as the coquettish Scottish *soubrette*, hesitating between her two admirers, the gay and seductive Trooper Tam of the Lifeguards, and Cuddie Headrigg, the 'old-fashioned Scotch boor, sly and shrewd in his own concerns.' Like many of her social superiors, she chooses the more prudent course: she marries for money and bestows her hand on the stolid ploughman who had a stake in the soil and a foot in its furrows. Though weighted with the cares of housekeeping and maternity, we might have expected that the giddy girl grew up into a feather-brained matron, that something of the old light-hearted sentimentality would have still survived, and that in a delicate case of sensational surprise, it would have been the sober Cuddie who would have steadied his helpmate. We know how she acted when the mysterious stranger sought a night's lodging at Fairy Knowe. Scott's position has been assailed, but never successfully. To our advantage, he explains his attitude. 'Every one must have observed that coquetry, whether in high or low life, is always founded on intense selfishness, which, as age advances, always shows itself in its true colours, and vanity gives way to avarice; and with perfect truth of representation,' &c.

Like Shakespeare, he had the instinctive power of intellectual creation, and where the studies come within the range of his immediate observation, they are truthful beyond denial and almost beyond belief. 'Jupiter' Carlyle, Ramsay of Ochertyre, Lord Cockburn and others have left valuable memorials of the men and manners of their periods. They go to confirm the exactness of Scott, but he has given life and lasting colour to the pictures. We have the Parliament House, when all the pleadings were drawn with pen and ink, when the aristocratic bench was a close corporation, when old Lord Bladderskate scowled on the humbly born Alan Fairford, who had taken over the brief of his prodigal nephew, and when, as the douce Provost of Dumfries remarked to Alan, 'The bits o' messan doggies would be sair put to the wall, if more of the muckle tykes were brought in by the relaxation of oaths.' We see Pleydell, pronounced by Dominie Sampson 'a man of great erudition, though he descendeth to trifles unbecoming thereof,' giving himself over to high jinks in the foul-smelling tavern, but declining Mannerings's invitation to the venison, on the score of the press of business, to which he was scrupulously attentive. Pleydell tugged at the oar through the week, like any Algerian galley-slave, but took his revenge in the coarse revelry of a Saturday at e'en, ready to rise and go to chapel on Sunday morning. We see old Fairford,
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well to pass in the world, in spotless broadcloth, linen, and ruffles, punctual to a minute in his morning attendance at the courts, yet hand-in-glove, in a patronizing fashion with Peter Drudgett, who dived into 'the Cimmerian abysses' of John's Coffee House for his daily meridian at the hour of noon. There are the highland chiefs of an extinct generation, before they were educated at Eton or Harrow and made fashionable friends at the English universities—Sir James Macdonald of Sleat was an exception—when if hereditary sheriffships were suppressed, and they had no longer the rights of pit and gallows, they still lorded it over tenants and clansmen, with patriarchal autocracy through immemorial custom. There were the lairds of every kind and degree, from the sottish Bulmawhapple and the maundering Ellangowan to the bookish Monkbarns—a *rara avis*—and Jack Mowbray of St. Ronan's, who, conscious that he cut a better figure at Leith races than on Newmarket Heath, consoled himself by telling his confidant and family lawyer that better dogs were bred in the kitchen than the parlour. The lower the great novelist descends in the social scale, the more effectively humorous or pathetic are the sketches, and for very obvious reasons. The lives of peril, privation, or endurance were necessarily more simple, natural, and earnest. We might multiply illustrations at will, and it is scarcely needful to cite examples. Is there anything more impressive in the pages of fiction than the passionate grief of the rugged Saunders Mucklebackit over the death of his favourite son and staunch comrade, which startled even the termagant goodwife into silence and timid observance? Was another rugged character ever drawn more delicately than that of Dandie Dinmont, who was willing to try conclusions as to the marches with broadswords, if his counsellor did not think it would be against the law, but who was loth to wrong even Jock o' Dawston Cleugh, camsteery chiel as he was, by taking a led farm over his head? Or could a lady of the gentlest birth and breeding have surpassed that hesitating delicacy of Ailie, when casting about how she might repay their debt of gratitude to the captain? Burns himself, in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' never sang the praise of a happy rural homestead more sympathetically, for Scott's prose in scenes of the sort really runs into the deeper poetry. The rustic tales of the Ettrick Shepherd, though Hogg was a man of genius and peasant-born, are nowhere in comparison, and Galt, whom Scott praised, with all his 'pawky' talent, seems but Britannia metal when we contrast him with the refined silver.

Not the least of the novelist's multifarious gifts was an extraordinary

extraordinary and very peculiar memory. From childhood onwards, it was tenacious to an extreme of anything that took his fancy or specially interested him. Hogg was complaining one day that he had forgotten a poem which he had not scratched down with the 'slate pencil' after his habit. 'Take your pen, Jamie,' said Scott; 'I believe I can repeat it to you.' And although he had only heard the verses once and long before, he dictated them word for word to the composer. One of the saddest and most significant signs of his decay was shown as he was driving with Lockhart from Abbotsford to Drumlanrig, when, strange to say, the minstrel of 'The Lay' seems to have seen for the first time the tombs of the Douglasses in their chapel of St. Bride—melancholy memorials of the race; of which he remarks in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' that their coronet had often overshadowed the crown. Then, as some green hill or ruined keep touched the familiar key of old associations, he would begin to croon some ancient ballad, and breaking down in the middle of a stanza, he gave it up with *miseria cogitandi* in his eye. We have said the memory was peculiar, for it refused to burden itself with anything uncongenial; the dryness of futile historical detail would be dismissed as summarily as some dreary law plea, and the store of recollections was a selection of the romantic. He had been reading some popular novels of the day on one of his posting journeys to London, and they had given him pause. 'I have been teaching those fellows to rival myself,' he said, if not in so many words. But then he recollected and consoled himself. After all, they have to go to the bookshelves for their facts and laboriously get together the theatrical properties, but with him the flow of thought is spontaneous, and the stage is ready furnished.

In the journal, which unfortunately he only began to keep late in life, as in the article in the 'Quarterly,' we get invaluable lights as to his manner of work, with proofs innumerable of the depth of his self-knowledge. He saw the defects he felt powerless to remedy. The bent of his inspired genius was irresistible, and he wisely did not attempt to control it. He could never tie himself down to the construction of a plot, and his favourite characters would carry him away with them. The Risingham of Rokeby, the caterans and gipsies, the men of ill-regulated minds and irregular habits would always come to the front; whereas the Wilfreds, Waverleys, Lovels, and other highly respectable heroes subsided into something like lay-figures. True, his genius, like Shakespeare's, was essentially dramatic, whether he was dealing with character

or dashing off stage effects. Nothing, to our mind, and notwithstanding our idolatry, can be much duller than the youth of Waverley at Waverley Honour, nor can we wonder that Ballantyne shook his head over the manuscript, when he had only seen part of the first volume. Criticizing himself in his article, Scott says:—

‘Probability and perspicuity of narrative are sacrificed with the utmost indifference to the desire of producing effect. . . . Against this slovenly indifference we have already remonstrated, and we again desire to enter our protest. . . . There may be something of system in it, however, for we have remarked that with an attention which amounts even to affectation, he has avoided the common language of narrative, and thrown his story as much as possible into a dramatic shape. In many cases this has added greatly to the effect, by keeping both the action and actors continually before the reader, and placing him in some measure in the situation of the audience at a theatre, who are compelled to gather the meaning of the scene from what the *dramatis personæ* say to each other, and not from any explanation addressed immediately to themselves.’

He was dominated by that intense dramatic instinct which made him admire Joanna Baillie to excess, and speak with the most honest self-depreciation of the delicate miniature painting of Maria Edgeworth and Miss Austen; nor could we have it otherwise, for it was that uncontrollable instinct which gave him immortality. It was that dramatic susceptibility to the inspiration of impressions which covered the plains of Troy with the Grecian hosts, and brought down the gods of Olympus from their seats in the spheres to sympathize with human animosities, and mingle in mortal combats. It was such dramatic conception which enabled Virgil to paint with a touch the scenes he had never seen, as when he depicts the splintered peaks of the Caucasus in a single forcible epithet. It was such dramatic power that carried Æneas down into Hades, and made Dante imagine the torments in the descending circles of Hell, meting out to Guelph and Ghibelline appropriate retribution. It was such creative dramatic power, in fine, as has enriched the literature of England with the plays of Shakespeare, and with the ‘Paradise Lost.’

As Scott owned that his heroes were tame, conventional, and common-place, he confessed that his maidens were insipid. The gentle Wilfred was a more fitting mate for the peerless Matilda than the fiery Redmond. It is hard to conceive how the Master of Ravenswood should have sacrificed his prejudices, and wrecked his career for love of a colourless Lucy Ashton; and it seems strange that the prim and prudish Miss Wardour should

should have sent Lovel into lonely lodgings at Fairport, when wars and rumours of wars, and the din of arms, should have urged the military recluse to activity. We suspect that the explanation of that must be sought in the influence exercised on the finest work by the writer's own sensations and personality. He never approaches his best, psychologically, save when he is drawing something from himself and his own experiences. Like Lord Byron, Scott had a child-love, to which he makes casual reference. In the hot ardour of youth he formed a romantic attachment to the young lady who was to marry his good friend and kindly creditor, Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo. There are repeated allusions to that love-affair in 'The Antiquary,' when the picnic to the ruins of St. Ruth comes off, in the very scenes that Scott had visited with his lady-love, and in the moan of Monkbarns over the stick taken to sea by the *phoca*—'I cut it in the classic woods of Hawthornden, when I did not expect to remain always a bachelor.' As often happens, these fond old memories were painfully revived in the novelist's decay. There are melancholy entries in the journal for 1827.

'I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. . . . Yet what a romance to tell, and told, I fear, it will one day be.'

But the romance had been thrust aside for those thirty years by the man of letters and indefatigable action. Neither in courtship nor in wedlock had he ever enjoyed the close and sacred communion with a sympathetic woman, in the intimate interchange of the thoughts and emotions. There can be little doubt that his hasty marriage was a misfortune and a mistake, both for himself and for literature. His sorrow for his wife's death was profound and sincere. But the connection had been one of habit, made happy enough by prosperity and good temper on both sides. We may read between the lines in the 'Life' and in the Journal: 'It is significant that the diarist speaks always of "Lady Scott."' When the happy old home in Castle Street was broken up, Scott writes rather mournfully, that the dispersion of the familiar objects he felt so sadly, seemed matter of indifference to Lady Scott. He adds, somewhat doubtfully, that he was glad of it. And we have a glimpse from the outside, when Mrs. Grant of Laggan, admiring Scott's imperturbability to flattery when all the world was running after him, remarks that though Scott escaped scatheless from the fame that

was

was focussed upon him, it was like to set the little bit of paper beside him in a blaze. So it strikes us that in his *affaires de cœur* he shows the shortcoming he rightly attributed to his imitators. They were got up as matters of necessity, in response to the demands of devourers of fiction. He seldom rises to the reality of passion; he never stoops to the graceful trivialities of flirtation. We always spy the beard under the muffler, and consequently they leave us cool and unconcerned. There he is surpassed by the imaginative genius of Balzac, who is said to have been unsusceptible of love. In what we should be slow to call the decline of his powers, we note a remarkable change. The toil-worn man, oppressed by trouble, had learned to value the loving attentions of a devoted daughter. What can be more touching than the attitude of Alice Bridgenorth, divided between her cavalier lover and the fanatical father that she adored, except the other Alice of Woodstock, imagined and created when troubles had been thickening at Abbotsford, who is the household angel of the hot and impatient old knight, so sorely tried by persecution and adversity.

We have spoken of Scott's resting on his own personality as the key to his success, and it was clearly his point of departure and the centre of his system of work. If he shines exceptionally in the portraying of those with whom he was most closely conversant, he knew himself better than he knew anybody else. In his suggestive preface to 'The Chronicles of the Canongate,' he says:—

'Although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was, indeed, impossible that traits proper to persons both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen. But I have always studied to generalise the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals.'

The proof of that is to be seen in his resisting such inviting subjects for ridicule or caricature as the self-complacent Constable, swollen with prosperity, and exclaiming, 'By God, I am almost the author of the Waverley novels!' the volatile John Brallantyne; Terry, the typical actor, as painted by Scott's favourite Crabbe; and, above all, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose foibles, like those of 'Jocund Johnnie,' Scott treated with excessive indulgence, but who figures with most ludicrous effect in the private letters. But in all his sterling and heroic characters, without exception, we see that the chivalry and the backbone came from himself. He is the Constable de Laey, bracing

bracing himself against the shocks of adversity, till the vindictive Welsh bard, sworn for years to revenge, exclaims, 'This man's nobility is too much for my purpose!' He is the noble De Vere, the exiled Oxford, whose ripe experience commands the reverence of the venerable Landamman, and whose constancy of soul is unshaken before the inquisition of the ruthless Von Hagenbach and the dark tribunal of the *Vehmgericht*. It is Scott himself, in short, who gives the tone to each manly character that we like or admire in the novels, from Magnus Troil, with the free hospitality which sets the guests of all ranks and conditions at their ease, to the bookish antiquary with the bibliographic and antiquarian tastes which emulated the *flair* of a Snuffie Davie or provoked the sarcasm of an Edie Ochiltree. We see him in the student Mannering, come home from Indian soldiering, arranging for the reception of the Bishop's library at Woodburn, and still more in Brown striding over the moors, and readily accepting the frank hospitality of Charlie's hope, where he was to be entered like the Peppers and the Mustards to the blackgame, the brocks and the tods.

Understanding his methods as he has revealed them himself, it is interesting to turn to some of the novels separately, to shadow out the originals of his most striking characters, and to mark how he has pressed historical incidents and local traditions into his service, embellishing the facts he has inextricably interwoven with fiction. The novice, when first attempting romance, begins with the identity with which he was most familiar, and embodied his own youth and irregular literary training in that of his first hero:—

'The youth was permitted in a great measure to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. . . . His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from over-running his game, that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner.'

Though it may be remarked that Scott was his own preceptor and guide when following the inevitable bent, he relaxed from law in letters.

The instructor had often to combat another propensity, too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent—that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study as soon as curiosity is gratified. It was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon the difference of

of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression or the artificial combinations of syntax.

So Scott was absolutely careless of style; he repeats himself habitually in phrases and epithets; we have none of the smoothly balanced periods of Gibbon or Robertson; and it is a marvel that the scrupulous Ballantyne, in revising the proofs, did not suggest obvious emendations. Nor does he pause to consider his phraseology, in its appropriateness to the speakers. See 'the brute Bonthon,' for example, apostrophize the captive heir of Scotland, with a 'Poor woodcock, thou art sprunged!' The most industrious author of the day repeatedly reproaches himself with indolence, and so far justifies the reproach by confessing, that though he might have parodied St. Paul, and exclaim, 'Woe unto me if I do not write!' yet he would gladly turn to anything rather than the self-inflicted task.

'Young Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder.' Scott has used the same image with reference to himself.

'Nothing, perhaps, increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. . . . Waverley had read and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets. . . . The French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs scarcely more faithful than romances. . . . The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and tournaments, were among his chief favourites,' &c.

There we have the literature Scott devoured, and for which he ransacked the shelves of the Advocate's Library. He regulated his reading more practically, but it still ran in the favourite channels when he was editing the State Papers of Sadler, and writing the memorials of the Somervilles, when corresponding with Rose as to the 'Sir Tristrem,' collecting the neglected ballads of the Scottish minstrelsy, and storing his mind with material for the brilliant series of historical romances. Nothing need be said of all he owed to the influence of Shakespeare and Spenser. The scenes of chivalrous warfare in play and deadly earnest in which he excelled—the storming of Torquilstone, the gentle passage of arms at Ashby, the combat à l'outrance of the wild clansmen on the north Inch of Perth, are suggested by the thrilling

thrilling pages of Froissart. It is to Froissart, Villehardouin, and many a subsequent chronicler, that we are indebted for all that is so vividly realistic in the 'Talisman,' 'Anne of Geierstein,' and 'Quentin Durward.' The grasp of that tenacious memory on the older dramatists was shown in the readiness with which he selected passages from their works as suitable headings for his chapters. Until in a happy day, his 'indolence' got the better of him, and when a reference could not be verified after much futile search, he said to his amanuensis, that he thought he could make a motto for himself. And thenceforward, when recollection was in any degree restive, he would dash off those passages from the 'Old Play,' which outshine the brightest gems of the early playwrights.

That slight personal sketch in 'Waverley' is an admirable prelude to the novels. Then the scene changes from the library at Waverley Honour to the Highlands. Scott for a time changes his identity with the wavering Waverley, though we still trace it in the sparkling talk at the Chevalier's receptions at Holyrood, and in the young Englishman's sympathy with the cultivated tastes of Rose in her boudoir at Tully-Veolan. The native romance of his temperament asserts itself, and, like Rob Roy with his foot on his native heath, when he goes to visit Donald Bean in the cavern, he is on as firm ground as before. We have remarked on the artistic ingenuity with which he interwove and disguised the legends and stories associated with localities. In the first of his novels, with treasures as yet untouched, and perhaps with the diffidence of the swimmer who hesitates to strike out from the shore, he is closer and more literal in his adaptations than in any of the others. The romantic facts in Waverley, narrated by the most skilful of *raconteurs*, although at second-hand, went far to command its phenomenal success. All the skeleton incidents of the Rebellion had been taken down from the lips of Stewart of Invernahyle, who had been out in both the risings. Stewart was the Baron of Bradwardine. Like the Baron, when his house was garrisoned by the English soldiers, he had coiled up his long legs in a cave in an adjacent glen. His presence was known or suspected by the loyal tenantry, who to a man refused to betray him. His henchman, too, like Evan Dhu, had followed the chieftain to the field, ready to lay down his life for him; and when Scott saw him, as Lockhart tells us, he was the grim and grizzled old Highlander who was in the act of cutting down Colonel Talbot (Colonel Whitefoord) at Prestonpans—'an incident to which Invernahyle owed his life.' When he visited Glamis Castle in 1792, he had seen and drained

drained the original of the valued beak of Tully-Veolan, a massive beaker of silver, double-gilt, moulded into the shape of a lion (the name and bearing of the Earls of Strathmore), and containing about an English pint of wine. Craighall, sent off the Rattrays, connections of his friend Clerk, with blendings from the architecture of Brunsfield and Ravelston, was the original of the house of Tully-Veolan. The situation, with the castellated old mansion and the terraced gardens overhanging the ravine, with the brook murmuring at the bottom, is identical. To Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody he was indebted for the description of the visit paid by Waverley to the cavern of the highland freebooter, when the venerable laird told how he had been welcomed with much courtesy by the cateran, dining on collops cut from some of his own cattle, which were hanging from the rocky roof. The free-handed hospitality of Glenhaquoich was borrowed from Lovat's habits of housekeeping at Beaufort; and in the subtle chief himself, with his patriarchal pride of chieftainship, his Frenchified manners, and his Celtic touchiness on slight provocation, we recognize the policy of the intriguing Lovat, with the traits of Scott's personal friends, Staffa and the last lord of Glengarry.

In 'Waverley' he had gone to the north of the boundary of the Highlands, and followed the clans southward on the march to Derby. In 'Guy Mannering' he takes up the tale of national manners where the former story had left off, and transfers the scene to the Borders, where the smugglers of Galloway were the successors of the wild heroes of the riding ballads; and in Dinmont we have the veritable descendant of the moss-rooping Armstrongs of Liddesdale, who mustered at the summons of their chief of Mangerton, to follow the war-signal of the smouldering peat. Mannering himself has besides his literary tastes, much of Scott. He defended Woodburn against Dirk Hatteraick's gang; and when a report spread up the water that Abbotsford had been fired and sacked by the Socialist weavers, one of the border hillmen anxiously enquired what had happened to the Sheriff. When told there had been no bloodshed, he was reassured at once. Had the Sheriff been there, he remarked, they would have had to reckon up the killed and the wounded.

Mannering is a man of austere reserve, which in his case is exaggerated into pride, rather apparent than real; he is a learned student of somewhat capricious tastes; he is curious in those supernatural studies which suggested Galeotti and Alaseo of Kenilworth; and he is attracted to Dominic Sampson, not only by his gift of taciturnity, but by the unarranged and ill-digested

digested reading which, nevertheless, makes the *Dominie* a dictionary of reference. By the way, just as Dickens with his Harold Skimpole for Leigh Hunt, to borrow the words of the Duke of York at the dinner at Carlton House when the Regent drank to Scott as the author of the *Waverley* novels, 'Walter' sailed rather near the wind in drawing the *Dominie*. He was naturally identified with *Dominie Thompson*, long an honoured inmate of *Abbotsford* as tutor to the children. Thompson, like Sampson, was a 'stickit minister.' He had the same stalwart form—it might have made him a *Lifeguardsman*; the same ungainly gait, for he was lame; and he had not a few of Sampson's eccentricities. But Scott, in *Dandie Dinmont's* phrase, like *Jock of Dawston Cleugh*, contravenes that, and we are bound to accept the denial. Thompson, continually under Scott's eye, must have been impressed on the retina more forcibly than he had imagined. But the *Dominie* is undoubtedly compounded of *Lancelot Whale*, the whimsical humorist, who instructed Scott's boyhood at *Kelso*, and of *Mitchell*, the kindly but pragmatical tutor, whose memorials of his pupil are the more delightful from their being so absolutely destitute of humour. The Rev. Mr. Mitchell was sorely grieved and scandalized when the clever Master *Walter*, of *George Square*, betook himself to the unbecoming trifles which made him famous. *Dinmont* had been popularly identified with the *Jamie Davidson* who carried the name of *Dandie* to the grave. There again, Scott avers that the public were mistaken: for the only trait actually associating *Dandie* with *Davidson*, was the odd fancy of naming all the brood of terriers *Mustards and Peppers*. Mr. *Shortreed*, Scott's companion in the *Liddesdale* excursions, declared that *Willie Elliot* of *Milburn* had sat for what *Lockhart* calls 'that inimitable portrait.' But *Lockhart* himself believed that the most telling and touching features of both *Dandie* and *Ailie* were taken from Scott's observation, year after year, of the happy household of 'his dear friend, *William Laidlaw*, among the braes of *Yarrow*.' *Davidson* himself, when he subsequently made the master's acquaintance, modestly remarked that 'he b'livies it's only the dogs that is in the bulk and no himself.' *Madge Gordon*, an unfeminine Yorkshire gipsy of gigantic stature, was certainly the prototype of *Meg Merrilies*. The story of Scott's grandfather, falling among the gipsies when riding home from market with a pocketful of money, suggested *Meg's* dealings with *Dinmont* and *Bertram*, and the relations of the tribe with the family of *Ellangowan*. It was on the ride with *Skene* to *Mossat* and the *Grey Mare's Tail* that they came across *Tod Willie*,

Willie,' introduced in the novel as 'Tod Gabbie.' 'He was one of those itinerants who gain a subsistence among the moorland farmers by relieving them of foxes, polecats, and the like depredators—a half-witted, stuttering, and most original creature.' It was on that same visit to Ashestiel that Skene records the otter-hunt, when he could 'never forget the delight with which Scott observed the enthusiasm of the high-spirited yeomen,' and the 'burning of the water'—the spearing the salmon by torchlight. 'Jabez and McGuffog,' by-the-bye, were both local names, the latter having been obviously suggested by that of a witness, who had figured in a contemporary trial at circuit.

'The Antiquary,' following 'Guy Mannering,' and bringing us down to threatened incursions from revolutionized France, was the third in sequence of a triad. The studies for Jonathan Oldbuck, as we have said, had gone back to early childhood. Scott writes of George Constable of Prestonpans, who had introduced him to Shakespeare, 'He had many of those peculiarities of temper which I afterwards tried to develop in Oldbuck.' The resemblance was so close that it was detected immediately by a common friend and shrewd critic, although Scott protests that he was quite unconscious of having copied the manners of his old acquaintance, who moreover had never any repugnance to 'womankind.' And there can be no doubt that sundry other characters went to make up the cross-grained and kind-hearted bibliomaniac. Notably Sir John Clerk, father of the novelist's most intimate crony, and Ramsay of Ochtertyre, to whom he repeatedly refers. Of course, what chiefly animated the wonderful personation was the sympathetic personality of Scott himself, who when making out the catalogue of the collection at Abbotsford, headed the manuscript, 'Reliquiæ Trotcosianæ, or the gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq.' The correspondence with Ellis about the Catrail and other Roman remains reminds us of Monkbarn's disquisition on the Roman temporary and permanent encampments. Edie Ochiltree was as gradually built up and as promiscuously compounded. He has his origin in the dramatic reminiscence of the father of a fellow-student at Edinburgh, when one day 'Scott's eye was arrested by a singularly venerable Bluegown.' The reminiscence took more definite form and substance when he had made the acquaintance of Andrew Gemmell, a wandering mendicant well known on the borders, 'with a remarkably fine figure and soldierly bearing,' and a bitingly sarcastic humour. Edie perpetuated besides the blunt familiarity of the family fool, who like Davie Gellatley

Gellatley or the privileged jester of Leopold of Austria, traded on imperfect wits at his bodily peril. Scott mentions one of the fraternity who used to spice a game at cards with small-talk, the master sitting within and the jester without the window.

In 1792 when he visited Forfarshire and slept at Glamis, he was introduced to the convivial lairds commemorated in Constable's memoirs, the successors of the Balmawhapples and Killancureits; and he had opportunities of contrasting the Mucklebackits with the fishermen of the Forth. At Glamis he lay in the haunted chamber, where he experienced all those eerie sensations he has attributed to Lovel in the green room at Monkbar's. As for the brilliant description of the excitement occasioned by the false rumour of a French descent at Fairport, it is almost literally reproduced from the scene which so strongly impressed him, when the beacon-fires blazed for the last time through the Borderland, and the yeomanry rode hard from far and near to be in readiness to receive the detested enemy who would have made brandy and tea impossible luxuries, had it not been for the kindly interposition of the free-traders. In 'The Antiquary,' too, there is a remarkable illustration of the impressive utterances which were stored in his memory, to be used in due season with striking effect. Edie Ochiltree tries his hand at comforting Lovel, when guiding the unhappy duellist to concealment in the ruins of St. Ruth. 'There was as much promise,' he says, 'between the twa boards of the Testament as wad save the warst of us.' As he tells us himself, Scott had heard the very words many years before, from the lips of the venerable beggarman on the Borders.

In 'The Tales of my Landlord,' he went back from the recent or the present to the more remote past, and 'Old Mortality' is the first of the purely historical novels; perhaps the most brilliant with the exception of 'Ivanhoe.' For he still paints for us pictures of Scotland, as vividly present to his fancy as those that had passed before his eyes or been conjured up in animated conversation. The telling, but rather far-fetched title was suggested by the scene he had witnessed himself in the churchyard of Dunottar, when he came upon the wandering enthusiast engaged over the graves of the martyrs who had perished miserably in the dungeons of the Castle, the sport and mockery of the brutal garrison who stinted their food and refused them water. The impression on Scott's mind was profound and enduring: it had been refreshed by the letters of Train from Galloway, and with all his exaggerated admiration of Claverhouse, and his detestation of what may be called the

Hebraic Calvinism of 'the wild Westland Whigs,' his sympathy with the sufferings of the persecuted hill-folk is unfeigned. When he wrote, the fierce ecclesiastical conflicts between Moderates and 'high flyers' were still raging: he had pleaded as counsel for compromised ministers in the Assembly, and he had no difficulty in finding unconscious models to sit for his portraits of the Poundtexts and Macbriars. We have read the reminiscences of the venerable Russell of Yarrow and other books of the kind; and we dare to say that there were few of Scott's clerical neighbours who would not have accepted the indulgence with the Rev. Peter, and gladly withdrawn with him from the strife of the camp to the peace and seclusion of the manse, with the pipe, the ale-pot and the folio of divinity. In the miserly Milnwood we have no unnatural exaggeration of Scotch parsimony and caution, fostered in retirement and carried to excess; such neighbours as 'Laird Nippy' with whom Scott was in constant intercourse, must readily have suggested the salient traits. 'The Black Dwarf,' from the strictly critical point of view, has no pretensions to rival its immediate precursor. But its extravagances or sentimental *fadaises* are more than redeemed by the inimitably vivacious realism of the men and manners of the border. The occupation of the night-riding Willies of Westburn Flat had gone, but little else had changed since Scott was 'making himself' in Liddesdale under Shortreed's guidance. The Hobbie Elliots and Simons of Hackburn still survived in the Dandie Dinmont and his pastoral dependants who swore allegiance to 'our good master of Charlies-hope'; like Peter Peebles, when it came to an oath, it was a won plea with them: stout Presbyterians as they were, they were willing to swear anything in reason for the sake of the land. Each fragment of talk is rich in local colour, from the preliminary explanation of the hill-farmer and his follower as to the differences between the lang and the short sheep. The episode of Elliot's greyhounds pulling down the pet goat of the Solitary, was simply the relation of a similar incident, when Scott and Skene were 'exploring the wonders of Moffatdale.' But there is one singular point of personality in the novel, which, owing to the author's habitual and manly self-control, might have escaped the majority of readers had it not been indicated by Lockhart. Scott's lameness must have been a severe trial to a man of his active habits, though, unlike Byron, he never gave way to morbid susceptibility. Lockhart observes that—

'the tale derives a singular interest from its delineation of the dark feelings so often connected with physical deformity: feelings which appear

appear to have diffused their shadow over the whole genius of Byron,—and which, but for this single picture, we should hardly have conceived ever to have passed through Scott's happier mind.'

As for the bodily presentation of the misanthropic Dwarf, Scott was indebted for it to a passing interview in Tweeddale, with a certain David Ritchie, who had been a cripple from his birth.

As is well known, the main incident of 'The Heart of Midlothian' is strictly founded on fact. A Galloway Jeanie Deans, having refused to risk her soul to save a sister by perjury, made the pilgrimage to London, to solicit and obtain her pardon. Jeanie had her first home at St. Leonards, where Scott had gone to dine with the old Bluegown. If Laird Nippie (Mr. Laidlaw) did not actually sit for Milnwood, 'the dry, demure, and taciturn Presbyterian' was assuredly the original of douce David Deans. Perhaps the meetings by moonlight at Muschat's Cairn are the most dramatic incidents in the novel. They impress us, like that weird masterpiece in the supernatural—'Wandering Willie's Tale.' May we not be indebted for them to the nocturnal walk, which Scott recalled in the gossiping talk with Heber, reported by Allan Cunningham?

'Ay, I remember we once dined together, and sat so late that when we came away, the night and day were so nearly balanced, that we resolved to walk about till sunrise. The moon was not down, however, and we took advantage of her ladyship's lantern, and climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat.'

Dumbiedyke's immortal scrap of dying advice to his son—'Be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, while you're sleeping'—is thoroughly in the spirit of the man who scandalised his neighbours, by giving up to young plantations such good corn-land, as the Antiquary exchanged with Johnnie Howie for so much barren hill. The noblest figure in the novel is the Duke of Argyll. Lockhart quotes the high praise bestowed on it by a writer whom for some reason he leaves anonymous. 'You have drawn it to the very life,' is the verdict of one who declares himself almost as good a judge as if he had seen and lived with the Duke. Faithful to the historical reality as Scott's Argyll may be, we cannot help fancying that the lofty patriotism, the sturdy independence towards the great, the kindly condescension to the humble, were all borrowed from Scott's dear friend and 'generous patron' of Buccleuch, on whose death with the loss to the country he pronounced so feeling an elegy.

The tragedy of 'The Bride of Lammermuir' was likewise taken from a Galloway romance. Lucy Ashton was the daughter

of the first Lord Stair; she had plighted her troth to the young Lord Rutherford, but her parents insisted on her marriage with Dunbar of Baldoon, a substantial laird like Bucklaw. Rutherford, like Ravenswood, insisted on a parting interview. It came off in the presence of Janet Dalrymple's parents; but, as her overbearing mother knew, the girl's spirit had been crushed, and she returned to her lover the half of the coin they had broken by way of seal to a solemn engagement. The only difference is in the *dénouement* of the drama,—in the doubt whether the bridegroom was stabbed in the nuptial chamber by the bride or the rejected lover. For the idea of Caleb Balderstone he was indebted to the humorous stories of Lord Haddington, an admirable *raconteur*; but he confessed that he might have run into caricature and 'sprinkled too much parsley over the chicken.' The state with which the Marquis of A. (Athol) was received, at the meeting with his kinsman, the Master, in the change-house of the Tod's Hole, records Scott's own encounter with the Marquis of Abercorn between Longtown and Carlisle:—

'The Marquis' major-domo and cook had arrived there at an early hour in the morning, and everything was arranged for his reception in the paltry little public-house, as nearly as possible in the style usual in his own lordly mansions.'

It was 'perhaps the last relic of a style of manners now passed away.' There are few more delightful personages in the novels than Major Dugald Dalgetty. The drawing of the soldier of fortune, equally ready to take service under the colours of Dutchman or Turk, but punctilious to life or death on points of military honour, is simply perfect. And perhaps nothing illustrates more forcibly what we have said of Scott's memory and methods than the fact that the original of the immortal Rittmeister was an acquaintance of his childhood. We read in the fragment of autobiography of:

'The old military veteran, Dalgetty by name, who had pitched his tent in that little village (Prestonpans), after all his campaigns, subsisting upon an ensign's half-pay, though called by courtesy a captain. As this old gentleman, who had been in all the German wars, found very few to listen to his tales of military feats, he formed a sort of alliance with me, and I used invariably to attend him for the pleasure of hearing those communications.'

Lockhart directs attention to 'The Abbot' as illustrating a noteworthy trait in the author's character. 'Scott never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life—least of all, with the glory of a first-rate

first-rate captain.' He adds in a note: 'I think it very probable that Scott had his own first interview with the Duke of Wellington in his mind when he described the introduction of Roland Graeme to the Regent Murray.'

'Such was the personage before whom Roland Graham now presented himself with a feeling of breathless awe. . . . He was, from education and nature, much more easily controlled by the moral superiority arising from the elevated talents and renown of those with whom he conversed, than by pretensions founded only on rank or external show. . . . He felt overawed in the presence of the eminent soldier and statesman, the wielder of a nation's power and the leader of her armies.'

As the plot of 'The Pirate' was suggested by the love-affair of the sea-rover Gow with a young lady of the Shetlands, so the groundwork of all the details is anticipated in the Diary of the northern cruise, and to those to whom the pages of that Diary were submitted, the authorship of the novels could have been no mystery. The Diary tells us all about the half-fishing and the plantie-cruives; the sword-dancers from Papa; the onslaught on the embayed whales and the riotous proceedings of the Greenland sailors who turned peaceable Lerwick into a pandemonium. Often the language and the anecdotes of the Diary are almost literally reproduced, as when rioters were brought up before the sheriff, not only unabashed but grossly insolent. Norna, when treating Minna for the love-sickness, employed the familiar charms and spells, and the cruel superstition still passed current on these storm-beaten shores which warned Mordaunt against his folly in snatching Cleveland from the surf. The Udaller, as we have remarked, with his open hospitality, his generosity to the sea-going fishers—bestowed nevertheless in such a discreet fashion as recalls Scott's letter to Laidlaw as to helping the Abbotsford crofters through a hard winter—and even with the rudeness of his native tact, and his domineering conversational ascendancy, is a bluff Scandinavian variation of the Master of Abbotsford, who governed the company by supremacy of genius with the undisputed authority of 'Glorious John' at the Wits' Coffee House, and, when compelled on occasion to keep the peace, could give a beautiful leader of fashion a lesson in good manners. Triptolemus Yellowley was a ploughman on the farm of Mr. Mowatt, and he seems to have been worried well-nigh out of his life by the impracticable conservatism of his intractable pupils. 'He complains that the islanders work as if a spade or hoe burned their fingers,' &c. At Kirkwall Scott had visited
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the old recluse who was sublimated into the poetical Norna of the Fitful Head—*pace* Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, who objected that Norna was only a fantastic revival of Meg Merrilies. Bessie Miller inhabited a cabin on the heights, looking far abroad as from the Fitful Head over land and ocean, gaining a precarious subsistence by selling winds to credulous sailors. Bessie might have seemed an unpromising subject from which to extract materials for romance; but the Sheriff took her in hand for cross-examination, and heard much to his advantage as to the pirate Gow.

For the Spa of St. Ronan's, we fancy Scott drew freely on old reminiscences of the provincial Gilsland, where he made acquaintance with his wife, with its plain or vulgar local frequenters, who welcomed with unsophisticated indiscrimination fashionable or pseudo-fashionable strangers. For the sporting laird and the shattered fortunes of the last representative of 'an ancient and honourable house,' the author had no need to search far for originals. Before the improvements in agriculture, and the 'boom' in shootings of all kinds, the smaller gentry of Scotland were chronically impecunious. Debts accumulated, and lands were sold up. We remember Scott's lament on the fall of the Riddells, who had been settled in their ancestral seats 'centuries before the names of Soulis and Douglas had been heard in these glens.' Mrs. Margaret Dods had been keeper of a little public, where Scott and his companions slept on a fishing excursion, when attending classes in Edinburgh College. And Meg's emphatic ejaculation 'What for no?' was the every-day phrase with William Laidlaw. 'What for no?' said Scott, smilingly, when Laidlaw begged for a novel with the scenes laid in Melrose.

With its obvious faults, 'Redgauntlet' would take a foremost place among the novels, were it only for the grand episode in 'Wandering Willie's Tale.' But its chief interest is that, as Lockhart remarks, 'it contains more of the author's personal experiences than, perhaps, all the rest put together.' The experiences and feelings of the young law-student are embodied in Alan; the light-hearted Darsie Latimer was Will Clerk, the man whom, next to himself, Scott knew best. It was in Clerk's tiny cutter on the Firth, that Scott picked up the sea-terms and knowledge of navigation he used with the smugglers of the Solway, and the pirates in the Shetlands. It was in Clerk's hands he placed his honour when expecting a challenge from the irate Gourgeaud. As for the elder Fairford, in feelings and prejudices, dress, manners, and business habits he is actually the elder Scott. As one example, there is a letter from
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the old writer to the signet, sent to Walter when he had gone on his first circuit which, with the hint it slyly insinuates, might have been transferred from the first volume of the novel. 'His Lordship said in a very pleasant manner, that something might cast up at Jedburgh to give you an opportunity of appearing,' &c.; with the insignificant and Fairford-like postscriptum, 'I think it is probable he will breakfast with Sir H. H. MacDougall on the 21st.' The worthy Quakers of Mount Sharon were the precise but hospitable Waldies of Kelso, with whom Scott had passed some days in the summer of 1783. Mrs. Waldie, as Miss Geddes might have done, in presenting him with certain pious tracts, would 'not exact any assurance that I would read these performances, being too justly afraid of involving me in a breach of promise.' His acquaintance with the Misses Arthuret must have dated back to 1790; they were the Misses Ramsay 'two of the best of old ladies,' residing at Kippilaw, in a seclusion resembling that of Fairladies. But we cannot doubt that blending with their traits were those of the Misses Ferguson of Huntleyburn, with which Abbotsford kept up daily visiting acquaintance. He loved the old spinsters for themselves, though he laughs at their amiable eccentricities. Following up the train of associations which led him back to the orderly household in George's Square, the dull drudgery of the desk, and the golf in Brunsfield Links, he takes the early incidents of 'Redgauntlet' from those youthful days. Walter himself, soon after passing at the Bar, had a mysterious visit from a Lady Green Mantle, and Redgauntlet inviting himself to dinner, an unwelcome guest, was suggested by the elder Scott's melodramatic interview with Murray of Broughton, when the frugal lawyer tossed from the window the cup the traitor's lips had touched.

In the first series of 'The Chronicles of the Canongate,' we have a melancholy sequel in the historical personalities of father and son. The painfully touching death-bed or last days of the fretful invalid to whom the prodigal Croftangry had been indebted, was perhaps too faithfully borrowed from that which Walter had witnessed ere his father died. The feelings of the reformed prodigal who had lost his lands, and who was doomed to confinement in the sanctuary of Holyrood, were depicted when Scott, at the mercy of his Jewish creditors, feared some similar fate for himself. In the self-reproaches of Croftangry, the curtain drops, in darkness and depression, on himself, though *more suo*, the similarity is only in generalities, and the reasons for the self-blame were very different.

ART. IX.—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson—A Memoir.* By his Son.
2 Vols. London, 1897.

THE hitherto unpublished sonnet with which the Preface of these volumes opens, sums up what Tennyson himself thought about biographies.

' Old ghosts whose day was done ere mine began,
If earth be seen from your conjectured heaven,
Ye know that history is half-dream—ay even
The man's life in the letters of the man.
There lies the letter, but it is not he
As he retires into himself and is:
Sender and sent-to go to make up this,
Their offspring of this union. And on me
Frown not, old ghosts, if I be one of those
Who make you utter things you did not say,
And mould you all awry and mar your worth;
For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
That none can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.'

The strong probability is that most of us who have thought at all, have come to the same or a similar conclusion as to the *obiter dicta* of great men. Yet when a man had no life, so to speak, outside his literary 'day by day,' are we not driven in upon his conversations and his letters for any conclusion at all as to his real self? In this instance, moreover, Tennyson, partly by reason of his half-mystic solitude, so far as the outside world was concerned, and largely by reason of that species of muffled evidence which permeated society as to his real personality as thinker, mind-comrade, host, has attracted to himself so large a share of contemporary curiosity and interest as to make it almost of the nature of fate that his true life should be given to the world. The present writer recollects, in 1875, hearing an opinion, as it seemed to him, very harshly debated, or rather stated, in the poet's presence, which was adverse to John Forster for his share in the 'Life of Charles Dickens.' He recollects it, even through this time-haze of twenty-two years, with perfect accuracy, and will reproduce the scene with absolute fidelity. Brief though it may be, it is vital to our comprehension and appreciation of this 'Life of Tennyson.' The party had left the dining-room at Farringford, and were seated, in the usual way, in that most informal but charming room, which was as nearly representative of a conventional drawing-room as any room could be in that unconventional house. And suddenly a chance remark, made before they

they had risen from dinner, became again the central topic of conversation, and one said, rather bitterly, 'Tush! it's all Forster; you can't find Dickens in it, and when you do, he seems to be either boasting or maundering.' So far Tennyson had not replied,—had not seemed to hear. Another, who was simply a lover of Dickens, and had no critical capacity whatever, chanced to say,—not in rebuke or reply, but as though thinking out loud,—'It was love of Dickens, nothing more.' And then, and at the simple naturalness of that remark, the Poet did speak. He was not facing the first speaker, and was sitting side-ways to the last speaker, and yet all knew that his censure went back to him for whom it was intended. 'Love of Dickens,' he said, 'yes, that is the clue to it; the biographer who loves his man either paints his man as he saw him and knew him, always loving him, or leaves the man to tell his own tale through his letters and conversations; in the one case, the biographer may be called a bore, and in the other his work may be dubbed incomplete; but, for God's sake, let those who love us edit us after death.'

The great Poet's biographer, at all events, fulfils this test of complete and loyal affection. And the brief Preface to this weighty and important work should be read, and very carefully read. 'For my own part, I feel strongly that no biographer could so truly give him as he gives himself in his own works'; 'there is also the impossibility of fathoming a great man's mind, his deeper thoughts are hardly ever revealed'; 'he thought that "Merlin and the Gleam" would probably be enough of biography for those friends who urged him to write about himself'; 'according to my father's wish, throughout the Memoir my hand will be as seldom seen as may be.' These are the four, as it were, prevailing texts by which the biographer is, or endeavours to be, dominated.

We have briefly alluded to the difficulties besetting the path of any biographer of Tennyson. Over and over again the present writer has heard the late Poet regret the difficulty, or, as he once said, 'impossibility,' of the task, and to those who, besides reading these volumes, will carefully consider of what varied materials they are formed, this estimate of Tennyson himself as to the writing of his own Life will not seem of the nature of mere antecedent apology. He was gradually persuaded, came to be persuaded by slow degrees, that the British public had a right to demand the 'story of his days.' It was not an easy article of belief for him to acquire; his whole nature revolted against the publication of his private life. 'I give them my best thoughts—they should be satisfied,' he once said

said when, as it were, defending the privacy of his existence against the inexcusable assault of persistent curiosity, carried in this instance to absolute rudeness. And nothing is more curiously instructive to the student of 'tendencies' than the unconscious evidence of the biographer to that spirit of being apart and alone, which pervades the personality of the great Poet from the very first. Over and over again, in the letters of his contemporaries, the Apostles, even in the letters of Arthur Hallam, we find him severely challenged as to his absences in person, his silence in correspondence. In fact, from the very earliest days of his serious 'call' to poetry, right through that time of furnace-fire and disesteem and disparagement, about which, in after days of age and competency, he could not speak without a shudder in his voice, in all the patience and trial of his enforced separation from his future wife, down to the very last days of his life, the true essence of rest for him was solitude. And it was a solitude so absolutely self-contained as to resemble that form of scientific abstraction which gauges experimental research to the faultlessness, by repetition, of a true fact. It never appeared to us that any, at all events, of the later work of Tennyson was other than the almost perfect evolution of a great silence. The writer has, for example, known the Poet ramble alone from six to eight in the morning, and, when his guest was breakfasting in haste, perhaps prior to some journey, come to the room with a few words of hearty greeting, and then relapse into silence, but not into moodiness. Knowing the meaning of it quite well, the guest has quietly proceeded with his meal, when suddenly, as though the tension of cutting each facet to its finest point were over, Tennyson would roll out one line—perhaps about the sea; it was the whole harvest of those solitary thoughts, but how perfect a harvest!

Once, in a conversation with him, in the year 1889, at Aldworth, he had been good enough to speak at some length as to biographies. The writer had been talking on life and death, and the uncertainty of lasting fame, and the 'unknown quantity or quality' in literature (the phrase was Tennyson's), which seemed equally to ensure it and deny it, that impalpable something which was as necessary as it was intangible and undefinable—when the talk drifted into biographies. He had ventured to say an unfortunate thing,—at least, a risky thing, as said to his host,—and it was this: that the world had a certain right to know 'the methods of the poet's workshop.' Tennyson paused a very long time before replying. The speaker knew quite well how the remark, unfortunately blunt, must for the moment have jarred that sense of seclusion and privacy, especially

especially with regard to the dead, which he held so sacred ; but a remark once made to him had to be defended—there was never any compromise possible ; opposition he did not mind, but the cowardice of ‘no defence’ of an opinion vexed and worried him. After a long pause, he settled down to say his say on the subject, and very clear it was : ‘Yes ; within proper limits you are right. But the biographer must let the man speak wherever speak he can ; and if not that, then those should speak who then knew the man. An old controversy should be touched with a light hand, but true meanings should be made clear.’ And we say that on these lines, for no doubt their spirit has actuated the son in writing the Life of the father, this biography is a piece of honest, capable and reverent work.

Were we suddenly called upon to declare what characteristic of the late Lord Tennyson was the most striking, we should reply—his absolutely unimpeachable veracity. There are various forms of more or less satisfactory truthfulness, and these varieties are more or less the result of the triumph of personal honour over the overmastering desire to ‘lie a little bit.’ Now, throughout his early life, in all the letters to his many friends, growing, we admit, more and more infrequent, there is an exactness of expression, where the subject is important, which only needs noticing once to be always recognizable. It pervades his life, his letters, his observation, and his observation’s fruit, his poetry, for no man was a greater observer of Nature. And it lasted and deepened ; it commanded, while in his company, some attempt at imitation : it was, in fact, in a manner contagious. Inaccurate men became more accurate ; careless men grew more cautious ; old assertions became tinged with qualifying doubt. When, of some great man’s reputation, something was said once on a time—something that the world had long accepted as veracious, a dripping ‘rumour,’ as it were, crystallized by mere action of time, into a kind of fact-stalactite—the writer remembers his natural accuracy and desire for accuracy finding expression in this semi-somnambulistic utterance, for he spoke to his pipe more than to us, ‘Strange that there should be no qualifying evidence or allusion in all the writings of all his contemporaries, if fact it was.’ That was the kind of concurrent evidence he thirsted for before accepting a national verdict as *necessarily* a true opinion, and we think that one more instance of the high value he set upon truth will suffice to show how this prominent characteristic of his youth was justified in manhood. When Lionel Tennyson, his younger son, died in 1886, on his way home, invalided, from India, we recollect that, of all obituary notices of him, the one which

which especially pleased the poet referred to Lionel Tennyson's unvarying veracity; it was no empty compliment, but a true record of his son's truth-lovingness. And, as our biographer tells us (vol. ii., p. 329), there are in 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years after,' four lines that condense this paternal pride in his son's characteristic:—

'Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was
brave;
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the
grave!
Truth for Truth, and Good for Good! The Good, the True, the
Pure, the Just!
Take the charm 'Forever' from them, and they crumble into
dust.'

Then, as a sort of corollary of personal veracity, comes his fidelity to old friendships. It always seemed to us that, on the appearance of each fresh volume of his verse, the verdict of his friends was what he chiefly looked for, and most inquired about. But, though his friendships were unalterable, there had come in some instances the need for reconsideration as to points of agreement on matters, some social, generally political, and perhaps, occasionally, personal. Far too self-formed by thought and solitude were the opinions of Tennyson to admit of any mere neutral acceptance on his part—there was no popular sequence in any opinion of his! Not once, but over and over again, has the writer known him consider and weigh, as though grain by grain in the finest scales of judgment, some such opinion as the generally accepted 'unspeakable Turk' of Carlyle. He regarded it as the phrase of Carlyle, and therefore extreme, as going, almost of literary purpose and intent, beyond justice, as the result of a hatred of the excesses or failings of the Pashas, so open to all to see and know, and of a failure to gauge and consider the deeper and more patiently latent virtues of the 'common Turk.' That was one instance, in the writer's memory at this moment, and another was, and perhaps the one more tinged with personal regret than any other or similar difference of opinion with an old friend, the gradual fission which ensued, bit by bit, but with the certainty of water permeating and separating strata—between his political convictions, crystallizing with advancing age into permanence, and the almost juvenile, chameleon-like policy of Mr. Gladstone. Two things especially moved him to wrath; one, to use his own words, was the 'cold shoulder given the Colonies;' the other was, to quote the meaning and as nearly as possible its verbal expression, the 'depreciation of the Fleet merely to
snatch

snatch or keep the popular vote by the bait of a shameful economy.' But through all these vital differences of opinion the charm, the glamour, the sanctity, the 'unvariableness' of the old friendships of old days were quite unaffected. No doubt, before this article is finished, it will be necessary to revert at some length and in some detail to his fixed political and social opinions during that period of time in which the writer had many opportunities for hearing his views, and involving, as these years do involve, that penultimate and final life-epoch in which he had come to be recognized as 'seer' as well as poet. But what we are now chiefly concerned in connecting are the promise and fulfilment of characteristics as simplifying and prefacing, for true comprehension's sake, any fair estimate of the biography before us. In this conjunction, we must briefly refer to the mysticism of Tennyson.

If by mysticism is understood (and the author of 'Hours with the Mystics' thus differentiated the two types—as between French and German tendencies, 'mysticism of sentiment' and 'mysticism of thought') that form of too-prevalent and all-inconsequent neurosis which to-day calls itself 'spiritualism,' to-morrow 'Blavatskyism,' and on the third day something else, and which is assuredly one of the epileptiform links between insane tendency and insane fact, then Tennyson lacked mysticism, though very prone indeed to listen, from the mere spirit of personal fair play, to every plea in its favour. And once, to the writer's personal knowledge, he received a communication on the subject which caused him some worry and thought. One for whom he had a great personal affection wrote that it was his duty to surrender poetry, his literary life, all, in order to lend the impulse of his name to an unproven evangel. But his hesitation was soon allayed, as, rallying from his momentary doubt, he stated the destiny of the true poet to be higher than merely to become, as his correspondent had become, credulous by desire and a fervent missionary for the cure of his own mental difficulties and his own indecisions. And that was the only time we ever knew the matter to unsettle or discompose him. But very often indeed he had, in conversation, reviewed the whole subject, not, we are bound to say, in any spirit of flippancy, but always reverting for consolation in doubts of what he conceived to be 'unexplainable,' to the definition of a Higher Being, contained in the inscription on the Temple of Sais quoted by Plutarch: 'I am all that is, hath been, and shall be; and my veil no mortal hath ever uncovered.'

But the claims of a higher idealism and a loftier spiritual acknowledgment,

acknowledgment, these had always for him a keen attraction. In 'the something hidden which is now revealed' he profoundly believed; but, as he so often further said in effect, 'All knowledge, nay, every attempt at knowledge, of the spiritual world to-day is clouded by charlatanism, and rendered impossible to even consider by reason of, it may be, unconscious inaccuracy.' With these preliminary remarks we turn to the biography itself.

Alfred Tennyson was one of the most illustrious of the many eminent 'sons of the clergy,' his father, Dr. George Tennyson, as is well known, having been Rector of Somersby in Lincolnshire, where the future Laureate was born on the 6th of August, 1809. We do not propose to take the reader page by page through this profoundly interesting work. He must read it for himself, and, if a sincere lover of the Poet, he will be sure to find something to arrest his attention in every chapter, almost on every page. 'The child,' said Tennyson's wise predecessor, 'is father of the man;' and in these early annals of Somersby we may note in the youthful Alfred Tennyson not only the dawn of that poetic inspiration which has made his name one of the most illustrious of the century, but also that inborn, keen, critical faculty which, with Tennyson as with Goethe, was a part of his intellectual outfit. Doubtless much was inherited and much learnt from his father, who is described as of stern character and in some measure what is known as a disappointed man, and perhaps not altogether suited for the priestly office; but a man possessed of a most vigorous and powerful mind, who, beneath a rough exterior, hid a sound, if not tender, heart. 'A Hebrew and Syriac scholar, he perfected himself in Greek,' writes the grandson, 'in order that he might teach his sons. All that they learnt of languages, of the fine arts, of mathematics, of natural science, until they went to Cambridge, was learnt from him.' In addition to this regular and characteristic teaching, Alfred and his brothers, two of whom were destined to rank among the lesser lights of song of the Victorian era, from the first had command of the excellent parental library. Alfred Tennyson also inherited from his father his large and powerful frame and superb physique.* 'Like my father,' writes one of the brothers, 'Alfred had a great head, so that when I put on his hat it came over my face.' When Carlyle met Tennyson in London, he told him that he was 'a Life-Guardsman spoilt by making poetry.' The masterful

* He stood six feet two, and was strong and energetic. Tim Green, the Somersby rat-catcher, a great ally of the young Tennysons, said: 'I remember the oud Doctor. What a clip he used to go between them chocorches o' Somersby an' Enderby.'

old Lincolnshire Rector, who was an eldest son, had been disinherited by his father in favour of a younger brother, so that the Tennyson estates passed down to the junior branch, the Tennyson d'Eyncourts, of Bayons Manor. This fact doubtless had a considerable and deleterious effect on Dr. Tennyson's character, whilst it eventually shaped to wise ends the subsequent fortune and career of his famous son.

The poet's mother, who came of good Lincolnshire stock, the Fytches, is described as 'a remarkably saintly woman,' possessing what is all too rare in saints, a fine sense of humour. It was his mother who sat for the portrait of the young poet's Isabel :—

'A courage to endure and to obey ;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The Queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.'

And these high qualities of noble wifehood must have influenced children as well as husband, when they doubtless felt more than the old Doctor the balm of that—

'most silver flow
Of subtle paced counsel in distress.'

Tennyson was passionately fond of his mother, and to her is traced his love of animals and pity 'for all wounded things.' To her also, rather than to the rugged, masterful Rector, must be attributed that deep, inborn sensibility and almost feminine tenderness, which though wisely hidden from the careless world, were felt and recognized by his family and friends, and were perhaps the noblest part of the poet's inheritance, the inspiring source of all that is most truly human and most deeply pathetic in his verse.

Alfred Tennyson's life-work began in earnest at Cambridge. Here his genius quickly unfolded, and in such a way that his brilliant young college contemporaries almost from the first recognized in him the coming poet of his generation and his age ; here he formed the one great friendship of his life, as well as others hardly less intimate and hardly less influential in shaping his subsequent career. Tennyson, whose 'nervous temperament and habits of solitude' (to use the words of Arthur Hallam), must have been a barrier to mere social success, nevertheless at once seems to have attracted and fascinated the more intellectual and more brilliant of the set of young men then at Cambridge. Doubtless he owed a great deal to his remarkable and striking appearance. 'I remember him well,' writes Edward Fitzgerald, 'a sort of Hyperion.' Another friend more fully describes him as 'six-foot

feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, face Shakesperian, with deep eye-lids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, but soft as a child's, of great size and strength. What struck one most about him was the union of strength and refinement.' Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, exclaimed on first seeing Tennyson, 'That man must be a poet : ' and Fanny Kemble, who used to visit her brother at Cambridge about this time, records that 'Alfred Tennyson was our hero, the great hero of our day.'

Surely the late Laureate, like many a lesser man, at first owed much to the fact that he 'looked the character.' It is rather painful to reflect how greatly he might have been ignored and snubbed, if, with his nervous shyness and retiring disposition, the young Lincolnshire lad had been a squat ugly fellow of plain prosaic exterior. But luckily he looked like a poet and—being one also—he early received from those who were brought into close intimacy with him at Cambridge that sympathetic and even respectful recognition, which was dearer to him and more highly prized throughout life than all the noisy plaudits of the outside world.

In the minds of many, perhaps the majority, of the most sincere admirers of 'In Memoriam,' two misconceptions have prevailed in regard to the source of its inspiration. The one is that Tennyson, writing after some years' interval from Arthur Hallam's death, idealized the moral virtues, and exaggerated the mental gifts of his friend. The other fallacy is that he chose the subject merely because he found it eminently suitable to the elucidation of his own religious and ethical ideas. Both of these prevailing misconceptions will be dispelled by this biography. We can no longer doubt that Arthur Hallam had in him all the potentiality of future greatness, and that had his life been spared he would have fulfilled all the promise that his poet-friend so pathetically and powerfully deploras. The other misconception must also vanish; the stanzas of 'In Memoriam,' in so far as they concern the personal relations of Tennyson and Hallam, are to be taken literally; they are no fiction or mere fancy sketch, but the living reality, setting forth the poet's actual and abiding feelings throughout all the changes of time and after years. It must be conceded that this view of the subject gives to 'In Memoriam' an added interest. We always like to feel that we are on sure ground; that the lofty imaginative poet is indeed filling our receptive minds with his own actual experiences, his own veritable thoughts, and joys and sorrows.

But

But while these pages will deepen in us the feeling of what may be called the underlying actuality of the poem, it is necessary to bear in mind, as Tennyson himself said, that 'In Memoriam' is 'a poem, not an actual biography.'

Perhaps the noblest trait in Arthur Hallam, as a young ambitious man of high promise and great natural ability, is his loyal and sincere belief in the future greatness of his friend. It is something for any man to have found a friend among his own contemporaries, who can share his highest aspirations, enter into his inmost thoughts and subtlest speculations; while no fame in later years, however loud and widespread, can ever equal the joy of this fresh intercourse of kindred minds, when two rarely gifted and nobly unselfish youths commune together, and the one acclaims the early efforts of his as yet obscure friend. Nevertheless, unless Tennyson had full and thorough belief in Hallam's capacity and critical judgment, all these praises of his early poems would have been to him as naught. For Alfred Tennyson was one of those rare and lofty spirits who are both creative and critical at the same time. In later life, Mr. Lecky declared that he was the best critic of verse that he had ever known. His own poetic efforts were all through life subjected to his own keen scrutiny, and unless he were himself satisfied with them, the warmest commendation of a valued friend would hardly have afforded him a moment's gratification. But here, as in all things, Arthur Hallam was Alfred Tennyson's *alter ego*; the youthful poet admired his friend's comprehensiveness of mind; he knew how fine was his literary insight; how keen his critical acumen, and how thoroughly conscientious and painstaking his lightest judgments. What can be a better proof of Hallam's generous nature and the sincerity of his friendship, than an allusion to Tennyson's prize poem, 'Timbuctoo,' which he made in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, who had praised his own unsuccessful effort:—

'The splendid imaginative power that pervades it will be seen through all hindrances. I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century.'

It was the same when Tennyson in 1830, by that time recognized in his Cambridge circle as the future poet of England, ventured into print and challenged the larger outside public with the volume entitled 'Poems chiefly Lyrical,' which marks the actual beginning of his poetical career. It is noteworthy that men as eminent in the world as Sir John Bowring and the kindly old veteran Leigh Hunt, at once recognized the advent of a new and genuine singer. But, as the biographer here records, it

was the enlightened enthusiasm of Arthur Hallam in his discriminating eulogy in the 'Englishman's Magazine' which, as he says, 'helped my father through years of darkness and disparagement that were soon to come.' Hallam's wise and generous friendship and his confident prediction of the future greatness of his friend, contrast strangely with the coldness of the recognized literary gods of the time. For Coleridge as a poet Tennyson had then, and always, the highest admiration. So he must have felt the more keenly the cool reception his little volume met with at Highgate.

'I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a great deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is.'

How strange it is that in this little piece of carping criticism the old melodious bard should single out for censure the very point on which the new singer was strongest—music of verse, and metrical skill. In late life (1890) Tennyson himself (who doubtless felt Coleridge's *douche* terribly at the time) accounts for the attitude of the 'Ancient Mariner' very wisely and philosophically:—'But so I, an old man, who get a poem or poems every day, might cast a casual glance at a book, and seeing something which I could not scan or understand, might possibly decide against the book without further consideration.'

Should we desire to realize the young poet Tennyson, who though holding such a lofty place in the minds and hearts of his college friends, was doomed to wait many a weary year before he conquered the recognized leaders of the literary world, and the vast unthinking outside public, we cannot do better than take his son's admirably brief sketch:—

'As a young man my father's friends have often described him to me as having Johnsonian common sense and a rare power of expression; very gentle, full of enjoyment, full of sensitiveness, full of humour, though with the passionate heart of a poet, and sometimes feeling the melancholy of life. He passed through "moods of misery unutterable," but he eventually shook them off. He remembered how, when in London almost for the first time, one of these moods came over him as he realized that "in a few years all its inhabitants would be lying horizontal, stark and stiff in their coffins."'

Let it be observed that it was this fine balance of opposing qualities which made Tennyson the great and successful man he became. And it preserved his serenity of mind and self-respect during all those dark years of early neglect and disparagement.

disparagement. The poetic melancholy was humanized by 'Johnsonian common-sense;' the supersensitiveness, without which no one can be a poet or possessed of what he himself calls 'the great poetic heart,' was balanced by a genuine sense of humour. This fine balance of mental and moral qualities eminently fitted him to belong to the Society of the 'Apostles,' that memorable little group of brilliant and earnest young Cambridge men, whom the influence of F. D. Maurice first brought together. These young Cambridge enthusiasts were men not only of lofty aspirations but of Quixotic aims, as all noble youth have ever been since the world began. We have here recorded a strange episode in the early life of the future Poet Laureate and of his friend, who, had he lived, might have become Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor:—

'During the summer (1830) my father joined Arthur Hallam, and both started off for the Pyrenees with money for the insurgent allies of Torrijos—a noble, accomplished, truthful man, worthy to be a leader. He it was who had raised the standard of revolt against the Inquisition and the tyranny of Ferdinand, King of Spain. Alfred and Hallam held a secret meeting with the heads of the conspiracy on the Spanish border, and were not heard of by their friends for some weeks.'

Doubtless the youthful poet and his friend soon saw the other side of the question, and learnt to moderate their ardour for the sacred but too easily profaned cause of liberty; while from those strange early Spanish experiences may perhaps be dated the poet's undying love for the sober-suited freedom of his native land.

Shortly after Tennyson's return from Spain his father passed peacefully away in his study chair. But the mother and family were permitted to remain at Somersby Rectory for several years. Here it was that the engagement between Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson took place, of which the former wrote to a friend that it was 'only the commencement of a union which circumstances may not impair and the grave itself may not conclude.'

'My Aunt Emily,' writes the biographer, in a passage which gives a vivid sketch of the whole Tennyson family—

'had eyes "with depths on depths," and a profile like that on a coin, "testa Romana," as an old Italian said of her. All the Tennyson sons and daughters, except Frederick, had the colouring of Italy, or the south of France, with dark eyes and hair. This foreign colouring may possibly have been derived from a Huguenot ancestor, a relation of Madame de Maintenon. On the Continent

my father was never taken for an Englishman ; and even in Ireland, in 1848, when he was in Valentia, an Irishman rose up from among the fern and heather, and said, "From France, your honour?" thinking, as he confessed, that he was a Frenchman come to lead a revolution.'

Aubrey de Vere speaks of the 'dusky, almost Spanish complexion;' but Carlyle's portrait of the poet at forty is the most graphic:—

'One of the finest-looking men in the world, a great shock of rough, dusky dark hair; bright loving hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco; his voice is musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I don't meet in these late decades such company over a pipe.'

As all readers of 'In Memoriam' are aware, the poem teems with exquisite little pictures of the life at Somersby, and of Arthur Hallam's frequent visits:—

'How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town.'

It is most deeply to be deplored that the elder Hallam, the historian, destroyed Alfred Tennyson's letters after his son's sudden death at Vienna on September 15th, 1833. The present Lord Tennyson remarks on this destruction of what 'would have doubtless been the most interesting portion of the present work'—'a great loss,' as these particular letters probably reveal his inner self more truly than anything outside his poems. A great and irreparable loss, we are compelled to add; for, judged by Tennyson's casual correspondence in these volumes, we are inclined to think that his deeply personal youthful outpourings to Arthur Hallam would have assuredly placed the poet among the first of contemporary letter-writers, while they would have been in themselves the most perfect commentary on 'In Memoriam.'

We have dwelt at such length on the personal relations of these young men, not only because it is impossible to understand fully either Lord Tennyson or even his poems without realizing the force and beauty of this unique college friendship, but also because on the unsullied life and, to him, incomprehensible death of Arthur Hallam, the poet based his strongest religious convictions. Unsupported as Tennyson
always

always was by those theological dogmas which, like barriers, keep many a shallower and less really religious man within the bounds of faith, it is possible that, save for this early personal experience of the mystery of life and the awfulness of death, Alfred Tennyson, who was by nature a bold and philosophic speculator, and always greatly interested in scientific research, might have wandered far afield into some phase of modern Agnosticism. Instead of so doing, he remained always a sincerely religious man, and, to all the more open minds of his generation, among the wisest of spiritual seers. He became, indeed, the pioneer of that reaction against scientific materialism and shallow unbelief, which has been the most characteristic note of our own immediate time. His profound sense of the inscrutable mystery underlying all phenomena, his fervid belief in God, and in the reality of man's personal immortality—which he held to be the central truths of Christianity—have influenced countless men and women for whom else the churches and their teaching would have had little influence and less meaning. The life-long passionate belief of the poet in God and in man's immortality is not alone to be found in the familiar stanzas of 'In Memoriam;' but it pervades and permeates all his finest work written after Arthur Hallam's untimely death down to the dark hour when he, too, was called upon to 'cross the bar.'

'Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter and all these revolutions of earth;

All new, old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

'What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,

Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever; the dead are not dead, but alive.'

Two years after 'Poems chiefly Lyrical,' Moxon published (1832) 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson.' This little volume, though it contains many of the choicest Tennysonian gems, and is full of lines which are now as familiar as household words, failed to propitiate the critics or to win the outside public.

Aubrey

Aubrey de Vere, whose 'Reminiscences' of the poet are among the treasures of these volumes, puts this matter of the slow growth of Tennyson's fame in a very clear light:—

'It seems strange that his larger fame made way so slowly. For many a year we, his zealots, were but zealots of a sect. Seventeen years after the publication of his first volume, and five more after that of his third, "The Princess" came out. I wrote a critique in one of our chief London "Quarterlies," and called him a "great poet." The then editor struck out "great" and substituted "true." He considered that the public would not tolerate so strong a eulogium.'

Tennyson himself, like a strong man, was not unduly depressed by this public neglect, though he was always somewhat over-sensitive to critical attack or personal misrepresentation. 'I hate spite,' he said; 'I am black-blooded like all the Tennysons. I remember all the malignant things said against me, but little of the praise.' He was, however, always somewhat of a sage. 'First the workman is known for his work,' he said, 'afterwards the work for the workman.' It is pleasant to remember that John Stuart Mill wrote an appreciative article on the 'Poems' in the 'London Review' (1835), and that it was 'a great encouragement.' But throughout all this period of his slow poetic progress, judged by the verdict of the world, it is curiously suggestive to note how keen and restless is his own self-criticism. His practical wisdom and sound common-sense* were as marked as his poetic genius and inspiration. 'I don't wish,' he writes to his friend, James Spedding—and the italics are his own—'*to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present*, particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have corrected (particularly "Cenone"), as to make them much less imperfect, which you, who are a wise man, would own if you had the corrections.' Tennyson, too, had, like every well-balanced mind, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a perennial love of pure fun. Some of the stories about himself and Edward Fitzgerald are very quaint and amusing, as, for instance, their friendly contest as to who could write the weakest Wordsworthian line, and both claiming with pride for the rest of their natural lives, the authorship of—'A Mr. Wilkinson, a Clergyman.'

Such was Tennyson's keen sense of humour that allied with his unrivalled literary art and finish, had he chosen to cultivate

* Mrs. Proctor once said to the present Lord Tennyson: 'I have known three great poets, Wordsworth, Browning, and your father, and when they chose they could be more prosaic and practical than anybody on earth.'

the vein of 'Will Waterproof,' he would, in our opinion, have altogether surpassed either Mr. Austin Dobson or his own friend, Locker Lampson, as a writer of *vers de société*. Look at this perfect little portrait in four lines from an unpublished set of verses called 'Mine Host.' It is worthy of Mat Prior himself:—

'Mine host is fat and grey and wise,
He strokes his beard before he speaks;
And when he laughs his little eyes
Are swallowed in his pampered cheeks.'

There is a fine generous touch in a letter of Edward Fitzgerald to Tennyson which should make the members of the Omar Khayyam Club still prouder of their patron saint:—

'I have heard you say,' writes 'dear old Fitz,' 'that you are bound by the want of such and such a sum, and I vow to the Lord that I could not have a greater pleasure than in transferring it to you on such an occasion. I could not dare to say such a thing to a smaller man; but you are not a small man assuredly; and even if you do not make use of my offer, you will not be offended, but put it to the right account. It is very difficult to persuade people in this world that one can part with a bank-note without a pang.'

It is evident that, however much the poet may have had cause to deplore the harshness of critics and the coldness of the outer world, he was assuredly blessed in his early and life-long friendships. 'Every nation,' said Heine, 'has the kind of Jew it deserves.' And the same is perhaps true of every man's friendships. Tennyson was a man deserving of noble and sincere friends, and he had them, and kept them, and treasured them to the last.

Among these early college friends and fellow 'Apostles' was Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards the first Lord Houghton, whom all the world has long since recognized as a graceful minor poet, a munificent patron of the arts, and a clever *dilettante* politician. Milnes had rather recklessly promised the Marquis of Northampton, who was engaged in getting up for a charitable purpose a volume of 'Elegant Extracts,' that his friend Tennyson would send him 'something pretty considerable' in the way of a poetic contribution. Tennyson simply detested this mode of publication as well as all fashionable patronage of art. His two letters to Milnes are really fine specimens of his trenchant epistolary style. In the first he bluntly refuses to have anything to do with the thing. Milnes, having pledged his word to the noble Marquis that his gifted young friend would do something 'pretty considerable' for his precious

precious book, seems to have replied somewhat savagely. When Tennyson received his letter, he evidently felt rather guilty of breaking a 'butterfly upon the wheel,' for he answered him banteringly, and promised forthwith to do all that his friend had promised on his behalf.

'Why, what in the name of all the powers, my dear Richard, makes you run me down in this fashion? Now is my nose out of joint, now is my tail not only curled so tight as to lift me off my hind legs like Alfred Crowquill's poodle, but fairly between them. Many sticks are broken about me. I am the ass in Homer. I am blown. What has so jaundiced your good-natured eyes? . . . Had I been writing to a nervous morbidly-irritable man, down in the world, stark spoiled with the staggers of a mismanaged imagination, and quite oppressed by fortune and by the reviews, it is possible that I might have halted to find expressions more suitable to his case; but that you, who seem at least to take the world as it comes, to doff it and let it pass, that you, a man everywhere prosperous and talented, should have taken fret at my unhappy badinage, made me lay down my pen and stare at the fire for ten minutes, till the stranger fluttered up the chimney! You wish that I had never written that passage. So do I since it seems to have given such offence. Perhaps you likewise found a stumbling-block in the expression "vapid books" as the angry inversion of four commas seems to intimate. But are not "Annuaire" vapid? Or could I possibly mean that what you or Trench or De Vere chose to write therein must be vapid? I thought you knew me better than even to insinuate these things. Had I spoken the same things to you laughingly in my chair, with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them, peradventure in a fit of indigestion, or with a slight matutinal headache, after your Apostolic symposium, you subject them to such misinterpretation as, if I had not sworn to be a true friend to you until my latest death-ruckle, would have gone far to make me indignant. But least said soonest mended: which comes with very peculiar grace from me after all this verbiage. . . . I will bring or send you something for your "Annual." . . . I have spoken to Charles. He has promised to contribute to the "Annual;" Frederick will, I dare say, follow his example.'

To the Marquis of Northampton Tennyson at length sent his exquisite lines: 'Oh! that 'twere possible'—the germ and foundation of 'Maud.'

To understand aright Alfred Tennyson and his life-work, it is needful to bear in mind that he was pre-eminently a *strong* man—one who could work and wait; a man, to use his own phrase, of 'long-enduring hopes.' After the publication of the 1832 volume, he passed through a period of no less than ten years of silence so far as the outer world was concerned, but they

they were years of strenuous preparation and earnest self-culture for his future life-work. At this time, too, he underwent a severe self-discipline involved in waiting twelve long years ere he could marry the lady who eventually became his cherished wife. This early period was his seed-time. When he again came before the public with the 1842 volume of 'Poems,' it was seen by all discerning eyes that the harvest was indeed ripe and plenteous. From that time forth Alfred Tennyson was recognized as the first and greatest of living English poets. 'It was the heart of England,' wrote Aubrey de Vere, 'even more than her imagination that he made his own.' From America, too, came back the ready echo; for Tennyson had touched the subtle chords that vibrate in the heart of our scattered English folk all over the world. Among the unpublished poems of this period to be found in the present work is one entitled 'The Ante-chamber.' It is curious and interesting as containing an unconscious self-portrait, recognized as a perfect likeness by his friends, though we are expressly told that this was not his intention:—

'That is his portrait painted by himself.

Look on those manly curls so glossy dark,
Those thoughtful furrows in the swarthy cheek;
Admire that stalwart shape, those ample brows,
And that large table of the breast dispread,
Between low shoulders; how demure a smile,
How full of wisest humour and of love,
With some half-consciousness of inward power,
Sleeps round those quiet lips; not quite a smile;
And, look you, what an arch the brain has built
Above the ear! and what a settled mind—
Mature, harbour'd from change, contemplative—
Tempers the peaceful light of hazel eyes,
Observing all things.'

Tennyson's fame was now established. Aubrey de Vere in his '*Reminiscences of Tennyson in Early Days*,' gives a very interesting account of the meeting of the young rising poet with the venerable bard and seer whom he was to succeed in the Laureateship:—

'Our host brought Wordsworth back to the dining-room, and Tennyson moved up to him. He spoke in a low voice, and with a perceptible emotion. I must not cite his words, lest I should mar them; but they were few, simple, and touching. The old man looked very much pleased, more so, indeed, than I ever saw him look on any other occasion; shook hands with him heartily, and thanked him affectionately. Wordsworth thus records the incident in a letter to his accomplished American friend, Professor Reed:

"I saw

"I saw Tennyson when I was in London several times. He is undoubtedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest possible terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent."

In these 'Reminiscences' Aubrey de Vere relates an incident which he truly says is of no small significance; the moral perhaps being that all great poets as well as little critics should cultivate modesty and eschew anything like a feeling of personal infallibility, even for their strongest opinions and impressions:—

"Read," exclaimed Tennyson, "the exquisite songs of Burns. In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry; in light, the radiance of the dew-drop; you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces!" The same day (continues De Vere) I met Wordsworth, and named Burns to him. Wordsworth praised him even more vehemently than Tennyson had done, as the great genius who had brought Poetry back to Nature. He ended, "Of course I refer to his serious efforts, such as the 'Cottars' Saturday Night;' those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget." I told the tale to Henry Taylor that evening, and his answer was, "Burns' exquisite songs and Burns' exquisite serious efforts are to me alike tedious and disagreeable reading."

One of the greatest triumphs achieved by the 'Poems' of 1842 was the conquest of Thomas Carlyle, who, greatly as he had admired Tennyson as a man, had up to this time been 'assiduous in exhorting him to leave verse and rhyme, and to apply his genius to prose.' Carlyle was an undoubted literary genius, though, it must be added, of the dyspeptic and one-sided variety; and he possessed that ready intuition which discerns genius in another, even though its form and manifestation be widely diverse from his own. The miscalled 'sage,' but veritable seer of Chelsea, penned one of the finest eulogiums ever written of a living poet's writings. After saying of these poems that he meant 'to read them over and over till they become *my* poems,' he added, with true Carlylean force and raciness:—

'If you knew what my relation has been to the thing called English "Poetry" for many years back, you would think such a fact

* In a subsequent letter to Aubrey de Vere, describing a tour in Scotland, Tennyson writes: 'I enjoyed no day more than the one I spent at Kirk Alloway, by the monument of poor Burns, and the orchards, and the 'banks and braes of Bonnie Doon.' I made a pilgrimage thither out of love for the great peasant; they were gathering in the wheat, and the spirit of the man mingled with all I saw. I know you don't care for him, but I do, and hold that there never was immortal poet, if he be not one.'

as almost surprising. Truly it is long since, in any English book, Poetry or Prose, I have felt the pulse of a real "man's" heart as I do in this same. A right valiant, true fighting, victorious heart; strong as a lion's, yet gentle, loving, and full of music; what I call a genuine singer's heart. There are tones as of the nightingale; low murmurs as of wood doves at summer noon; everywhere the noble sound as of free winds and leafy woods. The sunniest glow of Life dwells in that soul, chequered duly with dark streaks from night and Hades; everywhere one feels as if all were filled with yellow glowing sunlight, some glorious golden vapour, from which form after form bodies itself; natural *golden* forms. In one word, there seems to me a note of the "Eternal Melodies" in this man; for which let all other men be thankful and joyful.

But too often in this life our joys are chased by the dark shadow of care and sorrow, and in the midst of Tennyson's first literary triumph he was dashed to earth again by the loss of all his patrimony, which he had invested in a speculative philanthropic scheme of an inventive physician. Not only his own money, but a portion of his brothers' and sister's, were thus irrevocably lost. 'Then followed,' we read, 'a season of real hardship and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever. So severe a hypochondria set in upon him, that his friends despaired of his life. 'I have,' he wrote, 'drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life which go near to make men hate the world they live in.'

At this severe crisis Sir Robert Peel, urged by Lord Houghton (he had been solemnly warned by Carlyle that on the 'Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you, Richard Milnes, why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson? it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents: it is *you* that will be damned'), bestowed an annual pension of 200*l.* on the poet. 'The question arose whether Sheridan Knowles or my father should be placed on the pension list. Peel knew nothing of either of them. Houghton said that he then made Peel read "Ulysses,"* whereupon the pension was granted to Tennyson.'

Thus the most independent-minded English author since Dr. Johnson himself, became what that great man savagely defined as a 'Slave of State.' Tennyson himself comments on his pension, and on the harsh circumstances that made it a necessity to him, in a letter to his old friend Rawnsley:—

'I have gone through a vast deal of suffering (as to money difficulties in my family, &c.) since I saw you last, and would not live

* Aubray de Vere states that Carlyle said it was 'Ulysses' which first convinced him that Tennyson was a true poet.

it over again for quadruple the pension Peel has given me, and on which you congratulate me. Well, I suppose I ought, in a manner, to be grateful. I have done nothing slavish to get it; I never even solicited for it, either by myself or through others. It was all done for me without a word or hint from me, and Peel tells me I "need not be at all fettered in the public expression of any opinion I choose to take up." So if I take a pique against the Queen, or the Court, or Peel himself, I may, if I will, bully them with as much freedom, though not perhaps so gracefully, as if I were still unpensioned. Something in that word "pension" sticks in my gizzard; it is only the name, and perhaps would smell sweeter by some other. I feel the least bit Miss Martineauish about it. You know she refused one, saying she should be robbing the people who didn't make laws for themselves. However, that is nonsense; her non-acceptance of the pension didn't save the people a stiver, and meantime (what any one would have thought must have been more offensive to her feelings) her friends subscribed for her, and kept her from want. If the people *did* make laws for themselves, if these things went by universal suffrage, what literary man ever would get a lift, it being known that the mass of Englishmen have as much notion of Poetry as I of fox-hunting? Meantime, there is some meaning in having a gentleman and a classic at the head of affairs, who may, now and then, direct the stream of public bounty to us poor devils*—whom the Grundyites would not only not remunerate but kick out of society as barely respectable; for Calliope herself, as I have heard, never kept a gig, but walks bare-foot about the sacred hill, no better than an Irish woman.'

It was at this gloomy period that Bulwer Lytton published in the 'New Timon' his attack on 'School-Miss Alfred':—

'With purloined conceits
Out-babysing Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats.'

That a man with the first Lord Lytton's literary ability should thus, for the sake of writing a stinging couplet, set himself down as incapable of appreciating three of the greatest of modern English poets, is a warning to all

'Little would-be Popes
And Brummells when they try to sting.'

This attack, as unprovoked as it was silly, greatly annoyed Tennyson at the time, and, contrary to his lifelong custom, he

* In his later and prosperous days Tennyson was most assiduous in writing to his friend Gladstone and others with a view of directing this stream to other 'poor devils'—*vide* his appeal on behalf of the Irish poet, William Allingham. His son also observes: 'Whenever any literary man deserving and in difficulties applied to him for money, he always endeavoured to help him.' To the day of his death he continued this practice.

sat down and wrote a caustic personal reply, which his friend John Forster sent to 'Punch,' where it appeared over the signature of 'Alcibiades.' Afterwards, in his soul-felt horror of all personal spite and literary squabbles, he sternly suppressed the lines; but, however much we may admire the spirit that prompted him to do so, we may yet feel an honest regret, from an artistic point of view (especially as the punishment meted out to Bulwer Lytton was so richly deserved), that they are not included in his collected works. Had Tennyson been of a less lofty type of character, a man who gave reins to his personal antipathies and expression to his sarcastic moods, it is beyond question that he might have ranked with Pope and Dryden as one of the great masters of satire. His final commentary on the incident may be read in the dedication to 'Harold.'

'The Princess: A Medley,' is Tennyson's special contribution to the 'woman question'; it contains in highly fanciful form his deepest convictions on the relations of the sexes. It may interest those who take note of the 'poetry of places,' that those most melodious of verses, 'Tears, idle tears,' were composed at Tintern Abbey, which had inspired Wordsworth with one of his loftiest efforts in blank verse; while that other exquisite gem of 'The Princess,' the song 'Blow, bugle, blow,' is an echo of Killarney. Neither Thomas Carlyle nor 'Old Fitz' appear to have relished 'The Princess.' But the 'Medley' evidently pleased its creator, who considered the Princess Ida one of the noblest of his women. Of course no mere difference of opinion altered his regard for his personal friends; we find him humorously urging Fitzgerald, who led a very hermit-like life at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, 'not to grow quite into glebe before I see you again.' It was characteristic of Tennyson that he was never inclined to overrate or place too much reliance on the opinion of professional critics and literary men, especially if they praised him. He heartily agreed with Mazzini that 'nothing in this world is so contemptible as a literary coterie.' Hence, perhaps, it was that he so greatly appreciated the hero-worship and genuine admiration felt for himself by one Samuel Bamford, whom Mrs. Gaskell graphically describes as 'a great, gaunt, stalwart Lincolnshire man, formerly hand-loom weaver, author of 'Life of a Radical,' aged nearly seventy, and living in that stage which is exactly decent poverty with his neat little apple-faced wife.' This old worthy, too poor to buy Tennyson's volumes, had learnt many of the poems by heart from reading them at other people's houses; and Mrs. Gaskell, who was struck by his rapt recitation and his deep delight in the music of these verses, wrote to John Forster about it.

Forster

Forster sent the letter to Tennyson, who declared that Sam Bamford's admiration was 'the highest honour' he had ever received. He sent the old man, through Mrs. Gaskell, a copy of his works, with an inscription in the title-page. Mrs. Gaskell's account of its reception is as good as anything in any of her Lancashire tales:—

'I have not taken my bonnet off after hunting up Bamford. First of all we went to Blakeley, to his little white-washed cottage. His wife was cleaning, and regretted her "Master" was not at home. He had gone into Manchester—where, she did not know. . . . At last we pounced upon the great, grey, stalwart man, coming out of a little old-fashioned public-house where Blakeley people put up. When I produced my book, he said, "This is grand." I said, "Look at the title-page," for I saw he was fairly caught by something he liked in the middle of the book, and was standing reading it in the street. "Well, I am a proud man this day," he exclaimed. Then he turned it up and down, and read a bit (it was a very crowded street), and his grey face went quite brown-red with pleasure. Suddenly he stopped. "What must I do for him back again?" "Oh, you must write to him and thank him." "I'd rather walk twenty mile than write a letter any day." "Well, then, suppose you set off this Christmas, and walk and thank Tennyson." He looked up from his book right in my face, quite indignant. "Woman, walking won't reach him! We are on the earth, don't ye see; but he is up above. I can no more reach him by walking than if he were an eagle or a skylark." It came fresh, warm, straight from the heart, without a notion of making a figurative speech, but as though it were literally true, and I were a goose for not being aware of it. Then he dipped down again into his book, and began reading aloud "The Sleeping Beauty," and in the middle stopped and looked at the writing again. And we left him in a sort of sleep-walking state, and only trust he will not be run over.'

'The Princess' was followed by 'In Memoriam,' the MSS. of which, like that of 'Poems chiefly Lyrical,' he contrived, by bachelor carelessness, to mislay and lose in his London lodgings. It is somewhat strange to reflect that, although Tennyson was now by far the most celebrated of living English poets, this, his most popular poem, was at first by no means well received by the critics. But do we not all know the smart up-to-date youth who affected to deplore that a 'good deal of poetic feeling had been wasted,' and 'much shallow art spent on the tenderness shown to an Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar'? But could it possibly have been the precursor of the journalistic 'new woman' who, piercing behind the veil, declared that 'these touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man'? However, more serious and weighty
minds,

minds, and among them such leaders of contemporary English thought, as F. D. Maurice, Mr. Gladstone, Charles Kingsley, and the present Bishop of Durham, at once hailed 'In Memoriam' as a poetic gift to our generation above all price, and the general public, in a very short time, joined in the acclaim.

In referring to the metre which the late Laureate has made so familiar by this great and popular poem, it appears that Tennyson believed himself to be its originator; and he states that he was unaware that some of our older poets, Ben Jonson, among others, had employed it. But Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in a foot-note to his first volume of Poems, expressly declares that his own verses in this metre were written before the appearance of 'In Memoriam.' It must be remembered that many of the Tennysonian stanzas were written years before the publication of the entire poem, and were familiar to the poet's friends; but in saying this we do not include Rossetti, who was never on intimate terms with Tennyson.

In this poem Tennyson unfolds his deepest and maturest thoughts on the mysteries of life and death, and gives fullest expression to his belief in God and in a future state; at the same time, paying a sincere tribute to 'honest doubt,' which he declares has more truth than half the Creeds. 'In Memoriam' has come to be generally recognized as perhaps the most characteristic nineteenth century utterance in verse in our language, the most typical expression of the fluctuating mental states and spiritual struggles through which every true child of this age must pass.

Following on the success and wide popularity of this poem, came the poet's happy and serene marriage to the lady for whom he had waited long and patiently, and his appointment, on the death of Wordsworth, to the Laureateship,* and all the subsequent happy and prosperous years at Farringford and Aldworth, years of complete felicity and ever-increasing fame, and public and private regard. The battle of life had been fought and won.

Tennyson's talk, like his letter-writing, was of a high and special quality; and those who were privileged to listen to his pithy observations on life, and art, and contemporary affairs, can well understand Edward Fitzgerald's desire to be 'A. T.'s Boswell.' Let us glance at a few of these casual criticisms, swift passing comments on human life, and observations on

* Spedding represented Tennyson as thinking of Wordsworth thus: 'He was a representative Poet-Laureate, such a poet as kings should honour, and such an one as would do honour to kings—making the period of the reign famous by the utterance of memorable words concerning the period.'

men and things; and it will be seen that underlying his lightest remarks, we always find not only a great deal of wit and point, but that unfailing common-sense which was part and parcel of his very genius.

Let us take for example these sayings on literary topics, reading into all his criticisms his own favourite dictum that 'every man imputes himself' (meaning that in our judgment of others we are always imputing the motives which actuate ourselves). 'No man can see further than his moral eyes will allow him.' When some one demurred to Shakespeare being styled the 'greatest man,' 'Well,' said Tennyson, 'the man one would wish perhaps to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet.' In Shelley he found that common sense was lacking. Once when he made this remark, a lady ventured to ask, 'Well, but had Christ common sense?' 'Christ had more common sense than you or I, madam,' was the reply. 'Keats,' he said, 'would have been among the very greatest of us if he had lived. There is something of the innermost of poetry in almost everything he wrote.' 'Byron is not an artist, or a thinker, or a creator in the highest sense, but a strong personality; he is endlessly clever, and is now unduly depreciated.' He always distinguished 'Keats, Shelley, and Byron from the great sage-poets, all who are both great thinkers and great artists, like Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe.' On another occasion, he said he 'would like the blank shields on his mantelpiece to be emblazoned with designs to represent the great modern poets—Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and Wordsworth.'

Wordsworth he regarded as the greatest English poet since Milton, who, he said, 'was more even than Virgil, the Lord of Language.' But on Lowell asserting 'Wordsworth was no more an artist than Isaiah,' Tennyson responded, 'I consider Isaiah a very great artist—everything he says is complete and perfect.' Yet greatly as he admired Wordsworth, he once described him as '*thick ankled*.' Molière he thought to be 'the greatest French poet; *he is so sane*.' On another occasion he said that in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was contained 'the germ of the French Revolution.' Pindar he compared to 'a kind of Australian poet; has long tracts of gravel with immensely large nuggets embedded.'

'Why do you not write an Idyll upon the story of Ruth?' Mr. Palgrave asked him. 'The deep tone of conviction with which he answered still seems with me: "*Do you think I could make it more poetical?*"' Those who remember his reading of his own poetry will appreciate the force of his remark on Arthur

Clough

Clough reading his own lines. 'When he read them, his voice faltered at times; *like every poet, he was moved by his own pathos.*' Of Swinburne he said, 'He is a reed through which all things blow into music.'

Two conversations in which Thomas Carlyle figures may also be quoted. Carlyle had spoken of Mr. Gladstone as 'a man with the immeasurable power of vocables.' 'I love the man,' said Tennyson, 'but no Prime Minister ought to be an orator.' When Carlyle put his hands on the head of Tennyson's little grandson, golden-haired Ally, and said solemnly, 'Fair fall thee, little man, in this world and the next,' Tennyson afterwards remarked, 'Carlyle is the most reverent and the most irreverent man I know.'

On modern novels his criticism was trenchant. 'I hate some of the so-called modern novels, with numberless characters thrust into the first chapter, and nothing but modern society talk; and also those morbid and introspective tales with their oceans of sham philosophy. To read these last is wading through glue.' 'A good hymn,' he said, 'is the most difficult thing in the world to write. In a good hymn you have to be common-place and poetical. The moment you cease to be common-place, and put in an expression at all out of the common, it ceases to be a hymn. Of hymns, I like Heber's "Holy, holy, holy," better than most; it is in a fine metre too.' In this last connexion may be added his remark when listening to the peal of the organ and the voices of the choristers solemnly resounding through Westminster Abbey. 'It's beautiful; but what awful mockery if there were no God.' The following also deserves to be remembered: 'The general English view of God is as of an immeasurable clergyman; and some mistake the devil for God.'

A shrewd judge of men and women, he estimated very highly the wisdom of the Queen. 'She has,' he said, 'a wonderful knowledge of politics, quite wonderful, and her sagacity seems unerring. The Queen never mistakes her people.' Of his own acute judgment in political affairs, the following remark, made in November 1875, is an illustration: 'I know it is the custom to prophesy change in France, but I cannot feel so sure that the Republic which M. Rouher denounced will not surprise many of them by its duration. *They can have perpetual change of their men in power now.*'

In 1875, when the poet was fast approaching the allotted span of human life, he published his drama, 'Queen Mary'—the first of his 'historical trilogy'—the two others being 'Harold' (1876), and 'Becket' (printed 1879, published 1884). When

a man, so advanced in years, who has made a great reputation in one branch of Art, essays another, even though it be a kindred branch, his new departure is usually coldly received by the public, and harshly dealt with by the critics. Tennyson had long been accepted as the supreme lyric and idyllic poet of his age; therefore, said the wise people and the foolish, he cannot possibly be a dramatist. However that may be, the late Poet Laureate's ambition in writing plays for the stage was a lofty one, soaring far above the mere mercenary aims of the average successful playwright. It was also a well matured scheme. From his youth upward, Tennyson had been devoted to dramatic literature, and even fond of acting (playing Malvolio at Cambridge with distinction), and his knowledge of dramatic literature was profound. It is also evident that he weighed the difficulties, and considered carefully the opposition that would be aroused by his theatrical efforts.

'To begin publishing plays for the stage,' writes his son, 'after he was sixty-five years of age, was thought to be a hazardous experiment. He had, however, always taken the liveliest interest in the theatre; and he bestowed infinite trouble on his dramas, choosing the great periods of "Harold," "Becket," and "Mary," so as to complete the line of Shakesperian plays, which end with the commencement of the Reformation. He was quite alive to the fact that for him to attempt this dramatic work would be at first unpopular, since he was then mainly regarded as an idyllic or lyric poet. But Spedding, a first-rate Shakesperian scholar, George H. Lewes,* and George Eliot admired his plays, and encouraged him to persevere in spite of all discouragement. He felt that he had the power; and even at the age of fourteen he had written plays that were "extraordinary for a boy," and full of vivid contrasts and striking scenic effects. All his life he enjoyed discovering the causes of historical and social movements; and had a strong desire to reverse much unfair judgment, and an eager delight in the analysis of human motive and character. With the great dramas of ancient and modern times he was acquainted, hating in consequence the hideous realism and unreality of plays like "La Tosca." But he believed in the future of our modern English stage when education shall have made the masses more literary.'

We have quoted this passage in full, because it evidently represents faithfully Tennyson's own defence of his position as a dramatist. We do not for a moment maintain that Tennyson, in what we have called his lofty aim in writing these plays, has altogether been successful; nor are we foolish enough to hail

* Probably, with the one exception of William Hazlitt, the greatest of English dramatic critics.

him at this late day as a second Shakespeare. But that his historical dramas are not only from a literary, but from a dramatic, and even theatrical, standpoint, superior to almost any serious work of the kind attempted in our time, we do most emphatically assert. To our mind, the most dramatically powerful and moving of these plays is 'Queen Mary,'* which has never received anything like adequate theatrical representation, save in the chance performance given of it in Melbourne, when, as the present Lord Tennyson truly declares, 'Miss Dargon won a triumph as the ill-fated Tudor Queen.' Whenever a really powerful tragic actress shall arise again in England, possessed of sufficient culture to appreciate this superb but complex part, 'Queen Mary' will yet astonish and delight the English play-going public, by its great dramatic power and human interest. But Philip must be treated as a secondary character, not as the central, as with Irving at the Lyceum, though doubtless, as the late Laureate himself said, 'this was in itself a consummate performance.'

It is generally admitted that, pruned and theatrically edited (as Shakespeare himself always is), by Sir Henry Irving, 'Becket' is one of the most pronounced of Lyceum successes. Nor can 'Harold' be as dull and undramatic as some would have us believe, or it would hardly have won the admiration of such men as Robert Browning and Aubrey de Vere. Of Tennyson's minor plays, 'The Cup' achieved a success with Irving and Ellen Terry, and the splendid 'setting' at the Lyceum; and the 'Falcon' proved attractive with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the St. James's. But 'The Promise of May' was an utter and disastrous failure with Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Herman Vezin at the Globe Theatre; though Mr. Gladstone—perhaps for theological rather than theatrical reasons—seems to delight in it. The safest conclusion with regard to Tennyson as a dramatist is, to leave the matter to posterity, or, let us say, to the next generation of players and playgoers.

The late Lord Tennyson was not merely a finely gifted poet, he was one of the wisest and truest patriots this land of England has ever bred, and in all matters of high national and imperial

* Count Munster says, writing of Prince Bismarck at this time: 'He now has real holidays at Varzin, and has for a short time given up all public business, and told me that he has already read parts of "Queen Mary" with the greatest pleasure and admiration.' Froude, too, boldly pronounced it the greatest of Tennyson's works: 'It had reclaimed,' he said, 'one more section of English History from the wilderness, and given it a form in which it will be fixed for ever. No one since Shakespeare has done that.' 'Queen Mary' was also greatly admired by Tennyson's Roman Catholic neighbours, 'Ideal' Ward and the Simeons, as was also his 'Becket.'

policy, a far-seeing guide and light to his fellow-countrymen all over the world. In a word, the poet was a genuine *seer*. It is easy enough for any man with a head full of rhymes and a ready supply of cheap sentiment, to knock off what are called patriotic poems; but these die almost ere they are born, and during their brief little life produce no impression whatever on the best and most thoughtful minds of the nation. Tennyson's patriotism, like his poetry, went down to the very roots of his being; he was English through and through; but he was a supremely wise and thoughtful man, and consequently he saw the pitfalls and dangers which underlie our free political system, and are, in a measure, the result of certain Anglo-Saxon peculiarities of character and temperament. Although surrounded by envious and powerful States, where every man is forced to bear arms, and is carefully trained to their use, we, in our vaunted love of individual freedom, have ever refused to go under the yoke of the conscription, and have relied for our military needs in every corner of the globe on a small army which, in comparison with that of neighbouring nations, is no army at all—at most, one or two army corps. When therefore the Navy, under economic popularity-hunting Chancellors of the Exchequer and inefficient, somnolent Lords of the Admiralty, has been suffered at times to decline, the peril of Britain becomes at once imminent and extreme. Tennyson was ever alive to this danger, and his patriotic songs and poems are not merely the empty outpourings of national vanity, but earnest, rousing appeals to the national manhood. Of the poem on 'The Fleet' Cardinal Manning said, 'These lines ought to be set to music and sung perpetually as a national song in every corner of the Empire.' 'Riflemen, Form' appeared in the 'Times' in May, 1859, after the breaking out of hostilities between France and Austria over the Italian question, when the enigmatical policy of the Third Napoleon pointed to an attack on England. 'It rang like a trumpet-call through the length and breadth of the Empire,' and Coventry Patmore declared that 'four hundred clerks in the War Office alone at once responded to the call, and were enrolled as Volunteers.' 'If things go through the country at that rate, there never will be an invasion.' At the same time Tennyson made a song for sailors, which is here published for the first time. It is just the thing for a rousing sea-ditty—strong, simple, and breezy, without literary artifice; and it seems a pity that the present Lord Tennyson did not hand it over to Sir Arthur Sullivan or Dr. Villiers Stanford before the recent magnificent display of our 'Sea Power' at Spithead:—

'JACK

' JACK TARS.

' They say some foreign powers have laid their heads together,
To break the pride of Britain, and bring her on her knees.
There's a treaty, as they tell us, of some dishonest fellows,
To break the noble pride of the Mistress of the Seas.

' Chorus.

' Up, Jack Tars, and save us,
The whole world shall not brave us,
Up, and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas.

' We quarrel here at home, and they plot against us yonder,
They will not let an honest Briton sit at home at ease ;
Up, Jack Tars, my hearties, and the d——l take the parties,
Up, and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas.

' Up, Jack Tars, etc.

' The lassies and the little ones, Jack Tars, they look to you ;
The despots over yonder, let 'em do whate'er they please, •
God bless the little Isle where a man may still be true,
God bless the noble Isle that is Mistress of the Seas !

' Up, Jack Tars, and save us,
The whole world shall not brave us,
If you will save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas.'

This little song has quite the old Dibdin flavour, but it by no means typifies the peculiar note of Tennyson's patriotism, the chief feature of which was its enlightened foresight. He was politically a prophet and a seer.

The late Lady Tennyson writes in her journal, under date December 11th, 1869 :—

' He wrote to "Z." expressing the hope that Cabinet Ministers would think how to make England and her Colonies one body and soul, instead of casting the Colonies off: and he added, "I cannot but think that those who think otherwise must be blind to our real interest and our high calling." Again, Lady Tennyson notes (November 12th, 1871) :—' He said, "How strange England cannot see her true policy lies in a close union with our Colonies!" He added, "We ought to have all boys at school drilled, so that they may be more ready for defensive war than now."

Again (September 1st, 1871) :—' He has read, and given me to read, "Fraser's Magazine," with suggestive article on Colonial Federation, and against the enclosure of commons, against which he has always protested. A general Colonial Council for the purposes of defence sounds to us sensible. He advocated inter-colonial conferences in England; and was of opinion that the foremost Colonial Ministers ought to be admitted to the Privy Council, or to some other Imperial Council, where they could have a voice in Imperial affairs.'

How many years was it after Tennyson uttered these words

we

we have put in italics before the 'Colonial Conference' assembled in London? If we mistake not, some sixteen long years; and Lord Salisbury and his then Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Henry Holland (now Lord Knutsford), can surely testify, as would the eminent Colonial delegates who were present, how marvellously fruitful and materially beneficial to the Empire this Conference has proved. Yet it has taken exactly twenty-six years for our so-called 'practical' statesmen to carry out the wise policy here set forth by the imaginative poet—that of admitting 'foremost Colonial Ministers' to the Privy Council. This, as all the world knows, was Mr. Chamberlain's great Jubilee *coup*; but the poetic recluse of Farringford evidently saw the wisdom of the thing a quarter of a century before the 'Man of Birmingham' put it into practice. Surely, if such men as Tennyson be 'dreamers,' as the world is fond of saying, then do they dream with wide open eyes; while the astute Parliamentary and wide-awake statesmen are too often the heaviest of heavy sleepers, heedless of everything but the Party needs of the passing hour.

Lord Dufferin bore fitting and eloquent testimony to the effect produced in Canada during his Governor-Generalship by those magnificent lines on the 'True North,' which formed the epilogue to the 'Idylls of the King.' Lady Tennyson's Journal records: 'A. burnt with indignation and shame at one eminent statesman saying to him, "Would to God Canada would go."' Little do our statesmen and public men—save here and there one wiser than his fellows, or more removed from party ties—realize how much of the seed of the recently displayed noble Imperial patriotism of Canada, which made Sir Wilfred Laurier so welcome a guest at the Jubilee commemoration, was sown by Tennyson, whose lines, wrote Lord Dufferin, from Ottawa, 'have struck responsive fire from every heart.' And how Tennyson would once again have hailed a kindred patriotic soul in the young Anglo-Indian poet * whose 'Lady of the Snows,' like his own splendid outburst of indignant loyalty, has been published 'in every newspaper in the Dominion,' and found an echo in every true Canadian heart.

No portion of this work will be more eagerly scanned by the public than the pages at the end of the second volume, containing the letters that passed between the Queen and the late Poet Laureate, whose strongest bond of mutual sympathy was

* Tennyson greatly admired Kipling's 'Flag of England,' and was pleased with Kipling's answer to his letter of commendation. It is certainly characteristic: 'When the private in the ranks is praised by the General, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights better next day.'

their love for England and the Empire. By nature, Tennyson was a man peculiarly adverse to the ways of Courts, and even to the ordinary conventions of society; the honours that flowed to him from the gracious hands of his Sovereign, came unsought, and were, in fact, not even desired. When the Queen once asked him what she could do for him, Tennyson answered, 'Nothing, Madam, nothing, but shake my two boys by the hand; it may keep them loyal in the troublous times to come.' Three times—twice at the hands of Mr. Gladstone and once from Disraeli—he was offered a Baronetcy, and thrice he declined it, though in doing so he expressed his great desire not to appear unmindful of the Queen's graciousness. The story of the peerage tendered to him so strangely and unexpectedly on board the 'Pembroke Castle' through Mr. Gladstone, when they were on their memorable trip to Norway and Denmark, and the *finesse* and diplomacy necessary even to make him the offer of this most coveted of honours, is amusingly related by his son:—

'Mr. Gladstone caught sight of me reading by the bulwarks of the "Pembroke Castle" one day, and beckoned me to walk with him. He said literature was one of the noblest callings he knew; that he honoured my father greatly, and that for the sake of literature he would like to offer him a distinction from the Queen, about which he had been corresponding with Lord Granville—a barony. "Do you think your father would accept it?" I replied that the offer was so startling that I did not know how he would like it, but I thought he might accept it for the sake of literature (remembering how various literary men had cried "Shame" upon him when he did not take the baronetcy offered three several times). *The only difficulty in Gladstone's mind was that my father might insist on wearing his wideawake hat in the House of Lords.* I answered that he had better let me take my time, as the offer would fluster him, and mar his enjoyment of the voyage, since he never thought about or cared for titles. He said, "Very well, let me know when I may speak to him."'

After a day or two, the poet was actually sounded as to the peerage, but shook his head, and said he did not want to alter 'his plain Mr. ;' that 'the peerage might have been of good to him twenty years ago, when he could have spoken in the House of Lords.* Finally, after much internal cogitation,

* Here spoke the Patriot-Poet: but late in the day as it was, Lord Tennyson, as his negotiations with Mr. Gladstone on his Reform and Redistribution Bill of 1884 show, was no mere poetical figure-head in the Lords. The new peer very plainly told his friend, the old Liberal Prime Minister, that though himself a life-long Liberal, he was passionately averse to all electioneering manoeuvres that merely meant party advantage, and he insisted on the whole question of Redistribution as well as Reform being dealt with simultaneously in a plain, straightforward, honest fashion, and in frank consultation with Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives.

he accepted the honour, simply remarking to Hallam Tennyson, 'By Gladstone's advice, I have consented to take the peerage, but for my own part, I shall regret my simple name all my life.' His personal attitude throughout was one of regret at this accession of rank, but he was strongly influenced in his final decision by his intense feeling of gratitude to the Queen for so signal a mark of her gracious favour to literature in his name and person. Moreover, he regarded the House of Lords as 'the greatest Upper Chamber in the world ;' and felt it was a great thing to have a voice and place in that House 'foremost in debating power, a stable, wise, and moderating influence in these changeful, democratic days.' Yet, afterwards, he wrote to a distinguished Frenchman, who had congratulated him on the peerage, 'Being now in my seventy-fifth year, having lost almost all my youthful contemporaries, I see myself, as it were, in an extra page of Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' and standing before the mouth of an open sepulchre, while the Queen hands me a coronet and the skeleton takes it away, and points me downward into the darkness.'

Tennyson's feelings of personal admiration and deep loyalty for the Queen are to be seen in every line he wrote to her ; and these letters on the part of both are as simple and unaffected as they are truthful and sincere :—

'I will not say "I am loyal," or that "Your Majesty is gracious," (wrote the poet in 1883), for those are old hackneyed terms used or abused by every courtier, but I will say that during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together whether they be kings or cobblers.'

The Queen having alluded in a postscript to the 'death of the noble hero Gordon,' Tennyson replied, 'I fully sympathize with your Majesty's feelings for our great, simple soldier-hero Gordon, and I rejoice that the Mansion House Committee have adopted, as the National Memorial, the scheme proposed by myself and my son, which had its origin in a conversation with Gordon.' This alluded, of course, to the Gordon Boys' Home, of which Tennyson was the foster-father.

Liberal as Tennyson was by birth and training, and personally bound to Mr. Gladstone by many ties, he, like the flower of the party, declined to follow the rash octogenarian leader into the abyss of Irish Home Rule. 'I am heart and soul a Unionist,' he declared. There is a strong, passionate note in a letter to the Queen (April, 1886) which tells of the depth of the underlying current. 'In this pause, as it were, between Life and Death, since your Majesty touches upon the disastrous policy

policy of the day, I may say that I wish I may be in my own grave, beyond sight and hearing, when an English Army fires upon the Loyalists of Ulster.' This recalls the Poet's memorable words on the eve of the election—words which profoundly influenced the issue by determining many a wavering vote:—'I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his present Irish policy.'

It is also evident from a most significant passing allusion to Lord Salisbury in a letter to the Queen (July 9th, 1885) that Tennyson must have lost all faith in his old friend as the man at the helm. 'It cheers one,' he wrote, 'that the present Prime Minister speaks only of the interests of the Empire, leaving, at all events, in abeyance the fatal cry of Party.'

How profoundly wise is the casual remark about England and Germany (ever also to be borne in mind in our dealings with America), in a letter to the Queen relative to the Emperor's visit to this country,—*'Nations too closely allied by the subtle sympathy of kindred, not to be either true brothers or deadly foes.'*

The Queen's final letter to the present Lord Tennyson on the passing away of the 'great Poet, with Shakespeare in his hand,' could not be more touchingly expressed:—'The Queen deeply laments and mourns her noble Poet Laureate, who will be universally regretted, but he has left undying works behind him which we shall ever treasure.

'THAT GREAT SPIRIT NOW KNOWS WHAT HE HAS SO OFTEN REFLECTED AND PONDERED OVER.'

We doubt not but that very considerable difference of opinion will exist among readers and critics as to the wisdom of the biographer's choice in the selection he has made from the (no doubt) large (if fragmentary) mass of unpublished poems. His task has not been an easy one, for we happen to know that long before Tennyson's death, this question had a good deal disturbed him. At one time he had almost determined to 'burn them all,' but, and after much variable 'concluding,' he finally laid upon his biographer the injunction to seek the further aid of six literary men whom he named, and be guided, if not necessarily bound, by their opinion. We believe that the biographer has most faithfully adhered to this injunction, and this 'selection' is therefore the responsibility of seven men, and not of one man only. It may safely be hazarded, we think, that had the occasional reader, on opening the volumes, not known beforehand that Tennyson was a great poet, he would at least have concluded that he was a versatile and exceptional letter-writer, before he should have finished the book. Indeed, we fail to see any charm which these letters lack, scattered as they

they are throughout the two volumes, and addressed, as they are, to his youthful friends, his later friends, his family, and last, but not least, his Sovereign. They have and possess in a remarkable degree that freshness of humility which is so striking a characteristic of all Tennyson's correspondence; they are full of human interest; keen with the appreciation of (if not always the acquiescence in) the passing hour. They become, of course, more gravely set as age advances, and the snow appears on the tops of the mountains, but never do they lose, to the very last, their satisfying sense of due proportion to the reader. How then, at this penultimate period of this article, shall we say that the biographer has made the great Poet appear? Always in the picture; let that, at least, be conceded, and it is no common praise. And the biographer himself nearly invariably behind the curtain, adjusting the side-lights, anticipating, perchance, the shadows—at least, qualifying the 'fierce light' very often, with true discretion and competent judgment. And the great dead Poet, how does he appear on the inevitable canvas of human judgment? He was a strong man, let that be said, who often, in later years, had to regret that friendships and differences of opinion were concurrent accidents of 'long life;' he had no deviating capacity, from sheer versatility, from the opinions upon which his political and personal judgments were based; he had no wavering mutability or doubt as to right and wrong. A strong man, with the light that God gave him, he saw and believed, and was steadfast and satisfied. He never wavered from faith; he recanted not from assurance of belief; he repented not of his doubt, for doubt he had none in anything. He was an instance, a living, breathing, palpable instance, of the rock-based human character that fronted the future with faith, and yet murmured no formula of belief whatever. In the growing gloom of personal suffering, amid the deepening shadows of an old age, alas! often far from painless, the faith that was in him never wavered, never varied, never failed to sustain him. Once, just where the Freshwater Beacon now faces the East, he said to us:—

'If I did not believe there was a God, I would throw myself over yon cliff this moment, and end it all.'

And, months afterwards, during nights of vigil and pain-racked sleeplessness, when he had conversed of solemn things, he once, we especially remember, speaking of the difficulty men had of 'accepting' the miracles, after deep thought—and as though lovingly chiding the doubt he so well understood—murmured: 'But is Life not a miracle? can any miracle equal or surpass it?'

It

It must be confessed, that, whether purposely or not we cannot say, this Memoir seems to evade the question as to the religious views of the late Poet. Indeed, beyond his letter to Emily Selwood (Vol. I., p. 170), and the foot-note at p. 44 of the same volume, there seem no materials in the whole two volumes upon which to base an opinion or by which to silence the equivocal rumour of the always hungry hour! Perhaps this silence was put upon the biographer by distinct injunction, but, even if it be so, we who think we knew the man cannot, even for any such presumable or assumed reason, allow a review of this Memoir to go forth to the world and fail to state what there is no injunction upon us to withhold. We once asked him if he could be judged as to his religious views by 'In Memoriam,' and he replied, briefly, 'Yes—that poem represents my belief.' On another occasion, during the long watches of a sleepless night, he had asked of us this question: 'Do men, as they grow older, more often fall from faith, do you think?' And then, on our reply being given (of itself quite unimportant, be it said, and only covering a personal experience), he replied, 'That I cannot understand—I can understand the doubts of early life—the "fighting faith"' (his own words) 'of manhood, but I cannot understand unfaith in age. You remember so-and-so?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you need not consider that absence of faith means absence of equanimity when you think of his old age, for a greater apparent unbeliever I never knew—and a more peaceful personality (in age) I never came near. I often wonder if he really believed more than all of us.' These two remarks embody this conclusion, that what he believed when he wrote 'In Memoriam,' that he also believed when near his end.

We could recall, if that were needed, or even in good taste, conversation after conversation, each and all tending to the same definite result. We will quote from our own personal recollections a few further remarks bearing upon this matter: 'A higher form of healing you call some of the miracles of Christ—and so you create a greater miracle than you explain away.' 'S. once said to me, "You Protestants have no idea what prayer means." Thank God, he was wrong—what should we be if we did not know?' '"Religion a drug"—do these people say so? Not true religion or true poetry.' 'I tell you the nation without faith is doomed; mere intellectual life—however advanced or howsoever perfected—cannot fill the void.'

Searching through the conversational archives of many years, these four sentences may, we think, be given to the world, with this further sentence or two to qualify their appearance. Not once, but a hundred times, since that moonlit October midnight

midnight of five years ago, we have heard the dead Poet's faith assailed, and have held our peace. 'Agnostic' he has been called: he was no Agnostic: it is not true. Himself he accepted the scheme of Divine Revelation outside the phenomena of Nature, but he understood and more than tolerated the Agnostic position. Hell and Eternal Punishment he did not accept, we grant, and one other thing he ever and always repudiated, and that was the dictum that it was 'more expedient' to 'say you believed' when you did not believe;—that he ever considered the deepest depth of personal infamy. If only the letters of Arthur Hallam had not been destroyed, we should have known, better than all conjecture can surmise them, the doubts and difficulties of their mutual personal hopes and beliefs. We should find, in that correspondence, we venture to say, the spiritual germs of that grand, simple, charity-qualified Puritanism which hallowed his mature manhood, and deepened into the simple faith and religious purpose of old age.

Thus far the Biography and our personal memory of the man. There is little to add. Yet of the 'very woman of very woman,' whose 'tender spiritual nature' was to the Poet an abiding solace, a very haven of rest, something must be said. The writer knows well how little his life-companion would have desired that the memory of her tender personality should be obtruded on the consideration of the world. Those who have watched her for years in the unvarying atmosphere of that house, which her presence made home indeed, know that the notice of her interest therein should be as brief as reverential it must be. He was a righteous man; she was a holy woman. Let that verdict stand for both, and it is a true verdict. We would not soil the sanctity of old faith by writing one word of over-praise, or by straining a just estimate to the outermost hem of the garment of eulogy! A passage in the reminiscences by the late Master of Balliol sums up the character of the late Lady Tennyson, in phrasing equally just, proportionate, and veracious. 'When I pray, I see the face of God smiling upon me,' she said to the Master, and his observation is 'Such is the spirit of this remarkable life;' and may we add that her phrase must have been literally true, whether an hallucination describes its nature or not, or she would not have used it? There never was a woman who less posed for effect! We knew her during long years of an enforced invalid-life, and never did we see her placidity ruffled or her tender courtesy at fault. And if to others 'he' might sometimes be thought brusque, in the old Byronic line, 'To her he was all gentleness.' They were lovers to the last!

- ART. X.—1. *Report of the Degrees for Women Syndicate.*
Cambridge, March 1st, 1897.
2. *Discussion of the Report of the Degrees for Women Syndicate.*
Cambridge, March 26th, 1897.
3. *Report of the Commissioner of Education (in the United States),*
1891–3. Washington.

THE doubt and hesitation with which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have long regarded the question of the admission of women to rights and to partnership have at length given way to decided action. Last year Oxford, and this year Cambridge, have decided that they will not admit women to degrees, even if those degrees are not to convey a voice in University government. At Oxford the question was brought up without adequate discussion, and at one time it looked as if the University might be carried by storm, though in the end three residents out of five voted against proposals which were framed with an astonishing disregard of the history and the interests of the University.

At Cambridge, as might have been expected from the longer experience of the University in educating women, a more cautious and more moderate proposal was made. With great astuteness the advocates of the women (one must not say, of women) put aside for the time all demands for fixed status and University privilege, and contented themselves with asking merely that in the place of the certificates at present given to women who have been educated at Newnham or Girton, titular degrees should be given. A demand so moderate conciliated the large party which did not know its own mind. A few years ago it might have been conceded almost without a contest. But of late years the teachers at Oxford and Cambridge have begun to understand the real purpose and nature of the women's claims on those great centres of manly learning. Opposition grew day by day. Even the undergraduates, for the first time, began to see how deeply their future was involved. And since the undergraduate can bring up father and schoolmaster to the poll, and both Oxford and Cambridge are in the last resort governed by the non-resident graduate, the awaking of the undergraduate was decisive. On the day of polling 1707 members of the Cambridge Senate voted against the granting to women of titular degrees, and only 661 for it.

It is impossible for a battle to have been more decisively lost and won. Those who are at all acquainted with the working of our older Universities will know that a matter thus decided will not, for many years to come, be raised again. The
initiative

initiative of all legislation lies with the Councils of Oxford and Cambridge, timid bodies and fully determined to 'let sleeping dogs lie.' Every member of the Councils knows that any attempt to rekindle such a flame of controversy as has burned for the last two years will be met with the most determined opposition. And he will also know that in the end nothing can be done. For even if the resident graduates so far changed their minds as to be willing to admit women to degrees, yet their wish would be overruled by the non-resident voter. Failing an Act of Parliament, there is nothing to be done.

It cannot be said that the decision which was arrived at by the Cambridge Senate was hasty or prejudiced. A syndicate had brought together and published all important evidence obtainable. The debate in the Senate House, which has been published in full, is of a kind to do great credit to the University. Scarcely any consideration which might tell for or against the concession of degrees to women was overlooked by the numerous speakers. If ever a question was decided deliberately and after full consideration, it was in this instance. It is scarcely conceivable that Cambridge can change its mind until it changes its members. And a notable fact is that the younger the man the more energetic was likely to be his opposition to the degrees. The lull which succeeds the academic storm gives us an excellent opportunity for a quiet survey of the principles and the interests involved.

We write as friends of the higher education of women. But we do not write as adherents of the group of men and women who at present mainly direct that movement. To our thinking, amid the confusion and hurry of modern changes, women's education has in part suffered from that most fatal of calamities, the loss of recognized ideals, and is drifting helplessly. And at the same time we think that the two Universities are absolutely right in declining to admit women to membership and influence. Such admission would greatly injure the Universities. It would not be in the true interest of the women themselves, and it would do harm through generations to come to the rising youth of the country. Let first the laws of human nature and the testimony of history be consulted; then let some plan be sought for, by which women may attain the development which they naturally desire, without endangering the character of the Universities and the future of education.

The leaders of whom we speak are by no means disposed to allow that they are theorists. They are constantly claiming that facts are on their side. They point to the recent changes in girls' education, which are in fact a mixture of good and evil,

as the heaven-sent line of progress which they wish only to continue. They cite the successes of female students in the examinations of Cambridge as proving that the examinations are admirably adapted to the girls. They regard the opinion expressed by many lecturers that no harm has come of teaching young men and young women together as a perfect justification of the principle of what the Americans call 'co-education.' They seem to regard it as a law of nature that girls must learn at school the subjects in which they can be examined at the male Universities in examinations arranged not for them but for boys. They tread the vicious circle merrily, in the belief that they are moving forward. Such phenomena are always seen when people have lost ideals and move by routine. And those who, like the Bishop of Durham and Professor Clifford Allbutt, suggest that the past movement in women's education need not necessarily be in the best direction, are proclaimed fanciful and visionary.

In a great practical question like that of the higher education of women we may seek for wisdom in two quarters. Either we may examine the records of history, to see what arrangements have best prospered hitherto, or we may bring forward considerations of expediency based upon observations of fact. The higher education of women is so new a movement that the history which is of use in its consideration must be very modern history. Nevertheless, before we turn to the question of psychology and expediency, we shall find it worth our while to see what plans have been adopted in various countries for securing University education for women.

The simplest and most obvious plan which can be suggested is what is called in America 'co-education,' that is, the abolition of sex so far as the Universities are concerned. There has been in England in recent years a considerable movement in this direction. In several centres, as at Manchester and Durham and Newcastle, 'co-education' has been accepted in principle, and it is also adopted, although with some practical modifications, in the new University of Wales and the Scottish Universities. It may seem bold to question the wisdom of a course adopted with so much unanimity by our younger Universities. But as yet it is not possible to judge by results whether it is wise or not. We must venture to claim a suspension of judgment until the system has been longer on trial, and its results are more manifest. Meantime a far wider field for investigation lies open to us.

America is the land in which 'co-education' has been tried longest, and in the most varied circumstances. American
experience,

experience, if considered with discrimination, ought to be of real value to us. Of all nations the Americans are least likely to act without full consciousness, or to conceal their actions and motives. Naturally, therefore, there is no difficulty in ascertaining what the higher education of women in America is like, and what view of it is taken by public opinion. The best summary and bibliography of the subject is to be found in the American 'Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1891-2,' pp. 783-862. We have also received important communications on the subject from Professors in the Universities of Harvard, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, California, and Toronto. The evidence set forth in Professor Marshall's statements in the 'Cambridge Reporter' and 'Cambridge Review' is also very valuable. We will give in brief outline the substance of the evidence thus available.

In America there are two clearly marked sets of opinions as to the relations which women ought to hold towards men's Universities. Throughout the west and north of the Union, opinion, both in the Universities and outside them, has hitherto run generally in the direction of maintaining that there should be no distinction of sex at all in University teaching and degrees. All the State Universities of recent foundation admit men and women on exactly the same terms, and have mixed classes. Cornell University, in the State of New York, also accepts mixed education undiluted. But the older and flourishing Universities of the Atlantic coast, Harvard and Yale, Columbia, Princeton and Johns Hopkins, do not readily accept this arrangement. Two of them, Harvard and Columbia, have associated with them respectively, in a sort of partnership, the women's colleges of Redcliffe and Barnard. The standard is the same for women and men, both in teaching and in degrees; but a line is drawn at 'co-education.' The Harvard Professors repeat their lectures for the women at Redcliffe College; but women are not admitted to their University lectures. A Harvard Professor points out to the present writer, quite truly, that there is far more 'co-education' at Oxford than at Harvard. At Yale and other Eastern Universities women are admitted to Graduate, but not to Undergraduate courses.

Cornell is the only important Eastern University which admits fully the principle of 'co-education.' But this exception must not be made much of. 'Co-education' was almost forced on the University by a benefactor, Mr. Sage, who made it a condition of his munificent gifts. At the present time, after twenty years' experience of 'co-education,' several of the
teachers,

teachers, whether the majority or not we are unable to say, deplore the arrangement. And with the male students it seems almost a point of honour to have nothing to do with their female class-mates. Generally speaking, the Universities of the East have at least as strong an objection to 'co-education' as ourselves. And it need scarcely be pointed out that their social conditions far more nearly resemble ours, than is the case in the West.

It is clear that the true home of co-education in the higher branches of learning lies in the Western States, and that the States of the North-East follow the tendency, if at all, unwillingly. We must turn to the West, if we would observe the full causes and results of the movement.

American correspondents generally warn us against supposing that the conditions of the problem are the same in America and in England. The least reflection shows how true this observation is. As a Professor of Michigan observes, 'Co-education in the United States can only be understood when studied in connexion with our political, social, and intellectual conditions.'

In the origin, the State Universities owe their sexless character to two circumstances. First, there is abroad in the West a strong feeling as to the equality of the sexes in almost all things. French *égalité* has been carried a step further. The notion of 'democracy run to seed' is that any distinction between the sexes when made by man is invidious. The triumph of this view in the matter of University organization has been secured by monetary considerations. Not unnaturally, taxpayers who have daughters think that they have as good a claim on any institution supported by the State as those who have sons. They cannot see why they should pay for higher education, unless their own children, as well as their neighbours', are to profit. But to found properly-organized colleges separately for men and for women would strain the resources of thinly-populated districts too much. As a temporary arrangement, therefore, mixed Universities were all but unavoidable.

Mixed Universities are the less of novelties in the Western States in that usually boys and girls are educated together from the very beginning. In the primary schools, the grammar-schools, and the high schools, they sit side by side, doing the same lessons; sometimes they do physical exercises together as well. Thus it is not unnatural that 'co-education' should be carried on from the school to the University. This is an institution peculiar to America, and not covering the whole of it. In the South, girls and boys are more commonly kept

apart. In Boston, the best educated city in America, there is a strong, and in the main successful, resistance to 'co-education' in schools. In Europe 'co-education' in schools is rare. In Germany it is less common than it used to be. In Scotland it seems to be dying down, except in primary schools: in England it scarcely exists. Thus at once a broad line is drawn between England and America. The following opinion, for instance, given by Principal Seelye, of Amherst College, sounds very strange to an English ear: 'The co-education of the sexes is both desirable and practicable in the early stages, and might be properly conducted through both the grammar and high schools; but the differentiation of sex, which is quite as manifest on the mental as on the physical side, requires a different curriculum for the two in their college course.'

Few Englishmen would go quite so far as Dr. Seelye. If mixed education had been tried and found quite successful at Harrow and at Eton, we should scarcely be able to resist its introduction in our Universities. Yet perhaps an impartial judge might allow that there are psychological facts at least in the last half of the passage we have quoted.

The result of careful enquiries made of teachers in several co-educational Universities is to show that, though public opinion in the West will scarcely allow the question of their advantage to be an open one, yet there is beneath the surface a strong and a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the system, especially among the higher teachers. At least one American college, the Adelbert College of Cleveland, Ohio, after trying the mixed system, has abandoned it for separate courses.

The results, or at all events the concomitants, of mixed education in Western America are of such a kind as to make us hesitate to introduce the system in this country. One wonders whether our northern Universities, which have accepted 'co-education' with so light a heart, ever considered with care what effects it was likely to produce. In America a most notable sequence of the system is that the teaching in schools for both sexes is very largely in the hands of women, and is passing into their hands more and more year by year. In some States ninety per cent. of the teachers in schools are women. At Chicago the number of male teachers was in 1892, 219, the number of female teachers 3081. In some schools one may see great boys of sixteen and seventeen going through callisthenic exercises under a lady mistress of drill.

In the West, we are told, the attractions of business, and the desire to make a livelihood take boys away from school at an early age, while the girls stop on. In the high-schools of America

America there are 116,351 girls, and 85,451 boys. The graduates (so-called) of the high schools are 14,190 girls and 7692 boys. Thus the number of men sufficiently well-educated to teach in a school is far smaller than the number of women so qualified. And when men take a post in a school, they seldom do so, we are told, as a permanency. They drift off before long into more remunerative pursuits.

There is good evidence that this tendency is not diminishing in the West, but growing. Dr. Angell, President of the (mixed) University of Michigan, in his Report to the Board of Regents in 1893, writes:—

‘Whether one observes the high schools or the colleges of the country, one cannot but be struck with the increase in the number of women, compared with that of the men, who are obtaining an academic or collegiate education. In many of the Michigan high schools the graduating classes are made up almost wholly of girls. The boys are drawn off to wage-earning pursuits before they have completed the school course. It is no longer an exceptional thing for the girl in the family to go to college. It is indeed becoming a question whether a generation hence there will be as many college-trained men as college-trained women in the country. The educational, intellectual, and social consequences of this forward movement in the training of women we may not be able to foresee fully, but that they must be very important no one can doubt.’

Is, however, the dislike of men for the teaching profession the cause, or is it the result, of ‘co-education’? We may conjecture that in a great degree it is the result. The consequence of the abundance of women teachers is that teaching as a profession is very poorly paid. And it is one of the most indubitable of empirical laws that when women crowd into a pursuit men abandon it.

Of course the same education which fits women for teaching fits them for other learned pursuits. So in the West women are doctors, advocates, journalists, architects, engineers, and what not? The public libraries are almost wholly in their hands. Every year a larger number of them enter the ranks of the ministry of religion. Men meantime take more and more to merely money-making pursuits, and leave the intellectual side of life to the women. Professor Hausknecht of Berlin, in his report of 1892 deplores the low level of the teaching and the untrained condition of teachers in American schools, which is a result of the education being so largely in women’s hands. At the same time he observes that several subjects eminently suitable for women, music and painting for example, are neglected by them.

An American lady, writing in 'Scribner's Magazine' for August 1897, says:—

'The higher education of women without reference to sex seems, thus far, to have resulted greatly in the glorification of men and men's work, and in dissatisfaction with women and women's work. It would be sad indeed if the present struggle against sex limitations should prove to be a quarrel with the nature of things, for, as Mr. Lowell once said, "Whosoever wittingly or unwittingly quarrels with the nature of things is certain in the long run to get the worst of it."'

We turn naturally from the treatment of women in the Western Universities of America to their treatment in the great Universities of Germany. In several of the German Universities women are now working for degrees under the Professors. But they are admitted not as claiming a right, but by favour; they are few in number, and very carefully selected. In our opinion the German solution is in principle the true one. It would be a misfortune if women of eminent ability were unable to procure the very best teaching; but it is not necessary, in order to attain this end, that the character of Universities should be destroyed, through making room for the average woman in her hundreds. Unfortunately, a solution which is easy in Germany, where Professors are almost omnipotent, each in his own sphere, is by no means so easy in England. Who among us could decide whether a woman is of exceptional ability, and deserves exceptional privileges? But, in spite of all that may be said, it is to Germany rather than to America that we would look for a lead, in organizing the university education of women. It would be an undoubted benefit to Oxford and Cambridge to include among their working members, though not in their governing bodies, a few exceptional women. It is the pass-woman and the third class honour woman that the Universities have to fear.

But what of our own experience of women at Oxford and Cambridge? This is not an easy matter to speak of without offence: yet we must not wholly pass it by. In Western America and in Scotland the ground has been cleared by the assertion of a principle, that women are to be admitted on the same terms as men. In Germany a principle is accepted, that only exceptional women shall be admitted. At Oxford and Cambridge we find no acceptance of a principle, but a history of compromises and privileges, of gradual encroachment on one side and half-hearted resistance on the other. When Merton Hall, the nucleus of Newnham College, was established thirty years ago at Cambridge, it was supposed that special privileges were

were sought for a few exceptional women, and for many years the examination of women in the triposes was a matter of pure favour on the part of the examiners. The Graces of 1881 conferred on the Colleges of Girton and Newnham certain privileges, though these privileges were given by grace and not by statute, and do not therefore bind the University permanently. Thenceforward women who had resided at the two colleges, and passed preliminary examinations, were admitted to the University triposes and received official certificates. But this did not involve any right of attending Professors' or College lectures, of using the University library, or of occupying laboratories. Many who voted for the Graces are now convinced that Cambridge in passing them took up an illogical and indefensible position. In these matters Oxford has been wiser. While admitting women to examinations, Oxford has never recognized residence at Oxford Halls as a condition. The University allows members of Holloway College and other colleges to take the examinations, just as it admits men who are not members of the University. It accords no special privileges to women, and by ignoring residence in the city of Oxford, it abstains from all responsibility in regard to them. Professors and lecturers are perfectly free to admit or not to admit women to their classes.

It is high time that both Universities should make up their minds as to the future. They have both decided not to admit women to degrees; but the question of custom and privilege remains. The Universities are bound to accept some principle, and at all events gradually to embody it in their action. The present position of women, at Cambridge at all events, is well nigh intolerable. They go through the regular undergraduate courses, yet get no degree. They study as the men do, yet have no right of attendance at lecture or of entry into laboratories. The University recognizes their residence, and gives them a right to be examined, yet they study and even exist on sufferance. That this deplorable position of parasitism is the result of the action of the leaders of the women is true, but does not greatly help matters. Some *modus vivendi* must be found, and since it does not lie in the direction of incorporation, it must needs lie in the direction of greater independence.

Next to the question of history comes that of expediency. Here our contention is that any steps in the direction of closer connexion between our older Universities and women are opposed to the interests alike of the Universities, of society generally, and even of the women students themselves. We must consider these interests in some detail before, in our final section,

section, we come to the question what arrangements for the higher education of women are really the most desirable.

First as regards the interests of the Universities themselves. Strange as it may seem, this question has received as yet comparatively little consideration, and scarcely any from those who are in favour of making the Universities mixed. It does not appear that these persons claim that any benefit will accrue to the Universities from becoming epicene. Their view is rather that the minds of men and women are so nearly alike that no great harm will come of it. We, on the other hand, contend that they are so far unlike that different intellectual training is in general suitable to the two sexes.

If we were challenged to state definitely some points in which women's University education should differ from that of men, we should not hesitate to accept the challenge. One difference which our University women have found out for themselves is that, while learning Greek and Latin is found by experience to provide an unequalled literary training for young men, a methodical study of living languages naturally takes its place in the case of young women. Another difference quite as important is less generally recognized. Few subjects are of more value in women's education than the historical study of art, and wherever this study is brought into the female curriculum, it leads to success; young Englishmen, on the other hand, seem to have certain inborn tendencies which make them regard the history of art as a much less worthy study than the history of morals or of institutions. Once more, it is quite undesirable that the higher mathematics should play any such part in female as they may well play in male education. And the same distinctions hold in other subjects. We should not hesitate to say that the mind of an English young man is far more like that of a German or Russian young man than like that of an English young woman. And if differences should exist between the courses of English and German Universities, they ought *a fortiori* to exist between male and female Universities. And if different courses of study best suit the two sexes, why destroy the character of Oxford and Cambridge by giving them an ambiguous development?

Since ordinary households consist of men and women, whose constant exchange of services and interaction of functions make the whole into an organism, it is reasonable to think that that education is best for the two sexes which emphasizes difference rather than that which obliterates it. A man, generally speaking, will be far less prone to admire and to respect a woman whose mental training resembles his own than a woman

who

who sees things which he does not, who takes a view of the world which is not like his own but complementary to it, who has different thoughts and ideals from his. And it is the normal relation of educated men and women in a household, rather than their exceptional relations as competitors in similar employments, which should govern the education of ordinary women, and the training of those who educate ordinary women. Women of marked talent may fairly claim to be exceptions to the rule; but they have no right to alter the rule to suit themselves. They have no right to warp the whole education of girls in order that they may start on a different level, or find more congenial occupation.

The present writer has recently conversed with a professor of long experience in some of the co-educational Universities of America, who maintains that the mixed system cannot last because men and women have such opposite tendencies in study. In his own experience, the men were all for philology and logic, the women all for literature and æsthetic. This is the way with the ordinary or average man and woman, not with exceptional students. And if this be so, does it not seem that, among us, women are abandoning pursuits for which they have a natural bent for others which they merely follow because they are set to do so? If men are set to studies unsuitable for them, they rebel; but women in their goodness and teachable spirit are content with tasks set them by those whom they respect, and smother the gentle calling of nature. But in this way they deprive the world of the profit it might have had of them, and become of no use for the progress of culture and education. Instead of passing through the door made for them by nature, they crowd through that into which they see the men thronging. Thus their docility becomes to them a snare.

It is sometimes said that Oxford and Cambridge now offer to the student a choice of so many courses of study that all, alike men and women, will find among those courses some which will suit them. This is a superficial view, which is only partially true of Cambridge, and scarcely at all true of Oxford. The ordinary honours course at Oxford is formed, not on scientific principles, but on practical grounds, with a view to giving men what is supposed to be the best training for them. And at both Oxford and Cambridge, apart from the official regulations, there is a strong force of tradition, which practically governs teachers and taught. We must never forget that Oxford and Cambridge are not merely seats of learning, but also places of education, where men are trained not in knowledge only but in character and will, and fitted for work in the great world. It is the
desire

desire to form not only minds but faculties, which has developed the educational systems of the two Universities. In this respect they stand almost alone in the University world. And if the courses of training which they encourage are as fit for women as for men, then women must be like men not only in mind but in character and in function in the world. Oxford and Cambridge are great democracies which govern themselves for certain ends, which are more or less generally recognized. And those who are unfit to take part in the working of a democracy cannot be true children of those Universities.

There is another aspect of the matter on which we must briefly touch, the financial. We have already seen that financial necessities have lain at the roots of the co-education of Western America. At Oxford and Cambridge financial necessities push in the opposite direction. Every one knows how the revenues of the Universities have fallen off, until within the last twenty years they have passed from riches to poverty. At the same time, the expenditure necessary for the provision of apparatus, laboratories, museums, and books for the study of science and art has increased rapidly. The two Universities find themselves in the position of being actually unable properly to provide for the needs of many of their students. Compared with the Universities of the Continent, and even with new institutions like the Science College of Newcastle, they are at a considerable disadvantage. This being the case, it is clearly impossible to admit to the privileges of University study a large and growing number of women. For a very few of the best room might be made. But for the training of less advanced women new laboratories and fresh apparatus are a necessity. And these must be provided from some fresh source. The higher education of women is a new movement, and requires new endowments.

It would be somewhat rash, moreover, to assume that Oxford and Cambridge could receive and assimilate a large number of women students, without being by their influence drawn out of their natural course. However willing the women may be to put off the feminine elements of mind and character, they cannot do so wholly. Their special needs will drive them even unconsciously in certain directions, and the Universities will be called on to provide teaching and examinations more exactly adapted to meeting those needs. In these and in other ways the position of Oxford and Cambridge as the embodiments of a distinctively manly spirit will be sapped. The Oxford Professor of Poetry recently suggested to his University as a good motto, 'We pursue culture in a manly spirit.' Would the motto

motto be as stirring if it were modified into, 'We pursue culture in an epicene spirit?' Amiel's words, 'Dès qu'un homme, un peuple, une littérature, une époque, s'efféminent, ils s'abaissent et s'amoindrissent,' are true of any University.

Not only would the concession of further privileges to the women injure the Universities, but our contention is, though the contention may seem a bold one, that even the present degree of connexion between the women's colleges and the Universities is by no means an unmixed good. The close reliance of the women in all matters on their University friends has an enervating effect on them.

We are not among those who regret the establishment of women's colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. The gain thence resulting to the education of women generally has been so great that any disadvantages which may have arisen are outweighed. As Professor Marshall has written, women—

'needed to learn to prefer thorough work, even when confined within narrow limits, to unsound work spread over a wide area; to go straight to the central difficulties of whatever study they had in hand, and to be quite frank with themselves as to whether they had conquered those difficulties or not. Cambridge is helping them to get this training; and perhaps there is no other single fact of which Cambridge men have more reason to be proud.'

This is strong language, but perhaps not too strong. A great force was needed to break the routine and correct the superficiality of the girls' education of twenty years ago. Oxford and Cambridge, especially the latter, supplied that force. No wonder that the gratitude of the highly educated women of to-day to the two Universities is so pronounced. We cannot, however, allow that that influence, even in the past, has been wholly good. It has done what nothing else could have done; but it has not, as we think, succeeded in directing the education of girls when improved in type into the true channels. It has provided means, but it could not be expected to find ideals.

The time has certainly come for a reconsideration of the situation. The graduates of Oxford and Cambridge have in general no ill-will towards the women's colleges; but they decidedly object to their indefinite expansion in connexion with the Universities. They must be encouraged and even urged to move in the direction of greater independence.

As matters stand at present, the education of women at the Universities is a headless body or a truncated cone. Every facility is offered to those who wish to undertake the severest courses of study and research. But these courses lead to almost nothing, and they can lead to little until the teaching of the
women's

women's colleges is made more independent. At present it is dominated by the professorial and tutorial teaching of Oxford and Cambridge. The resident lecturers of Newnham and Girton are apt to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' and have scarcely a chance of winning position and distinction. They are dwarfed by the contiguity of the magnificent teaching staffs of the Universities, to a place in which they can never attain. Several branches of study, especially suitable for feminine pursuit, may be named, in which women could be found thoroughly qualified to take the highest position and to form schools of ambitious and effective students. In America such women would have a career in the separate women's Universities. In England they have less chance, and the talents which have been formed by the highest University teaching wither for want of opportunity. Only by a women's college which was independent and self-reliant could a career be opened to these ladies, who are intellectually the strength of their sex, but who are at present almost a wasted force.

There is also a marked want of correspondence between the present University training of women and the work which lies open to them in after life. This work in the great majority of cases consists in teaching. The *curricula* of girls' schools have, it is true, been modified by University influence, but they have not been so far altered that it is possible to set a teacher to instruct in one or two subjects only. Hence the University-trained woman commonly finds that her knowledge is too intensive and not extensive enough. She learns to look down on much of the teaching which falls to her, and has no chance of finding pupils who will make demands on her highest knowledge. University women have long ago learned to object to taking places as governesses. Many of them now complain bitterly of having to teach in an ordinary school.

But is it to be wished that girls' schools should be further modified after the model of boys' schools, so as to afford a better field for the University woman? We do not hold this view. No doubt we are here reaching controverted questions, since our views as to what the education of girls ought to be must depend on our notions of what girls themselves ought to be. And here we reach a region where the course of argument is hampered by feeling and aspiration and passion. Some people think that the education of girls at all ages ought to be the same as that of boys. Some people, at the other extreme, think that the only suitable education for girls is that of a convent, and that their main business is, as the Greeks thought, to behave modestly. Since the old landmarks gave way, the education

education of girls has been in a state of chaos, and the recent introduction of Latin and Greek into the *curriculum* has made the chaos more chaotic still.

One point, however, seems quite clear. To anyone who has seriously considered the facts of sex in the light of physiology and psychology, it must appear extremely improbable that an education which duly fits girls for women's duties can be identical with an education which fits boys for the duties of men. Either sex is an appalling blunder, or else it must have been intended that each sex should have its own work to do, not merely in the physical economy of the race, but also in the social and intellectual world.

So in a time of transition, a time of unsettlement of all that has been fixed by belief, by custom, and by tradition, it is of paramount importance to guard against a hasty and premature decision in such profound questions as the ideals of human nature and the relations of the sexes. In the case of girls' education there is an obvious danger that the influence of the sex which is after all the stronger may draw women for a time away from that which it is their duty and their privilege to preserve. It is beyond all things important to prevent the education of girls from being dragged helplessly in the wake of the education of boys. Time alone, together with the rise among us of positive principles and ideals of womanhood, can determine what are the true lines which should be followed in the education for life of our girls. The flinging to the winds of convention and propriety, the contempt for what has hitherto been regarded as the crown of women's life, may be a necessary condition of human progress. But in itself it is not progress, but reversion or degeneration. This degeneration has gone so far among more highly educated and prominent women, that they know not whither to drive, unless they follow strictly in the lines traced by men.

There can be no doubt, as we have already allowed, that the recent changes in girls' education, and especially the influence of the great women's colleges at Cambridge and at Oxford, have had beneficial effects in some directions. The teaching of girls has become more systematic and scientific; they have learned what they have learned far more thoroughly. Hence, as is very natural, the great majority of the head mistresses at High Schools regard with gratitude the encouragement which Cambridge in particular has given to women who follow the regular Cambridge courses. Not unnaturally also they expect from more complete recognition at the Universities, a fuller measure of the same advantages. But it must be pointed out that,

that, though possibly at the time thoroughness and science in teaching was most readily to be acquired by a connexion with the older universities, yet it does not follow that an indefinite drawing closer of that connexion is desirable. When once science and thoroughness have been acquired in the teaching at girls' schools, there seems no reason why these same qualities should not mark a scheme of education better fitted to the needs of girls than are those of essentially male Universities. When one observes how ready women are to entrust the future of their education to Oxford and Cambridge, one cannot help being oddly reminded of Mrs. Bardell in 'Pickwick':—

'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation.'

Flattering as the confidence is to graduates of the Universities, it is somewhat embarrassing. Most of them have an uneasy feeling that they are scarcely prepared with a light heart to tack on in perpetuity the whole of women's education to that of their male pupils. In the debate at Cambridge, already mentioned, several speakers on the side of the women's degrees spoke of a Women's University as the goal of their desires for the future. It must not be forgotten that we are at the dividing of the ways, and that, if even titular degrees had been granted to women, it would have become almost impossible at any future time to loosen the connexion thus cemented. Women would have found their ideal in education, as in old days in marriage, on the lines of mere obedience.

We must briefly sum up the results of our consideration of the interests involved in the question of university organization for women. We hold it to be in the true interest, alike of the Universities, of girls' education, and even of the college-trained women themselves, that a new departure should be organized on lines specially adapted to meet female needs.

To say that this is to the interest of Oxford and Cambridge is almost a truism, except to those who desire that these Universities should be mixed. If it is desirable that the education of men and women should not be identical, then it is desirable that the different schemes of education should be controlled by different bodies. If Oxford and Cambridge have to educate both men and women, they will begin by sacrificing the education of women to that of men, and they may go on to modify their scheme for education of men through the pressure of female needs.

It is in the interests of girls' education that the course of that education should be regulated, not by the needs of men, but by those of women, that supply and demand should have course, and the future of girls' schools should not be rigidly tied to that of boys.

And it is even in the interests of University women themselves that they should have better opportunities of asserting their tendencies and talents, and not be strictly subordinated to male lecturers and to degree examinations.

It would be interesting to ascertain what are the real reasons for which the men and the women who direct women's education at Oxford and Cambridge object to any movement in the direction of autonomy. For a hint on this subject we may turn to a paper recently contributed by Mrs. Fawcett to an English periodical. Mrs. Fawcett states that women are tired of their position of mere privilege at Oxford and Cambridge, and desire a settled status. Here we fully agree with her. But the evil is one which can be easily remedied if women of Mrs. Fawcett's ability give themselves to the task. The only line which is blocked against them is that which leads to incorporation at Oxford and Cambridge. Why not then move for an independent organization? But this Mrs. Fawcett rejects:—

'To set up a University of our own would be a wanton waste of the centuries of experience in the practical work of higher education, of which Oxford and Cambridge are the heirs.'

If this be true, what a stupendous blunder the proposed teaching University of London will be! It will throw away all the experience of Oxford and Cambridge! But why should it not utilize their experience in order to improve upon them? And if we may reasonably expect this from a new London University, surely we might with still more reason expect it from a new Women's University. Oxford and Cambridge are far indeed from perfection; but such as they are they have become by the pressure of male needs, by the persistent effort to fit men to take a man's part in the world. That precisely the same courses will fit women to take a woman's part in the world is scarcely a truism.

Probably the real fear of those women who oppose the institution of a new Women's University is that the result may be a temporary lowering of the standard of attainment. They feel that public demand would not be exacting enough to establish the level of education for which they long, and so they wish to keep it up by artificial means. Their instrument for raising the standard is a curiously vicious circle. Girls at school

school must be prepared to take the examinations instituted for undergraduates, because these are the only higher courses open to women; and women at the Universities must be trained to teach these subjects in the large girls' schools. Those who assert that girls ought to have an education of their own, and that degrees should be given to women on such terms as would fit them for conducting such education, are denounced.

No student or lover of knowledge can fail to sympathize in some degree with this fear of lowering the standard through altering the course. But so long as women fear to meet this risk, so long they will remain in matters of education in a merely subordinate and parasitic position. So long they will decline the task of seeking for the ideal training for women, and refuse to the community the help and direction which it might expect from them. Imitation is sincere flattery; but flattery is good neither for him that gives nor him that takes. And if the result of raising the standard of education is only to obscure the radical differences between the genius of men and the genius of women, the standard had better not be raised.

By all means let highly educated women give themselves to the task of keeping up the standard of female education. We only suggest that they should do so, not by risking an injury to our great Universities, but by converting their countrymen and countrywomen. Instead of attempting this task, which they apparently regard as hopeless, they have hit upon the expedient of attaching the education of women to that of men as closely as they can. And then they wish to bring to bear upon their recalcitrant colleagues the whole force of the University connexion. They want to use the prestige of the Universities to support a view of women's education which is psychologically false, and which is repugnant to the great mass of University graduates. If Oxford and Cambridge would consent, these theorists would crush by the weight of the authority of those Universities the opposition, sometimes latent, sometimes openly expressed, to the plan of dragging women's education in the wake of that of men.

It is with regret that we speak so plainly. For the leaders of the movement in women's education we have all possible respect. But the matter is much too serious for temporizing language. The Universities must definitely refuse to be thus used to enforce a view of education in which not one graduate in six believes. And at last, though all possible pains have been taken to conceal the true issues, the two Universities have made up their minds, and taken decisive action. The question

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is no longer whether women will be admitted as members of our older Universities, but what sort of organization for the women's colleges will definitely dissociate them from the Universities, and start them in a new direction, though they start with all good will and good wishes.

The plan of a new University for Women has found many and able advocates in the press. Ten years ago Dr. Browne, at present Bishop of Bristol, suggested that the time was come for such an institution. But the proposal was met by determined opposition from the authorities of Newnham and Girton, who then supposed that their incorporation in the University of Cambridge was only a question of time. Of late several schemes of various kinds have been brought forward by the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Strachan-Davidson, and others. Hitherto these schemes have been treated as alternatives to full recognition of women by Oxford and Cambridge; but now, since the prospect of such recognition has almost faded away, they claim our most serious attention.

A new organization might arise in either of two ways. Either a separate and independent Women's University might be established, or else the existing women's colleges, Newnham, Girton, Somerville, and the rest; might combine to form a federal University on the lines of that established for Wales.

If the existing college founded by Mr. Holloway possessed the prestige which attaches to Oxford or Cambridge, if it were in a position to command, by the richness of its endowments, a teaching staff which might make its education worthy of the magnificent buildings, and if it obtained a charter to grant degrees, we should at once have an excellent Women's University. Nothing but advantage could come of such an institution. Even in America, where mixed colleges are common, the separate women's colleges, such as Bryn Mawr and Wellesley, hold their own. But this would furnish us with but a partial solution of our difficulties. For there exist at Oxford and Cambridge large and flourishing colleges for women, the inmates of which could scarcely be sent to Egham.

If these colleges united in federation, and applied for a charter empowering the central authority to grant degrees, women could attain a recognized status and have the dress and the degrees which are, according to the evidence brought forward lately, of so great importance to them. A more powerful and able educational body than the combined councils of these colleges could not be brought together in the country.

It is not for us to determine the functions of the governing body of a federal Women's University. But it is obvious that such

such a body could at once remove all the disadvantages attendant on the present status of Oxford and Cambridge women. Almost all the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge are now open to women. A controlling Board could easily make arrangements for using these facilities, for establishing fresh examinations of a suitable character, for conferring degrees and awarding diplomas. It might impose conditions of residence in colleges or halls, found libraries and laboratories, appoint in each University town lecturers and demonstrators. It might institute or encourage training colleges for teachers. Nor would there be any great difficulty as to funds. The working expenses could be defrayed by fees, and the gifts and endowments which would be sure to flow in, would be used for the construction of buildings, the purchase of apparatus, the endowment of teachers and students. Many Women's Universities have been endowed by wealthy benefactors in America, and we cannot think that such would altogether be wanting in England. Even public grants might fairly be demanded.

Such is the scheme which has been brought forward by Mr. Strachan-Davidson, and which has met with many friends at the Universities. But hitherto it has not won the approbation of the women's colleges, and it is obvious that without their approbation and co-operation it cannot succeed. It is not surprising that the Councils of the women's colleges rejected the plan when their hope was that the Universities would throw open their degrees to women. But now all reasonable people must give up that hope; and since, according to evidence which has been showered on us of late, women suffer alike in reputation and purse from the want of recognized status and of letters to their names, then clearly it is the duty of these Councils to devise some scheme by which these evils may be prevented. If they do not like any scheme yet brought forward, let them produce a better scheme of their own.

The whole force of the resistance to the scheme of a federal Women's University lies in the determination of influential women to attach at all hazards female education to male *curricula* and examinations; and as we have already seen, the spring of this determination lies in the fear that this is the only means of preventing female education from falling to a lower level. We contend that the leaders of women's education, following the easiest but not the highest path, are going counter to the best interests of women and the permanent laws of human nature. Woman, alike in body, mind, and character, 'is not lesser man, but other.' At the moment, many able women think that it is possible to follow masculine ideas in education,

education, in habit, in practical life, and yet to be true to their own nature. In the long run this is impossible.

We are quite alive to the circumstances and tendencies of the age. The life of women, like that of men, must be expanded and deepened. And, to come to a lower level, the number of women who will never marry, and who have to make for themselves a career and a living is steadily increasing. There is an immense supply of women, gently nurtured and well educated, who are anxious to find employment by which they may support themselves and very often dependent relatives. Such women not unnaturally press into any opening in the ranks of employment; and even when such employment puts them in a relation to the world which is unpleasant, they steel themselves to bear the unpleasantness for the sake of their friends, and for the sake, as they often feel, of 'the cause.'

Those who come in contact with the independent woman, with what has been well called the 'glorified spinster,' must feel in how many ways she puts the sterner sex to shame. In teachableness, in loyalty, in kindliness of friendship, in desire to act for the good of society, these working women far surpass men of the same class. The religious teacher or moral enthusiast who should really reach and touch them would dispose of a force and a spring of devotion such as the world has rarely known. A social movement which aroused their enthusiasm would be unlikely to fail. The pressure for employment of this class has certainly in some directions made for the good of society. In studying the diseases of women and children, in raising the standard of sick-nursing, in organizing work among the helpless poor, these women have done a great work. In many branches of intellectual labour, such as the compiling of statistics, the control of libraries, the improvement of taste in outward things, they have done much, and may do far more.

Nevertheless we must be allowed to point out that this pressure, unless regulated with some wisdom, may have effects of a very far-reaching kind. We have already seen how a skilled German observer has pointed out that the crowding of women in Western America into learned employments has been accompanied by their desertion of some fields which women have ordinarily occupied. Something of the same kind may be seen among ourselves. In a thousand ways which need not be mentioned, women of the educated classes have always contributed to the ease, the grace and the happiness of life. What life would be without such gentle ministration we do not care to think. But there is undoubtedly and necessarily a tendency in education such as the best educated women now

pass through to make them regard these functions as somewhat beneath them. If they do not go this length, they fancy that they can give all their best attention to men's subjects and have time and energy over for the refinement and cheering of the life of those about them. For a few, such double direction of the life may be possible; but for the mass of ordinary women it is not so. The stream of energy in ordinary people is neither deep nor broad, and it will irrigate but a little field. If it is mainly directed to the brain, some other organs will feel the loss. Nor can one generation draw heavily upon the reserves of force stored in the race without condemning the next generation to feebleness. This is a matter which we must leave to physiologists; but little heed is taken by the directors of women's education of the teachings of physiology and psychology.

Competition between educated women and educated men acts in two directions. In the first place it tends to expel men from the teaching profession, as is the case in America. It seems also to drive them into engineering and practical science, and to make them neglect literature and polite culture, as we see in our own northern Universities. It thus tends undoubtedly to barbarism. But the effect on women themselves is far more fatal. One woman in twenty may hold her own in competition with men, and enjoy the fuller liberty, but for the other nineteen the extinction of chivalrous feeling towards their sex means pure degradation and destruction. And this is the result of intersexual competition. At the moment this is less clear, because women in America, owing to very peculiar circumstances, have been able to retain their position of superiority to men while at the same time claiming equality. But nothing can be more certain than that in the long run women who claim equality must lose the exceptional and privileged position which they hold in the educated classes of all Christian countries. We have had a valuable object-lesson in the behaviour of the undergraduates of Cambridge on the occasion of the voting on the question of degrees for women. That average young Englishmen of twenty should even for a day be insulting and caricaturing women of their own age is a phenomenon which opens our eyes. We do not for a moment justify the bad behaviour of the young men, but as observers we think it likely that, in future, similar causes will produce similar results.

None but a charlatan would pretend that he was prepared with a key to all the problems presented by the effects of modern conditions on the relations of the sexes. We see on one side the need of expansion of the life of women, which can scarcely fail to bring them into collision with men, and we see on the other

other side the terrible evils which must result from such collision. Things must take their course, which will be eventually determined by the laws of human nature slowly acting. All that educators can hope to do is to diminish friction, to direct the energy of women into paths where it will be least destructive of social progress and of womanly prerogative. There cannot possibly arise such a cleavage between men and women as exists in some countries between higher and lower social or industrial ranks. Every marriage is a social experiment in which the mutual relations of a man and a woman are worked out, and under existing laws they are worked out on a basis of equality; and men and women who do not marry, live most of their lives under the shadow of marriage.

Meanwhile a great movement is on foot which has its freest course in the Western States of America, a movement which leads to extreme laxity in divorce, to the institution of female clergy, and to many other aberrations. It is a phase of the tendency which leads women to wear men's clothes, to play men's games, to smoke, and to advocate relaxations of the ties of marriage and maternity. Against some of these aberrations there is now a strong reaction in the Eastern States of America, and it can scarcely be a mere coincidence that in these Eastern States opinion is strongly setting against co-education, and in favour of separate Women's Universities. Under present conditions, nothing can be more important to women as a whole than to make a stand against the insidious process of gradual assimilation of girls' education to boys' which is going on around us. And to grant women degrees at Oxford and Cambridge would remove almost the only strong barrier existing in this country against this process. It would be a long step in the direction of securing in England, at least in education, the temporary triumph of the sexual ideals of Western America.

Our programme, therefore, is to allow to very exceptional women exceptional facilities at Oxford and Cambridge, but to place ordinary women under the direction of a new University, which shall consider their special needs, and the good of women as a whole. It would be indeed unwise if our older Universities turned aside from their proper vocation, which is quite onerous enough, in order to unfit ordinary women for womanly tasks and to misdirect the education of girls.

ART. XI.—1. *Forty-one Years in India.* By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. London, 1897.

2. *Asiatic Neighbours.* By S. S. Thorburn. London, 1894.

3. *The North-Western Provinces of India.* By W. Crooke. London, 1897.

OF all books ever written about India, none has been so extensively read in England as 'Forty-one Years in India,' by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. And this success is deserved, for its merits are many, whilst its faults are few, the reader being carried through stories of service, adventure, or gossip told with an indefinable charm, the secret of which goes far to make the author the most popular soldier of the day. At the present crisis, moreover, the wide circulation of his volumes must be the more satisfactory to Lord Roberts, because it has awakened interest about India amongst persons prone to sleep when questions concerning that country are discussed, thus doing good service to the land of his adoption. Events of serious importance are happening there which demand the application of remedies by local authorities, who in turn require the support of intelligent opinion at home.

Description of the scenes which were enacted during the Mutiny naturally led Lord Roberts to enquire what brought it about, whether there is any chance of a similar rising in the future, and how an event so deplorable can best be prevented. These questions are of permanent importance; and his views, being those of an experienced soldier with unique opportunities for forming a just judgment, are entitled to the greatest respect. We propose therefore to examine them, to compare them carefully with those expressed by other qualified officers, civil and military, and to consider the various matters in the light shed on them by recent events.

Now our profit in searching for the causes of the Mutiny forty years ago is chiefly that we may avoid the errors then committed, and apply its lessons to solve the question whether revolt in India is now a possibility, and how it may best be prevented or met.

Taking the last enquiry first, the reply is obvious—by superior force. That was a lesson learnt in 1857, and it has not been forgotten. As regards internal rising within probable limits, our strength to crush it is immeasurably greater than it was then; external conditions, which must not be neglected for they may form important factors, will be considered hereafter when examining what may be called India's foreign policy.

But the other is by far the more important question; for by
wise

wise measures wisely administered not only may revolt be avoided, but the respect of all and perhaps the affection of some of the inhabitants of India may be gained, to the vast improvement of our position as one of the great Powers of the world. Granting this, let us glance at the various causes which brought the Mutiny about, and see, if possible, whether we have been careful to avoid falling into the old errors. But first it is well to say that we do not agree with those who hold that the outbreak was purely military, the result of bad management of the Sepoys. Lord Lawrence, we believe, was inclined to that view, which has commended itself to less distinguished members of his service; but others, as capable of judging, hold, with justice, that whilst the actual revolt was in the army, discontent which led up to it was spread throughout the land, chiefly, as it happened, in the parts whence Sepoys were largely recruited. These were tampered with by agitators, as any army is sure to be when revolution is desired, and by the incredible stupidity and folly of our military management offence was given to the Sepoy, whilst at the same time the number of British soldiers was reduced.

Discontent, which is always present, was then serious because there were many reasons for the feeling, some valid according to our notions, some not, but all potent for mischief. Thus grievances real and imaginary, acting on a generation which had forgotten or never known the evils of former anarchy and oppression, were used by intriguers to spread disaffection. These intriguers were mainly members of the aristocracy whom our democratic policy had offended, or Brahmins quick to see that their power and influence would pass away if our measures succeeded. There was therefore much combustible matter collected in various places, the spark was applied and explosion followed, extinction being a long and painful process. But the evil was not unmitigated; for, setting aside the material benefits to India towards which the Mutiny contributed, the storm cleared the air, and the quiet and content of the next twenty years were largely due to a lively appreciation of the inconveniences attached to rebellion. We also, as rulers, gained from experience—the army has been reorganized; endeavour has been made, successfully it may be hoped, to attach the Ruling Chiefs to our Empire; and for a time after the catastrophe we abstained from introducing uncongenial Western ideas to Eastern minds.

But as time goes on, the lesson of retribution is forgotten by the rebellious, and the need of wisdom and firmness is less present than it was to those who should rule.

Another

Another twenty years have passed, and it is forced on the notice even of the least observant that the spirit of unrest is moving over the land, and that symptoms are not wanting of a development from the chronic disease of discontent to its acute form. What has brought this about is a natural enquiry, and though it is difficult to reply in few words, we believe that it arises from attempting government according to Western democratic ideas, a result of increasing interference by Parliament on party lines. For clearness' sake it is necessary to expand this definition, and show some of the more important considerations which it covers. Here it may be well to point out that the principle involved in deprecating all but the most cautious advance on Western lines is anything but new; wise men foresaw the danger long ago, and though during periods of quiet it is forgotten, no sooner is caution disregarded than local mischief results, and when the cause is searched for the ancient wisdom is rediscovered. Take an instance, dating from 1841, when George Broadfoot, a very able man, wrote:—

‘In distant situations much discretion is necessarily left to the local authorities, and in critical circumstances the necessary self-possession and nice balance of judgment are hardly to be looked for where the fear of ruin for life is felt, if the opinion formed does not coincide with that of a superior a thousand miles off. . . . It will be long before India can be safely committed to a Minister; a changing party-riven House of Commons is no check, or rather would pervert a well-intentioned Minister.’ (*‘The Career of Major Broadfoot, C.B.,’* p. 22.)

Again, in 1845, the same officer, then in charge of our relations with the Sikhs, writing to Sir Henry Hardinge's son and private secretary, remarked (p. 334):—

‘But even rumours are mischievous, now that we are, I think, on the eve of seeing a new phase of Indian politics, arising from the tendency of the Native Powers to look rather to London than to the Government of India . . . it is the natural result of the increased communication with Europe, and unless met by extreme caution and firmness at home, as well as by care to strengthen the hands of the Government of India, it may lead to results which even the ablest man, practically unversed in Indian business, could not anticipate.’

If communication between England and India was then increased, what is it now, when the telegraph is available for any purpose, and persons, including conspirators, with reams of prepared evidence, can be brought to London and sent back to Bombay within a few weeks?

It is interesting to compare these old remarks with what Lord
Lansdowne,

Lansdowne, one of the best of recent Viceroys, said in 1894 before quitting office :—

‘ Another danger, again, and I am not sure that it is not the greatest of all, seems to me to lie in the tendency to transfer power from the Government of India to the British Parliament. I admit that in a country of democratic institutions Parliament must be the ultimate source and depository of power. In an extreme case there is no act of the executive, British or Indian, which can be removed beyond its control. The Viceroy and Secretary of State have alike to reckon with it, and there is no escape from its authority. It does not, however, follow that because these powers are inherent in Parliament, they should be perpetually exercised by it; and it is the modern tendency to exercise those powers continually, and at the instance of irresponsible persons, which in my belief constitutes a grave menace to the safety of the Empire. I suppose all students of political science will admit that the tendency of the Legislature to usurp the functions of the Executive Government is one of the most dangerous tendencies of the present age. It is specially dangerous when the subject of those usurpations is the government of such a dependency of the Crown as the Indian Empire, and when the policy of a body, which is admittedly a body of experts, is liable at any moment to be thwarted and set aside by another body which must, in the nature of things, be deficient in expert knowledge, and which, in recent years, has shown a constantly increasing tendency to be swayed by emotion and enthusiasm.’

And he went on to deprecate ignorant interference and to show how an erratic member in a thin House might carry some resolution most dangerous to the welfare of India.

Our definition also covers the danger arising from the constitution of the Government of India, which, in respect to local governments, is at once over-centralized, overbearing, and over-worked. The remedy is to decentralize, and to modify the Secretariat by admitting men trained in the districts and therefore in touch with the people.

Now there are many measures we Englishmen believe to be for the welfare of humanity which are obnoxious in different degrees to the people of India. Some of them, such as the prevention of suttee, of female infanticide, and the infliction of capital punishment for murder irrespective of caste, we are prepared to enforce; others but a degree less urgent, as sanitary reform, the prevention of disease, of famine, and the conservancy of forests, are difficult to deal with, our treatment of them being viewed by many natives with dismay and displeasure as involving direct offence to their religion, as acts which seem to them impious, and as interference with time-honoured custom, all of which they consider to be deliberate breaches

breaches of their Magna Charta the Queen's Proclamation. It is manifest that improvements should be made with the greatest caution, and that the personal influence and tact of the ruler in introducing such reforms are of the utmost importance. But our administrative officers now-a-days have neither the same influence nor intimacy with the people and the districts as of old, and that is caused partly by altered circumstances, such as the increased facilities for visiting Europe, and partly by changes we have made whereby law precedes justice and the country is taxed to maintain an uncongenial system. Here unquestionably we have travelled on a wrong road, and if we cannot vastly improve the present system, all wisdom and common-sense point towards retracing our steps (a disagreeable and difficult matter) and reconverting the officers from tax-gatherers and judges, as they are now chiefly known to the people, to their former condition of trusted friends and patriarchal rulers. Here we have a real grievance, though one which may be redressed if we face it honestly and with courage; but its roots go deep, and its branches spread wide.

The evil, though not caused by it, has increased since the competitive system was introduced; those who remember the change can call to mind the influx of lawyers and others, men of talent but more democratic in their ways than those whom they followed, and in cases without the taste for out-of-door life and sport which formed a valuable bond between rulers and ruled. At first the effect was slight and administration followed the former lines, but as years elapsed the old order passed away, and there appeared another element in the service which certainly has not universally tended to its elevation. Able natives, chiefly mild Hindus, have passed for the Civil Service and are appointed in the usual way; but a less desirable native element has been introduced as 'statutory civilians.' Both classes are admitted under the provision in the Queen's Proclamation, which desires—

'That, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be fairly and impartially admitted to our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity, to perform.'

This sentiment, as we understand the clause, requires neither defence nor modification; selection for service is to be made impartially from all Her Majesty's subjects provided they may be qualified to perform the duties involved. Just so; but because a man has passed the test of education does it follow that he has the qualities comprehended in ability to face responsibilities

bilities with which he may at any moment be confronted? Assuredly not; yet this consideration seems to be overlooked. Not education alone, but also unquestioned integrity, loyalty and devotion to the service, moral and physical courage, are necessary qualifications for ordinary appointments held by members of the Civil Service. Their duties may and often must require them to face open dangers, like soldiers in the field; moral dangers have to be met; and they have also to encounter the equally deadly perils of disease; hitherto we are proud to say such services have been performed as a rule with noble devotion. Mr. Crooke recalls to mind how Alan Hume and Claremont Daniel, in the face of tremendous odds, attacked the temple at Jaswantnagar; how Brand Sapte, Turnbull, Melville, and Alfred Lyall, charged the guns at Bulandshahr; and how John Power at Mainpuri, reported to the Sadr Court that the file of a riot case 'prepared after the last and most approved fashion, and thickened with false evidence, is an excellent article of defence, and has by experience been found to be bullet-proof.'* He further tells us of many other civilians who held their posts and maintained the Queen's authority when surrounded by hosts of enemies.

Will any person with knowledge of the subject affirm that the natives referred to are, equally with their English fellow-subjects, able to face such situations? If not, why is the provision of the Proclamation overlooked and allowed to become a dead letter? Why are these persons after appointment chiefly kept in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and within these Local Governments have they proved a success? Since the junior posts have been made over to them has a collector the hold on his district which he used to have and which is essential in time of disturbance? can he rely on the truth of the reports he may receive and on his orders being obeyed as when his subordinates were Englishmen? He may more reasonably expect that if the duty is disagreeable the Babu will become indisposed, or will appeal for military protection when half a dozen policemen might sufficiently vindicate the majesty of the law.

That native aspirants for appointments to the Civil Service should be of proved courage and honesty may reasonably be demanded; and though this is not the place to discuss details, the ingenuity of those concerned should be equal to providing a test. No danger to the peace and prosperity of India is greater than the weakening of European influence by the excessive admission of Asiatics to the public service.

* 'The N.W. Provinces of India,' p. 185.

The members of the Indian Civil Service, however, of whatever nationality, must not be wholly blamed for the loss of cordiality with the people and intimacy with the country; the elaborate legal machine wants simplifying, and its workers must be freed from the bondage of office so as to be able to see and be seen. This has long been urged by the most distinguished servants of Government, nevertheless year by year the system has become more intricate, more widely applied, and the mischief resulting from it more serious. The case is hardly overstated by Mr. Thorburn, whose able volume,* published in 1894, seems to have furnished the text for much subsequent writing, though perhaps to experts a good deal of its information is matter of common knowledge. See what he says:—

‘The change from the patriarchal system to the intricate uniformity of the present reign of law was perhaps inevitable, but it is nevertheless disapproved by the people. They are astute enough to see that the elaborate legal machinery of the civilized West benefits the rich and intelligent at the expense of the poor and ignorant. What the latter want is cheap equity and rapid finality; what they get is costly unintelligible law, which often ruins them before finality is attained. To them the sympathetic face and rough justice of the personal ruler is preferable to the refined law of the judicial Sphinxes of to-day, whose elaborate decisions do not follow “equity and good conscience,” but the arguments of the more persuasive pleader, supported by the most recent rulings of a Chief or High Court. . . .’†

‘The existing fabric has been gradually evolved in the last thirty-five years by a succession of able lawyers versed in the systems of Europe, but ignorant of the sentiments of the Indian peoples. . . .’

‘What is wanted to bring our system of civil justice more into accord with the feeling of agricultural India, is a large restriction in the classes of disputes cognizable by our Courts, a simplification in procedure, and when the decree is in favour of a non-agriculturist, the exclusion of arable land altogether, and of more than a fixed proportion of the produce from attachment and sale on executions.’‡

The sooner something of this sort is done the better, for our system of land revenue and law, though well intentioned, has resulted over a great part of India in the degradation of the landowner and cultivator and the elevation of the usurer. The former was master, and in many parts of India is a fighting man; the latter was servant and is of an unwarlike class; but he lends money on the security of the land. When repayment cannot be made a suit follows, and our courts become the means

* ‘Asiatic Neighbours.’

† *Ibid.*, p. 9.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 10.
whereby.

whereby the timid defeats the brave, and knavery triumphs over what is comparatively honest stupidity. This

'transference of right, and with it power, to the once despised but now feared and sometimes detested Bunnia class, is peculiarly galling. The feeling of bitterness with which those warlike tribes are, with seeming apathy, submitting to the change, exists everywhere, and is known to every experienced settlement and district officer.' (*'Asiatic Neighbours,'* p. 13.)

Government is blamed for the change, and indirectly the blame is deserved. Thus our inequitable system is working evil amongst the people and preparing them for the reception of ideas which must increase the latent discontent and may supply the spark which would convert it to active revolt.

At the same time the Bunnia, or banker, is indispensable, his work cannot be done by the State; but he should be kept in his place, the exorbitant interest he charges should be regulated, and the improvident cultivator should be protected from his unscrupulous finance. If this is done a serious danger may be averted; but in addition a thorough reformation of our system of law in the direction of making it cheaper and of restricting appeal, cannot but have the best results. It is idle to say that change in this direction is impossible; no doubt it is difficult and would be strongly opposed, but it should none the less be undertaken. That the matter is urgent the following notice from the '*Times*,' June 9, 1897, may be taken as proof:—

'The Government of India has addressed a letter to the Government of Bengal on the increase of litigation. Reference is made to the enormous and apparently increasing number of appeals in civil suits. The figures show that there are appeals in about 30 per cent. of the contested cases in India, and that there are 240 appeals in India for every one in England from inferior courts. The Government of India suggests the present license of almost unlimited appeal may be considerably reduced with advantage to the litigants themselves, as well as to the Courts. Under the existing system the Courts of first instance feel no responsibility beyond escaping the censure of the Courts above them, to which they know their decisions will be appealed, and the High Courts, in their turn, instead of having the leisure for the deliberate disposal of really important issues, are burdened with a host of petty and often frivolous cases, which should be settled by Courts of a lower dignity. It is recognized that the circumstances are so various that it might not be expedient to lay down a uniform rule, and that much must depend on the relative trustworthiness and legal attainments of the lower Courts, and much, too, on the habits and wishes of the people. But, so far as Bengal is concerned, the Government of India recommends to the consideration

consideration of the Lieutenant-Governor a series of suggestions designed to restrict the right of appeal.'

This looks like a move in the proper direction, and the remarks may well be considered by all local governments in India. It is undoubtedly true and can scarcely be too strongly impressed on those concerned, that the cultivator, the yeoman, is the pillar of the State. If left alone and troubled as little as possible with new-fangled measures, if moderately assessed and reasonably protected, he will be content. Added to this, if the costs of suits could be reduced, and if more cases could be disposed of by the old and excellent method of *pancháyats*,* or village councils, he might even become grateful.

A saving in public expenditure would result from the policy above proposed, and proportionately the dangers of over-taxation would be avoided. Though such risks must be reckoned when considering causes of discontent, finance is a subject so vast that it may only be alluded to here; yet the saving above indicated, with retrenchment in the home charges, where it is urgently required, and elsewhere, might with advantage be effected, the more so as military charges may necessarily increase rather than decrease owing to external circumstances.

Another serious source of disaffection results from our efforts on behalf of education; instead of confining them to limits approximately proportioned to the requirements of the people, we go out of our way to supply higher class teaching in English, regarding which the following remarks by Mr. Crooke, though written concerning the North-West Provinces, are applicable in most other parts of India:—

'At present the youth, who has been trained in the higher learning mainly at the public cost, looks to the local authorities for an appointment; in fact, almost claims as a right that due provision should be made for his support in after life. This tends to give undue prominence to the public service as a career in preference to trade or other industrial pursuits. It imposes a serious burden on the official class which they should not be forced to assume, and it tends to create a class of discontented semi-educated men, who are a standing reproach and almost a menace to the administration.

'It is this class which supplies the writers to the vernacular press of the country—a body of journalists who, to use the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, are "full of the flippant loquacity of half knowledge." It is easy to say that the circulation of these papers is small, and their influence slight among the illiterate masses; but it cannot tend to the well-being of the country that the acts of its

* *Pancháyats* failed in Western India but succeeded in the North, whether by reason of distinction of race or difference of supervision we cannot say.

rulers should be habitually misrepresented, and its officers constantly vilified with practical impunity.'

No doubt exceptions exist, and there are some well-conducted native newspapers, but that press is largely in the hands of those indicated, who living on blackmail extorted from native princes, and other persons of respectable social position, indulge their spleen by the invention and publication of false news intended to excite sedition.

How far their efforts reach is a question on which opinions differ, but that their influence is baneful cannot be doubted. That the circulation of newspapers is as yet inconsiderable is no trustworthy measure of the extent to which the news has spread. In the East this takes place in a marvellous manner, defeating the post and almost rivalling the telegraph—how, we know not; but in the same way one man, armed with a paper, may recite, after the fashion of the bard or story-teller of former days over the village fire or under the fig-tree, the insidious tales of oppression, of dishonour, and of interference with their religion, manufactured to suit an audience ready to believe what is alleged. And quite naturally too; no Asiatic can for a moment conceive that such slander would be allowed unless either it was true, or the Government so miserably weak as to be afraid to punish the offenders.

In dealing with insubordination and treason the Government of Bombay has probably a harder task than is elsewhere experienced; for not only are the Mahratta Brahmins seditiously inclined, but their part of the country is the birthplace of the Indian National Congress, the so-called cow-protecting societies, and other institutions adapted for appeal to fanaticism. Certain members of these have the support of some of the Radical Party in Parliament, and more than is imagined of their plans and policy may originate in London. The suggestion is worth consideration, for to permit treason to be manufactured here with impunity, and to call for its punishment when exported to India is anomalous and inconsistent.

So far as we can judge, civil officers attach more importance to the mischief done by the vernacular press than military officers, because the evil is more prominently brought to their notice. Some of the former, indeed, consider dissemination of false news to be more dangerous than seditious attacks on Government, because the connexion between riot and misrepresentation is established; but we must recollect that the abuse of public men and measures, which is in this country a pastime, is in India a danger. Whilst considering the evils resulting from press licence, it is right to state that amendments
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in the Indian Codes are required; among the weak points are the classification of cases triable by jury, whereby political murderers are screened, and the law of libel. Also as a sign of the times, the great increase during the last twenty-five years of societies of all sorts known as Anjumán and Sábha should not be overlooked. They exist now, not only in large cities but often at the headquarters of remote districts, and are a result of that ferment in the native mind coexistent with English education, but which at present in Northern India has scarcely reached the peasantry.

The questions of whether the liberty granted to the Press in India, greater than that enjoyed by the most advanced nations of Continental Europe, has been abused, and how far the law of seditious writings as it stands requires amendment, have been forcibly raised by recent occurrences in India. The situation is complicated, but must be faced; and, as in other affairs if courageously met, much of the difficulty will disappear. It may be hoped that the Government of India will not act under the influence of panic, but with due deliberation, and that they will be strongly supported in this country; further, let us trust that the measures adopted may not, like Lord Lytton's Press Act, be repealed to curry favour with party feeling in England or to gain a cheap popularity among the seditious in India.

Another misfortune arising from our system of education in India is the out-turn of a horde of pleaders who contrive to do much mischief. They frequent the Courts, and encourage a people already litigiously inclined to enter on suits which not seldom end in their ruin. Over-population also adds to the elements of disquietude, and the tendency of our rule is to aggravate the situation. No doubt in time the question will be solved; emigration may help, and prudential considerations may prevail, but at present the difficulty must not be overlooked.

Also we have erred from neglecting, if not suppressing, the petty chiefs and persons of family and position throughout the country. In the Punjab that was John Lawrence's policy, as opposed to the methods of his brother Henry Lawrence. We think that most persons who have now to rule in the various parts of India are alive to the mistake which was then made, whereby they are deprived of a valuable means of reaching the people and enlisting their sympathy. Both soldiers in the highest ranks of the army and civil officers of experience regret the loss which prevents them from influencing the people through their natural leaders, and are agreed that many of these persons might be judiciously restored to their former position,
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a policy which would not merely attach them to our side, but would also gratify the people.

In so far then as the various matters brought forward are main causes of discontent it is clear that remedies, which if they cannot cure the evils may at any rate ameliorate them, can be applied. Thus we may abstain from over-government; England may more unreservedly support the Government of India, which in turn may grant a freer hand to Local Governments, and they will wisely entrust district officers with enlarged powers less subject to appeal, and encourage them, as far as may be, to revert to the out-of-door under-tree administration and patriarchal rule which proved so successful in the hands of men like the Lawrences, Edwardes, Nicholson, or James Abbott.

Combined with this, economy is essential, and the burden of taxation should, if possible, be lightened, or at any rate re-adjusted so as to press less on the patient cultivators, and to compel the usurers, pleaders, and other products of the reign of law, who could not maintain themselves for a moment against the more manly and warlike races, were it not for our protection, to contribute on a more liberal scale to the expenses of a Government which they delight to slander, but under whose protection alone they can live and prosper.

Whilst this policy is followed and civil officers, great and small, are impressed with the necessity for combining strength with gentleness and sympathy, the British army must be maintained at least at its present proportion to the Native army, and in both discipline must never be relaxed. If these matters are attended to, and if interference by faddists is discouraged, India will, we believe, be safe from internal danger so long as she is protected from without. To secure her in this respect is the object of her foreign policy, which it is now proposed to consider in some detail.

And first that policy must be divided into two main parts—the negotiations between England and other nations so far as India is concerned, and those of the Government of India with neighbours more or less under control.

Now though we do not overlook the presence of France (a military nation of great power whose navy in point of numbers is next to our own) on our Eastern frontier, yet the menace therefrom to the internal tranquillity of India is neither immediate, nor does it seem just now to call for special precaution. On the other hand, the case is different as regards Russia, who practically is our neighbour on the north and north-west. That great Power, by nature icebound, when seeking expansion
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towards the sea in Europe has mainly been prevented by Britain or by British influence. This was made plain, first by the Crimean War, later by other incidents, and Russia, realizing the circumstances, has spared neither men nor money to secure a position whence she could threaten India, and thus, in a measure, modify or control England's policy in Europe. Though a poor country, she has spent since 1860 a sum of money probably not short of a hundred millions sterling in order to secure contact with our Indian frontier, and this with no prospect of financial return. Here then, without further search, is a measure of the value she sets on obtaining the desired position. The sacrifices she has made, the energy and resolution she has shown in advancing step by step, never permanently retiring, are known to all, and need no description here; suffice it to say that her boundary now is for many miles that of Afghanistan, a State which, under certain conditions, is protected by Great Britain. Hence, in a way, Russia has obtained the desired contact, but not fully; for, though there are doubtless advantages in having a responsible neighbour instead of a host of semi-savages to deal with, yet, on the whole, we were not concerned to hasten the realization of Russian aspirations. Consequently, our policy has been to guard our actual Indian frontier by subsidizing or incorporating outlying States in order that they may act partly as buffers and partly as the outworks in a system of fortification. Of these, Baluchistan and Afghanistan are the chief, and both are of great importance to the defence of India; but their circumstances are different, the former being more easy to deal with than the latter. The Baluchis are generally under the control of their chiefs, whom they respect and trust, not merely with their temporal concerns, but also with their spiritual welfare. The reverse of bigots, if remonstrated with for laxity in religious observance, they will reply, in good faith, that they trust their chief to pray for them. These characteristics, it will readily be seen, render them amenable to management, for, by gaining the respect and good will of the chiefs the tribes may be controlled. It was to a clear perception of this fact that the late Sir Robert Sandeman mainly owed his success as Governor-General's Agent. He reconciled the Khan, or principal ruler, with his confederate chiefs, winning at once their confidence and that of the people, and he secured for the Government of India paramount influence throughout the country and the possession of Quetta, a strong military position commanding the easiest route from Herat to India. Part of the country has since 1887 been incorporated with British India,

India, and is administered on a modification of the system then in force. Lord Lansdowne described the rule as founded on justice, whilst Government exacts neither heavy taxes nor interferes more than need be with the people, and respects their religion and customs. So long as this lasts, all will probably go well; but the endeavour to introduce our Indian system should be carefully watched and checked by the Government of India, for the attempt will most certainly be made; indeed, already the multiplication of courts of justice and the appointment of trained civil servants has begun.

The rest of Baluchistan and the protected Pathan tribes, which dwell west of the Suliman range and south of the country of the Waziris, are under the Agent in some respects. They are governed by their own chiefs or tribal representatives, as far as communities so unruly may be said to be controlled, and in consideration of subsidies and liberal treatment, profess allegiance to the Government of India. Their obedience is necessarily of an elastic nature, more likely to be strained in the case of Pathans than with Baluchis. The former are connected with Afghanistan (the second and principal outwork of British India), and resemble Afghans, for they are in general unruly republicans and fanatical Mohammedans, difficult to control save by force applied in a manner which our training causes us to deem ferocious. But before considering our policy with the Pathan tribes on the frontier, it is well to review our relations with Afghanistan. The importance of that country to India has long been recognized, though the steps taken to make it the strong and friendly barrier contemplated by various authorities have been both singular and unfortunate. There was the first Afghan War, undertaken because the Amir Dost Muhammad was disposed to lean towards Russia when he found that though we asked much from him we would give little in return. We appeared in the country as enemies, and withdrew after suffering great disasters, only partially retrieved. Then there followed a period of inaction, succeeded by a policy of subsidizing the chief and supplying him with munitions of war; but on the occurrence of differences Sher Ali, who had become Amir, promptly turned to Russia, the result being the second Afghan War. Again, we invaded the country, and again we were in haste to retire, leaving our nominee, the present Amir, to establish himself on the throne with the aid of a lavish supply of money and arms. The chief point to which attention should at this moment be directed is the remarkable fidelity with which history repeated itself in the two wars; both were precipitated by the presence of Russian officers at Kabul; in both the advance was successful,

and we became masters of the capital and chief towns without great difficulty, in turn experiencing reverses. In each case these were retrieved, our successes being followed by hasty withdrawal, which was perhaps unseemly and open to misconception by the Afghans. Again, in both instances, we left the country to be ruled by able men. Dost Muhammad Khan was perhaps the greatest Afghan with whom we have ever dealt. In addition to his skill and bravery in the field, he possessed profound wisdom in council and commanded the admiration and respect, not merely of his own people, but of his enemies the British, whom he turned into friends. When he was a prisoner in our hands he was more than a match for the best of our diplomatists at their own game, yet he never allowed himself to forget the difference in strength between his State and British India, and during the critical period of the Mutiny his behaviour was absolutely correct. Little imagination is required to realize the temptation at such a moment to raise the fanatical tribes on our border, which he might have done whilst professing concern in open Darbar, and publishing orders for strict abstention on the part of his people, and who can say what the result might have been? it would at any rate have caused us untold loss and trouble. For this sound judgment and prudent self-restraint, combined with his other qualities, we assign to Dost Muhammad the first place amongst the Amirs of Kabul.

Yet in many respects he is closely approached by his grandson Abdur Rahman,* the present ruler, who in the troubles of succession after Dost Muhammad's death gave proof of skill and courage. These qualities, however, could not prevail against his uncle Sher Ali, who on gaining the throne at once received British support; and the young Sirdar, having taken refuge in Russian Turkestan, offered, if assisted, to overthrow Sher Ali and place Afghanistan at the feet of the Tsar. His proposals were refused, but a pension was assigned, and he lived chiefly at Samarkand, paying occasional visits to Tashkend, the headquarters of the Russian Governor-General. Twelve years passed before his opportunity came, but he seized it, and with slight assistance from Russia and a slender following, made himself, early in 1880, master of Afghan Turkestan. At that time Lord Lytton selected him as the chief best fitted to govern Afghanistan when our troops retired, and Sir Lepel Griffin, who was then at Kabul in charge of political relations, was instructed to make the necessary overtures. During these

* Commonly so spelt; his name, more correctly, is Abd-ul-Rahman Khan.

he displayed a grasp of the situation which would have done credit to a professional diplomatist. On being approached, Abdur Rahman expressed himself with much politeness towards the British Government, and told the story of his stay in Russia with apparent frankness; he also let it be plainly understood that in his opinion he owed his selection as Amir rather to our difficulties than to disinterested affection. In fact, whilst most anxious to get the position and to secure our help, he considered it wise to conceal that anxiety, to pose as one who did us a favour by accepting the rule of a country whose government we could not conveniently undertake, and generally to comport himself as of greater value to us than we were to him. He knew our army was under orders to retire, and he desired the people to regard him as the liberator of the soil from the contamination of the infidel; hence without scruple whilst negotiating with us he preached a jehád or religious war, and circulated inflammatory letters throughout the land. He also from the first made it plain to our representatives that he desired to be equally under the protection both of England and Russia, and he is a remarkably tenacious man.

The impression he made on Sir Lepel Griffin at that time is thus recorded:—

‘Abdur Rahman, though then only forty years of age, appeared nearly fifty. Exile, sedentary life, and the hardships of his early manhood had prematurely aged him. At the same time, he was of most courtly manners, great vivacity and energy, a strong sense of humour, and a clever and logical speaker. It was impossible to doubt that he was both a powerful and an intelligent man, with enormous self-confidence and an infinity of resource. I thought him then, and I still hold him to be, one of the most remarkable of Asiatic statesmen.’

Five years later, when the Amir was received by Lord Dufferin, Lord Roberts saw him, and says:—

‘Abdur Rahman arrived at Rawal Pindi on the last day of March; he was about forty-five years of age, and although he required a stick to walk with, being a martyr to rheumatism, and very stout, his appearance was decidedly dignified and imposing. He had a manly, clever, and rather handsome face, marred only by the cruel expression of the mouth, and his manner was sufficiently courteous though somewhat abrupt.’ (‘Forty-one Years in India,’ vol. ii. pp. 392-3.)

He has neither the fine presence nor the handsome Jewish features of Dost Muhammad, but is a burly, stout, rather round-faced man, who usually wears a fûr or lamb’s-wool Afghan head-dress, a military tunic, and trowsers stuffed into long

boots after the Russian fashion, and carries a walking-stick. Such is the very self-contained gentleman with whom we have to deal, who has controlled his most unruly subjects with a strong hand, and who perhaps is entitled to boast that he has not now an enemy of influence throughout the land.

Our policy with Abdur Rahman at the time of his succession was directed by considerations affecting the security of India and its north-west frontier, of which the chief was the exclusion of foreign influence from Afghanistan. To maintain this we had assisted former rulers, and when they departed from that condition we had deposed them; consequently the proposal of joint protection by England and Russia was peremptorily rejected, and the Sirdar was informed that whilst he must respect all recognized interests of Russia, that country had no concern with his foreign policy, which must be under British control. That is really the sum and substance of much official literature, a great part of which might with advantage have been spared. For the Sirdar was told in the most solemn manner that Kandahar (which ere a year had passed was to be thrown at his head and accepted by him with well-feigned reluctance) was never to be restored to the Kabul power; and he was informed, surely somewhat gratuitously, that we had no concessions to ask or make, and that the maintenance of the arrangements already settled were 'in no wise dependent on the assent or dissent, on the good-will or ill-will, of any Chief at Kabul.' The Amir significantly remarked that 'occasions of necessity may yet arise in this world.' He was also desired to respect the interests of those who had been of service to us during the war; but, according to Bellew, his first act on the departure of our troops was to close the country to India, and his next to hunt the people he considered dangerous, and they included our friends.

Nevertheless we subsidized him lavishly, increasing our payments, without, so far as can be gathered, receiving any tangible equivalent. In 1883 Lord Ripon's Government fixed the subsidy at twelve lakhs of rupees a year, paid monthly; and when they informed the Amir of the fact, he replied that the glad tidings had given him great joy, and that he had no thought of making friends with anyone but the illustrious British Government.

So things went on; we retired from Kandahar whilst Russia advanced to Sarakhs and Merv, and with admirable energy laboured to complete communication with St. Petersburg. Then danger of war arose, and the Amir was invited to meet Lord Dufferin, who, to the public advantage, had become Viceroy.

No

No diplomatist in our service was better qualified to negotiate with Abdur Rahman, yet the Asiatic had not the worst of the deal. With the ease of a skilful fencer, after opening his attack by pointing out the need of timely action, and that his warnings had been unheeded, he parried the suggestions that he should receive British officers to fortify Herat, and suggested that he would prefer money, arms, and munitions of war. Like greater persons nearer home, he was ready of speech on state occasions, and he testified his desire to render such service as might be required, and to smite the enemies of the British Government. The words were hardly spoken when the news of the 'regrettable incident' at Panjdeh arrived, but it did not greatly affect his equanimity. He diagnosed the case with complete accuracy, dropped the subject, and accepted the decoration of the highest grade of the Star of India; eventually departing (having wished the British officers farewell, and commended them to the care of God) with ten lakhs of rupees, twenty thousand B.-L. rifles, a heavy battery of four guns and two howitzers, a mountain battery, and a liberal supply of ammunition.

This good fortune coupled with our mode of dealing with him by letter-writing, at which he is better than our most skilful composer, caused the Amir to value himself too much and the Indian Government too little; consequently in the transactions which followed he permitted himself to assume a position which should never have been tolerated. Various questions arose, as they will arise from time to time, and during their discussion and settlement he showed unmistakably erroneous notions of his importance. To put matters on a better footing, as well as to make some definite arrangements for the defence of his frontier, it was proposed that he should visit India, or meet the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, at the frontier; but both suggestions were evaded, though he agreed to receive Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, at a future time. Again excuse was found, and the opportunity, which was an unusually favourable one for considering military measures, was lost. It is, of course, unsafe to condemn action without sufficient knowledge of the facts; but it looks remarkably like culpable weakness to permit a chief, however inflated, who owes his position to us, and whom we maintain at considerable cost, thus with impunity to beard his protectors.

In 1893 he received the mission of which Sir Mortimer Durand was head, and his treatment of it was all that could be desired. Business, too, was done, some of it far from palatable to the Amir, who, however, yielded to courteous firmness what he never would have granted to piles of bombastic letters.

Again,

Again, however, he scored heavily; his subsidy was raised from twelve to eighteen lakhs of rupees, without the enforcement of more real control. Indeed, to effect what is required in his own interests, as well as in ours, is no easy task, for he seems to think that he can maintain absolute independence by judiciously playing Russia against England; and so far, unfortunately, the weakness of our conduct justifies his view. The sooner an end is put to this state of things the better. It is quite unnecessary, and it might even be injudicious, to enter into detail; the important point is that for the security of India our influence in Afghanistan must be predominant, and the relations of that State with Foreign Powers must be under our control. This is no new matter, though it is habitually overlooked; it is the main condition of the arrangement whereby we subsidize the chief and are responsible for the integrity of his territory. Without this control, and the necessary means of satisfying ourselves that it is efficient, our responsibility to the Amir ceases, and this should be made clear to him. With his honest co-operation all that is required can be amicably done; without it, should he be so indiscreet as to refuse it, we must do what seems best for India. And whatever form our action may take, whether we act independently, considering our interests alone, or if we prefer to agree with Russia on joint measures, the result cannot fail to dispel his cherished illusions of independence. They at any rate are impossible; and if the Amir desires to prolong the separate existence of his country, he will be wise to accept freely and heartily the light restrictions which England must impose, and thus secure protection in his hour of need. To put off till then the necessary steps is to risk the existence of his State; for England is in no wise bound to place her armies in false positions in order to humour his idiosyncrasies.

The obvious result of the mission was a settlement of disputed boundaries between Afghanistan and India, specially as to what is termed their respective spheres of influence, and certain adjustments of territory in the neighbourhood of the Oxus, both matters of importance surrounded by difficulties which Sir Mortimer Durand surmounted so as to elicit the marked commendation of the Viceroy, who claimed that, in addition, the Amir's confidence had been won, and that great advantages would follow. These at present are not very apparent, and in speculating on them full deduction should be made for the histrionic powers and persuasive eloquence of Abdur Rahman, as well as for the latitude which is allowed to diplomacy. Certainly his attitude for a long time towards the Government of
India

India has been unsatisfactory, and for that our management cannot be wholly excused. We claim a certain position in respect to Afghanistan, and we support its Chief by payments of money, which India can ill afford, and by supplies of materials of war, thus showing a confidence in his Highness' goodwill, which we hope may not prove to be misplaced. The present is an excellent opportunity of putting it to the test; if it will not endure the trial, are we, as sane people, to continue the subsidy and to supply arms which may at any moment be turned against ourselves?

As matters stand, our attitude towards him, whilst being as courteous as possible, must be absolutely firm. To the argument that this would drive him forthwith into the hands of Russia, the reply is, that, if it be so, the sooner we know it the better. But many persons of special experience do not believe that if he was convinced of our determination he would refuse to obey. Our method of dealing with him must, however, be altered; we should give up writing letters to one who is a master of that art, and manage him otherwise; above all, the offices in Whitehall and Calcutta must not be afraid of him. He is a clever, strong man, advantageously placed; but for all that he is at our mercy in more ways than one, and the sooner he realizes that we know this the better. We have seen how history repeated itself in the second Afghan War; let us therefore not close our eyes to possibilities, and be cautious how we supply sinews of war which can be used to our disadvantage. This may best be prevented, neither by ignoring the risk nor by fearing to express it, but rather by showing that it has been considered, and, in transacting business with the Amir, by plain dealing, backed with strength sufficient to convince him of our power and goodwill. Then, and not till then, may we feel security as to his conduct; if he is satisfied respecting our power, we need not concern ourselves as to whether he would prefer the iron rule of Russia to our benevolent sway; but if, on the contrary, he fears Russia more than England, then surely we cannot be surprised if he cast his lot with the former, believing her to be stronger.

Let us turn now from the ruler to the country, which we have described as an outwork of India. As at present bounded, it is composed of various provinces, with the Hindu Kush and its branches as a sort of backbone, and rests, so to say, on the north-west frontier of India. No single province can be lost without endangering the rest. In an able essay on the subject, an experienced officer writes thus:—

‘Give up Afghán Turkestan, and you give up the glacis of the
fortress.

fortress. This is the least dangerous to its security. Give up the Herát Province, and the ravelin is gone; not an empty ravelin, but one stocked with supplies and munitions of war. Nothing but a sally of the garrison to recover it can save the fortress. Give up Kábul, and the covered way of the fortress in front of its most vulnerable bastion is lost, and nothing can prevent its being crowned and the batteries opened, except, again, a sally of the garrison and the driving of the besieger to the very extreme slope of the glacis.'

If this is somewhat too technical for general reading, its purport may readily be apprehended; and there is no doubt that the loss of Herat and Afghan Turkestan, though perhaps not vital, is yet to be deprecated. To sit still and let Russia occupy Afghanistan, in the belief that her aggressive power will thereby be weakened, would be foolish; history shows that she can deal successfully with warlike and fanatical tribes, and turn them into a powerful addition to her military strength.

Passing from Baluchistan and Afghanistan, the next important State on the Indian frontier is Kashmir. Here circumstances are different, its population is less warlike, and its relations with the Government of India are more intimate than in the first two States. We have a permanent Resident in the capital, with agents in outlying posts; the army has been reorganized by British officers, and public works are carried out under English control. Now outside of these States, but beyond British India proper, there lie a number of frontier tribes, some of which professed allegiance to one or other of the States, but all enjoyed much independence. In pursuance of our policy in that part of the world, we have insisted on maintaining exclusive political influence far beyond our border, and have effected this, as regards the tribes between Kashmir and Afghanistan, through the Maharaja with fair success. The brilliant little campaign which resulted in the acquisition of Hunza Nagar and the defence of Chitral, may be alluded to as serving to mark the localities. The system we have followed is to allow the people to go their own way as freely as possible under their rulers, over whom we exercise a controlling influence. Cultivation is encouraged by making irrigation channels, which serve a double purpose, for they accustom the people, many of whom are in a very primitive condition, to the use of money, which is paid for their construction, and they carry the water which fertilizes the soil. At first the coin was looked on as useless save for purposes of ornament, but by degrees the trader followed, and the people became initiated into the mysteries of purchase and sale. The wants thus created make the inhabitants willing to work for the rupees which

which will supply them, and the habit of labour, most valuable in any community, is commenced. Cultivation is increased, and with it food, the supply of which is a matter of permanent importance. Roads are made up to, but not beyond, our outposts, free hospitals and dispensaries are established, endeavour being thus made to secure the regard of the people and to build our work on a sure base.

Next to these tribes we come to those termed generally Pathan, with most of which our relations have never been satisfactory, but a *modus vivendi* has long been established. Though they are collectively a set of unmitigated ruffians, blindly fanatical and proverbially treacherous, yet it is impossible not to like them. They are largely recruited in the native army, where they are distinguished for their free manly bearing, and curiously enough have not infrequently served in its ranks against their own brethren, a severe trial, to which if possible men should not be exposed. Now the greater part of these tribes, though virtually independent, yet looked to the Amir of Kabul as in some measure their head, much in the same way as they respect the Sultan of Turkey. They would rob and plunder either the one or the other if they had the chance, but would be influenced by advice from them, specially if conveyed in the garb of religion.

The old policy towards these tribes was, if possible, to keep on good terms with them, and pay liberally for service rendered; when they raided their neighbours who dwelt on the British side of the border, or committed serious offences, they were punished, usually in the first instance by blockade, whereby intercourse was cut off, and if that failed to induce submission, expeditions were sent in at the time which suited us best. As a rule the fighting was desultory and the reverse of decisive, for the Pathans could rarely be induced to leave their hills; but their country was explored, their crops were destroyed, and as they failed to turn our troops out, in time they feigned submission, and quietness would prevail till the next convenient occasion.

The newer system follows necessarily from our policy with Russia and our relations with the States mentioned as outworks. The nearer approach of the former has caused the delimitation of boundaries, and the fixing of responsibilities which were formerly vague, and a result of this has been the inclusion of some Pathan tribes within the sphere of British influence, and their exclusion from Afghanistan. Now the Amir was strongly opposed to this, but he accepted the arrangement; the tribes themselves (with perhaps exceptions towards Baluchistan where Sandeman's management reconciled them to the changes) re-
sented

sented the presence of our surveying parties and armed posts, and the result has been a number of isolated collisions, followed by the most general outbreak of the clans which we have as yet experienced. It is not for a moment asserted that the displeasure of the Amir and tribesmen is the sole cause of the rising; other reasons may in course of time be ascertained; but discontent and the dread of our increasing control would greatly disquiet the clansmen, and make them ready to respond to a call to arms on the pretext of religion.

Be that as it may, our wishes are to control the exterior relations of those tribes, and gradually to secure predominant influence with them, gaining their good-will by employing numbers in our service. Already many of the men are in the native army, which could be made more popular by giving soldiers various little privileges, of which in cases they have already been deprived, but which they greatly valued. Other employment would be forthcoming; roads must be made, and as security prevailed trade would follow. Combined with this we desire to support their chiefs or headmen, and to interfere as little as possible with the people and their internal management. This programme, an excellent one according to our ideas, has been sadly interfered with, if not rendered impossible, by the general rising of the tribes, which must be defeated in such a way as to render recurrence unlikely. If this is thoroughly done, the result will ultimately prove to be good; and it is curious to note as an indication of the divergence of methods, that whilst England deplores this rising and the consequent check to a peaceful solution, Russia in similar circumstances would hail it with satisfaction, as affording justification for the infliction of punishment so severe that the lesson would not be forgotten for generations, and that no danger need be apprehended from the subsequent introduction of mild measures as they seemed to be required. Which is the better view?

A correct answer can scarcely be given off-hand; the English, who for long have escaped the miseries of war in their country, shrink from steps which, though they seem cruel, may in the end prove most humane. It is safe to say that treatment must vary with circumstances, and that when unfortunately war is necessary its conduct should be entrusted to an unfettered general. The recent rising, however caused, is a case in point. Its main incidents are still unforgotten, from the first rising at Tochi, where an escort was treacherously attacked; the British officers were all killed or wounded, and retirement was effected under trying circumstances, in good order owing to the excellent behaviour of our native troops. Following this there occurred the

the outbreak in Swat, successfully dealt with by Sir Bindon Blood; then the Afridis rose, capturing the posts in the Khaibar and closing the pass, north of which the Mohmands are carrying on an indecisive war; much the same condition prevails near Kohat, where the fort of Saragarhi, held by twenty-three men of the 36th Sikhs, who died at their post, was captured by the Orakzais. Hitherto, save perhaps in Swat, our operations have neither been as vigorous nor as successful as could be wished; our losses, specially in British officers, have been serious, those of the enemy being for the most part unknown. The delay in attacking them is greatly to be regretted, and so far many of the fights are conducted after the manner of those in the days of the old forward and backward policy. Our troops advance, meet with little resistance, and then retire followed by the enemies, who succeed in adding injury to insult. This is eminently unsatisfactory, and we trust the cause of the delay may be found and rectified. Not improbably the want of transport is the main reason why the troops cannot move, and the sad loss of officers and men without adequate advantage to their country may perhaps emphasize the arguments in favour of placing this indispensable part of army equipment on a better footing.

There may be other reasons for the delay. Sir William Lockhart, who is to command the Expedition against the Afridis, may have been waited for; his experience and skill will be most valuable in a difficult business for the conduct of which, if his health is preserved, reputation points to him as eminently fitted. Also the outbreaks occurred at a trying and unhealthy season which improves as the cold increases; it may therefore have been thought prudent to defer operations for a time. From the scale on which the expeditions are projected, with ordinary prudence, success should be assured, but that is unlikely to be attained without hard fighting. The strength of the country and the numbers and bravery of its inhabitants alike point to determined resistance, by no means an unmixed evil, for, if overcome as it should be, the result will be infinitely more satisfactory than the mock submissions tendered after the punitive raids so common under the old frontier policy and which attest its failure.

Whilst noticing India's external relations, England's policy with Mohammedan countries must not be overlooked, for in these days the Indian Mussulman is more closely connected than formerly with his co-religionists in other parts of the world. There always has been some intercourse, though not intimate, between the Indian converts, who retained many traces of Hinduism,

Hinduism, and the purer faith of Islam to be found in Turkey, Arabia, and other lands; for travellers penetrated through Afghanistan and Baluchistan to Samarkand and Bokhara, and even by Persia to Constantinople; whilst pilgrims from all parts met at Mecca. But now, with communication so much easier and faster, concerted action by members of the same faith has become more practicable. Hence in our dealings with Turkey it can never be prudent to forget that the Sultan is the head, nominal, perhaps, but nevertheless venerated, of a religion believed in by millions of our fellow-subjects. Therefore nothing can be more unwise or less statesmanlike than in the exuberance of feeling or in the rapture of wrath to heap vile epithets on one who is, in the opinion of these persons, invested with peculiar sanctity. Serious mischief, totally unforeseen by the orators, may thus be done, and the lives of their own countrymen be sacrificed to the injudicious expression of sympathy with rebellious subjects.

That the whole problem of India's external policy is involved no one will deny; but possible events must be considered, in order that when the moment arrives we may be ready. Foremost of these, perhaps, is the next succession at Kabul, which will probably be contested unless precautions are taken in concert with the Amir. That the matter is of great importance to India is clear, for disorder on the Russian frontier would lead to complications, perhaps even to granting the Russians a free hand for the restoration of order, were it inconvenient for us to undertake that duty. If that were done, it is difficult to see how partition, which would involve the realization of Russia's hoped-for contact with the British power in Asia, could be avoided. But though England and India are primarily concerned, Greater Britain is also interested; for if Russia acquired Afghanistan, she would have taken a material step towards establishing her naval power in the Persian Gulf, and this might be most serious for our colonies. However this may be, it is certain that India's welfare and all that is dependent thereon is best assured by securing contentment within, and by creating well-founded confidence in the power of the Government to punish aggression from without, which, after all, is the true defence of the frontier.

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